THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

·ERIC·FISHER·WOOD·

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OF AN
INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Eric Fisher Wood

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THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

BY

ERIC FISHER WOOD

Author of "The Note-Book of an Attaché,"
"The Handwriting on the Wall," etc,

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
COLOR PLATES AND FACSIMILE
DOCUMENTS

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TO

MY MOTHER

WHO WISHED HER SON TO BE
A SOLDIER IN A JUST CAUSE
AND
TO WHOM THESE LETTERS WERE
FIRST WRITTEN
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

FOREWORD

In arranging the material for this book, I have not invariably followed chronological order, except in the period covering the battles of the Somme, Vimy Ridge and Arras.

The chapters on Lloyd George, Northcliffe and Raemaekers, for instance, are for convenience placed consecutively, although in reality the interviews on which they were based took place some months apart.

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

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I

NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL

U. S. M. S. "Philadelphia," December 2, 1916. At the outbreak of the present war, Americans were not only pacific but the majority of them readily acquiesced in the President's request that they should preserve an attitude of personal neutrality. They at first conceived the war to be a struggle between two groups of nations actuated by similar motives and governed by the same fundamental moral principles.

Their ultimate conversion to anti-Germanism was certainly not due to British propaganda, for to be quite candid, the publicity which Great Britain accorded to America during the first thirty months of the war was so infinitely clumsy and stupid that it is a wonder that any Americans,

other than those whom chance had placed in Europe in a position to draw their own conclusions, ever came to a comprehension of the true state of affairs.

Americans were reluctant to believe Germany as black as the Allies painted her. My own attitude of personal neutrality, for instance, was unshaken by anything that I read or heard in France, where I lived as an attaché at the American Embassy in Paris during the first four months of the war. At first I refused to let even accounts of the violation of Belgium printed in the French newspapers render me anti-German, considering it unfair to condemn Germany before hearing her own side of the case. As a lover of fair play I continually discounted accusations leveled by partisans against their enemies.

My conversion to anti-Prussianism did not commence until after I left France late in November and spent nearly three months travelling in an official capacity through Germany, Austria and Hungary.

In the early days of the war I endeavored to avoid the error made by a certain Southern Colonel who, having been elected judge more on the strength of his personal popularity than for legal

ability, electrified the court room on the occasion of his first presidence by greeting the lawyer for the defense as the latter rose to defend his client by exclaiming "Don't you say a thing, 'cos the lawyer for the prosecution has just made this case perfectly clear to me, but if you start talkin' I shall probably get it all mixed up."

It was with the keenest desire to hear the "lawyer for the defense" that I reached Germany early in December, 1914. I expected there to hear refutations of the accusations brought against Germany by her enemies. While in Germany, I not only read all the German newspapers and periodicals which attempted to explain Teuton motives and actions, but I profited by my position as an official of a neutral country to listen to all special pleadings which German officials or non-officials might care to voice.

Not until I had read scores of articles written by German writers and listened to innumerable labored explanations made by Teuton officials did I find myself becoming violently anti-German. The very things of which the Allies had so bitterly accused the Central Powers, the Germans themselves repeated as achievements of which they were proud to boast.

The French and British, for instance, declared that the war had been deliberately planned and cynically brought about by Germany as a means of world conquest. To the French and British, and to all Americans not of German parentage, this seemed criminal. But when I reached Germany the same statements were eagerly repeated to me almost word for word as a frank and proud avowal of Germany's motives.

An under-Secretary of the Imperial Foreign Office, for instance, carefully explained that, "since the conquests of 1866, 1867 and 1870, our Fatherland has doubled in population and more than quadrupled in wealth. Our *kultur* has already reached the ultimate bounds of expansion possible with the limitations of worldly possessions now at our disposal. Great nations, however, do not stand still; they either continue to expand, or commence to decay. The German Kaiserdom has reached that 'tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries.'

"Two alternatives are open to us. Either we must submit to our present limitations and the corollary of national decay, or we must use our in-

vincible army to gain a further extension of territory and an increase of our supply of raw materials. We must win by conquest the harbors of Antwerp, the mines of Northern France, and the arable land of Poland."

The Allies had said that Prussianized Germany believed implicitly in the doctrine that "Might is Right," justice and mercy being utterly ignored, and on reaching Germany I found that every problem, whether economic or moral, found its theoretical solution in Bismarck's infamous words, "Macht geht vor Recht durch Blut und Eisen,"—"Through Blood and Iron, Might replaces Right."

Throughout my stay in the Central Empires, I never once listened to an explanation of Germany's action in the present war which did not seem to me to verify and corroborate all the worst accusations which had previously been brought against her in France.

"Because we are strong we are good," said the German; "because our nation of only seventy millions of people has held its own in battle against France, Belgium, Great Britain, and Russia with all their combined population of something like two hundred and fifty millions,

therefore our *kultur* must be better than their civilization."

I began slowly to perceive that there were deep underlying differences between the cause of the Allies and the aims of Germany, and such an absolute opposition between the moral views of the two parties, that a thing which looked very black to one appeared quite white to the other.

When I left the Central Empires in February, 1915, I had become a violent antagonist of Prussianized Germany and an ardent supporter of the cause of the Allies, although I did not immediately appreciate that the great war vitally concerned the United States.

Indeed it was not until the ruthless destruction of the *Lusitania* that the majority of Americans began to perceive that the war was primarily a fight between Democracy and Liberty on the one hand and Autocracy and Tyranny on the other. For this we are not entirely to blame, for during the first two years practically all the news published in America, even by the most honest and patriotic papers, was subtly garbled by the shrewd and well-disguised system of German propaganda, the very existence of which was long

unrecognized until it was finally exposed by the British Postal Censorship.

To-day a rapidly increasing number of Americans are becoming more and more ashamed of their tardiness in grasping the fundamental differences which divide the two parties in the present world struggle, and hope that the United States will atone for the slowness with which it comprehended, by the decisive rapidity with which it will eventually act.

Individuals are straws which tend to show the way the wind begins to blow, and thirty thousand Americans are already rendering service against Prussianism in the armies of France and Great Britain. Their number increases day by day.

Having at last attained understanding and conviction, I am myself on my way to England to offer my services to the British Army, for it now appears a plain duty to offer personal service to Britain and France until the inevitable moment when ponderous America herself enters the war.

Although I shall be obliged to resign my commission as Major in the Officers' Reserve Corps of the United States Army before accepting a British commission, I regard this as a temporary

measure only, for I do not lose sight of the fact that when the United States finally comes into the conflict, the things I shall have learned in the British Army will make me more useful to the American officers under whom I may then serve.

I carry with me letters of introduction from Robert Bacon, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and General Leonard Wood, and count upon these to smooth the difficulties which confront an alien who applies to join the British Army, especially if he does not wish to take the oath of allegiance to a foreign ruler.

We who go to serve in the Allied armies have such faith in our Mother Country, to whom we yield proud unwavering allegiance, that we are confident that it will not be long before the United States as a nation takes the step which we now take as individuals.

II

AMERICAN PUBLICITY

December 20th. I brought with me to England several letters of introduction to Lord Northcliffe which I sent to him this morning by messenger; it is in England considered execrably bad form to mail an introduction.

His answer came very promptly, arriving this evening at six-thirty, as I was busy writing at the St. James Club of which I have been made a temporary member. He invited me to lunch with Lady Northcliffe and himself to-morrow at one fifteen, at their house in St. James Place.

December 21st. I arrived at Lord Northcliffe's house promptly at the appointed hour. There were at luncheon eight people in all, among them the editor of the "London Times," the New York correspondent of the Northcliffe papers, and the head of the British Red Cross (a brother of Lord Derby, the new minister of war).

We discussed at some length the failure of Great Britain and the United States better to

comprehend each other's point of view in matters relating to the present war.

A fellow American who was also a guest at the luncheon and who like myself had only recently arrived in England, joined me in protesting that there was a great deal of reason for America's unenthusiastic point of view of English affairs and a great deal of stupidity on the part of the British Government in handling neutral nations. The British members of the party seemed much surprised at this attitude which we two, nevertheless, stoutly maintained.

December 23rd. Lord Northcliffe sent for me to-day and asked me to write out the opinions on American publicity which I had expressed at luncheon the day before yesterday, in order that they may be published as an article in the "London Times" of next Tuesday.

Once one has acquired a bent towards authorship, one seems unable to break off the bad habit of bursting into print.

December 26th. I finished my article for the "Times" yesterday and submitted it for Lord Northcliffe's approval.

It appeared to-day as follows:

American Publicity

"The Times" (London), Tuesday, December 26.

BRITISH PUBLICITY IN THE UNITED STATES

As an American publicist, I wish to congratulate the "Times" upon the excellent letters it is printing in advocacy of more effective publicity in the United States. . . .

It is no exaggeration to say that 90 per cent of our American citizens have no adequate conception of what Great Britain is fighting for, nor any just appreciation of the splendid part she is playing both on sea and land. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, Americans are asking the German-taught question, "What is England doing—besides making France fight for her? And what business is it of ours, anyway?" What other result could Britain expect from her policy of discouraging American correspondents and limiting their publicity to official *communiques?* There are at the present date only two American correspondents attached to the British Armies in France. There ought literally to be hundreds. When the logical results of the policy of your Press Censorship began to manifest themselves in the United States the only apparent reaction which manifested itself in England was that the British became exasperated with the non-comprehension of the Americans, thereby widening the growing breach and playing directly into Count von Bernstorff's hands. Great Britain certainly "has been had" by von Bernstorff.

Many American writers like myself have steadfastly

striven against the rising Teutonic tide; we know that Great Britain is fighting our battles, and feel that the widening breach in sympathy between the two halves of the Anglo-Saxon race is a deplorable calamity which will prove disastrous to both parties.

Far from encouraging American authors, the British authorities met them with hindrances and suspicions, and although offering no substitute, have denied them the opportunity to manufacture pro-British publicity. I do not venture to criticise the work of the British Press censorship within the Empire, for I know nothing of the problems there to be faced. However, if I were to be quite frank as to its application to the United States, I should be forced to state that it could not have been more destructively inefficient. It is in strong contrast to the German propaganda, which has been most assiduously carried on ever since the war began. Germany made mistakes at first, but she was willing to learn her lesson.

She began by categorically telling the American people what they were to believe. Ready-made news was crammed down their throats, and Dr. Dernburg was sent to America to superintend the cramming. His failure was "kolossal"! but Germany learned from his mistakes. She not only recalled and repudiated Dernburg, but henceforth, under the guidance of that expert in American psychology, Count von Bernstorff, she used highly effective indirect methods.

Meanwhile the British authorities have scarcely deigned to pay any attention to American publicity.

What little news has been reluctantly allowed to filter through has been altogether unsuited in source and substance, for American consumption. It has been coldly official. It has possessed no human or ethical appeal. It has been impersonal. It sometimes tampers with or suppresses the truth.

In England, where contradiction is impossible, it may be effective to affirm that the submarine campaign is an utter failure, to conceal the fact that a certain unmentionable super-Dreadnought had been lost, or to prophesy a glorious victory at the Dardanelles; when, however, such items are given out in America in open competition with a wide-awake and aggressive German publicity bureau, the result is disastrous. Their untruth is promptly proven by incontrovertible evidence, and the Germans scream gloatingly, "Once untruthful, always untruthful."

The American people are very much like the British in the matter of publicity. If you try to drive them north they positively insist upon going south.

France has known how to reach the sympathy of Americans, and her publicity has been extraordinarily effective. It has been personal and has evoked enthusiasm. It has been written to a great extent by American soldiers in the French army, each of whom is an endorsement of France. The presence of every American participant is widely advertised by the French. He is decorated whenever there is the least occasion for doing so. He is encouraged to write of his experiences. Articles and books by American sol-

diers of France are published by the score. Alan Seegar's poetry of the Foreign Legion is widely known in America and his death at the Somme was as much regretted in the United States as was that of Rupert Brooke in England. Robert Herrick, one of our best novelists, joined the American Ambulance with the avowed purpose of writing a series of books from the viewpoint of a participant. I was permitted to write and publish the "Note-Book of an Attaché" without ever submitting it to the French Censor. There are only about 500 Americans in the French Army, yet in the United States, we hear something about them every day. The newspapers are full of their doings; every item of news from them is justly considered as an endorsement of France. In consequence of France's shrewdly managed publicity America is whole-heartedly pro-French.

If British publicity is to be effective in the United States, it must be widespread. It must be written not by one but by scores of reporters. Nor should it be written exclusively by correspondents, whether English or American, for the writings of the mere spectator tend to make of the war a cinema, which will never lead to moral *rapprochment.* Because Ian Hay was a participant in the war, albeit not an American one, the publication of his book in the United States and his extended speaking tour shared with the books and speeches of Frederick Palmer the distinction of being the only redeeming bits of British propaganda. They have given the American public its first insight into

Britain's true part in the war. Bruce Bairnsfather's drawings and Raemaekers' cartoons, still too little known in the United States, would prove an invaluable influence to mould public opinion.

It is the testimony of the participant, and above all the American participant, which is most effective. If we Americans are to begin to appreciate that Britain's battle is our battle, we must be allowed to know that 30,000 of our young men are fighting in the English and Canadian Armies, sharing the aims and ideals, the sufferings and the privations of those armies. These men are so many American endorsements of Great Britain's policy, and yet their presence in those armies is unknown in the States. I myself learned of it only two months ago on a chance visit to Canada.

You in England should encourage your American soldiers to write publicity for home consumption. They know their audience. Their presence in the ranks is proof enough of their loyalty. Trust them. Aid them to recount their experiences and to tell of the dangers they have shared in a righteous cause. The British Empire fights in a just war and may well allow pro-Ally Anglo-Saxons to tell all the truth and then let the American public draw its own conclusions. If your authorities treat pro-Ally Americans with distrust and suspicion, they must expect to inspire like sentiments in the American public.

ERIC FISHER WOOD.

St. James Club.

III

THE BRITISH POSTAL CENSORSHIP

January 15th, 1917. For the purposes of organization the British censorship is divided into three principal departments: The Naval Censor, who examines wireless messages and searches couriers found upon the high seas; the Cable-Telegraph Censor; and the Postal Censor.

Of these three the postal censorship is by far the largest and most important. It employs nearly five thousand people, the majority of whom are skilled linguists.

Probably no single thing which the war has brought forth, excepting only the invasion of Belgium by the Germans, has so generally irritated and aroused the American public as the British Postal Censorship, which pries into all its letters without the politeness of offering the slightest apology.

Yet it seems fairly evident that there must be some adequate explanation for its existence and some excuse for its intrusiveness.

In order to pass profitably the necessary period of waiting while my commission in the British Army was being put in order, I decided, soon after landing in England, to study the Postal Censorship and try to worm the truth about it out of the British authorities,—whom I fairly expected would throw every possible hindrance in my way, under the pretext that to explain the censorship might in some remote way furnish the Germans with information of military value. I not only wished to satisfy my own curiosity in the matter, but felt that to offer a solution of the problem to my countrymen through the medium of the "Saturday Evening Post" would be a slight contribution to a better understanding between the two countries of Britain and America.

I soon found to my surprise that the British authorities were only too ready to have me pry into the censorship, and the heads of the organization placed only one restriction on my activity, which was, that I should not approach the problem hastily, but should devote enough time to the investigation to gain at least a grasp of its fundamentals.

Until the recent change of government brought with it a relaxation in the habitual British policy

of reticence, no writer had been privileged to examine the inner workings of the censorship. Mr. Lloyd George, however, is an extremely democratic premier, and believes not only in making every citizen of the empire his partner in the business of government, but also, so far as possible, he desires to take neutrals into his confidence.

The previous British Government did not fully appreciate the importance of allowing neutrals to comprehend the difficulties which sometimes forced it to take drastic action. The last thing the new government wishes, is to seem to act in an arbitrary manner, or to refuse to explain the overwhelming justifications which invariably precede the promulgation of restrictions.

When I asked the officials to whom I brought introductions from America whether I might be allowed to penetrate the mystery which had hitherto surrounded the censorship, they expressed the greatest willingness, and after I had been put upon my honor not to betray information that might be of military value to the enemy, I was accorded the entire freedom of the censorship departments.

I was introduced into its various divisions by

a naval officer of high rank. It was early one afternoon when we started out to visit headquarters, in a building called Strand House, which is located in Portugal Street, in the most ancient parts of the City of London, and only a block from the original Old Curiosity Shop, made famous by Dickens.

On our way thither I expressed the hope that it would be possible to see nearly everything before dinner, so that I might outline a magazine article that night and finish it the next day. The officer's only answer was an enigmatical British Navy man's smile, upon observing which I quickly added that the censorship was certainly worthy of careful study; and that I should, therefore, return the next morning, if by chance any interesting tag-ends had been left unnoted in the present visit.

As we approached Portugal Street my escort pointed to a huge modern office building, six stories high, covering a small city block and informed me that it was Strand House. To say that I was astonished would be to state the case mildly.

I was still more surprised to learn that the Wireless, the Cables and the Postal Censor-

ship Departments were so large that they had to be accommodated in separate buildings; and that, moreover, the Postal Censorship not only fills Strand House but also several other large buildings in London and Liverpool, each of which is sub-divided into scores of departments.

During the afternoon, which seemed to pass with uncommon rapidity, I was presented to a number of the chief executives. Seven o'clock arrived before I had met them all or had even begun any examination of the building.

I returned early next morning, thinking that I might by lunch-time finish the inspection. I ended by staying all day; and when evening came I had not been able to see thoroughly more than a tenth part of what that one building contained.

I stubbornly made up my mind to see the thing through if it took a month; for, even before I started, I had determined to avail myself to the full of the permission which had been given me to gain a comprehensive idea of the censorship and to write an accurate and well-studied account thereof; so back I went for a third day—and then a fourth.

Days grew into weeks. It seemed as if every

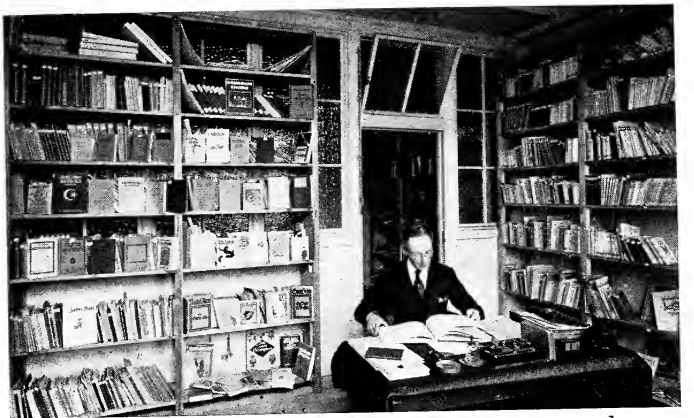
time a new detail was mastered several additional essential and hitherto undetected items were discovered during the process. The executive staff soon commenced to accept my presence in the censorship building as a matter of course. After a time they began to regard me almost as one of themselves. I was allowed every privilege the executives themselves possessed, and was even given desk room for my writing and note taking, in that Holy of Holies, the censorship code room. I was allowed the unrestricted run of all the censorship buildings, and was permitted, alone and unhindered, to pry into all the sacred nooks and corners.

I wandered from floor to floor and from building to building. I visited all the establishments in London; and then traveled to Liverpool to study the four huge buildings there devoted to the censorship of American mails.

I was, in reality, attempting a detailed study of an organization akin to some great commercial enterprise made up of scores of branches, each dealing in a different product. The censorship reminded me in many ways of a Chicago meat-packing factory, where pigs are injected suddenly at one end and undergo a rapid

sequence of surprises until they are ejected in various forms at the other end. The packing factory is said to make use of every part of the pig except the squeal. The censorship, however, goes one better than this, for it uses even the squeal. German squeals are, in fact, one of its most valuable and meaty extracts, for they indicate precisely where the war pinches the enemy, and enable the pinching to be proportionately increased. The censorship has, in fact, been largely designed and built up along lines indicated by German squeals.

When I had devoted something over a month to the study of the censorship I was still very far from possessing a complete knowledge of its organization. But I had begun to comprehend its importance and had arrived at a thorough appreciation of the fact that its suppression would give free play to the German spy system throughout the world, would subject Great Britain's cities to the danger of destruction by German incendiaries, would expose the lives of her statesmen to assassination by German agents, and would rob her of many of the fruits of her hard-won sea control, by enabling the enemy to obtain many of those sinews of war from which he is now cut off.



One of the rooms in the Library of German propaganda.

Some of the expert linguists in the Uncommon Languages Department.

THE BRITISH POSTAL CENSORSHIP.

In 1914, when the European war became imminent, Great Britain looked to her Foreign Office and to her army and navy to protect her from her enemies, and to be her weapons of defense and offense; and she regarded the Royal Flying Corps and Scotland Yard as their principal auxiliaries.

The censorship of cables was a proceeding that had been foreseen and quietly planned for by a few farseeing staff officers; but the postal censorship had not been taken into consideration at all, for the simple reasons that it was nonexistent and that no one had even begun to realize the manifold advantages, defensive and offensive, to be gained by an examination of the mails.

To-day the censorship is more important than Scotland Yard or the Royal Flying Corps. Save only the Fleet and the Expeditionary Force, it is the most effective weapon Great Britain possesses; and she would be almost as unlikely to abandon her army or her navy as to dispense with their most valued collaborator.

The censorship has to-day developed into a most extraordinary organization—one of the most extraordinary in the history of the world. It also sets a new precedent for government de-

partments; for, instead of becoming a serious expense to the nation, it not only pays its own cost but even yields the empire a fabulous profit.

While Britain's army costs her more than four billion dollars a year and her navy more than three, the censorship actually saves the government something like half a billion dollars a year! The total annual expense of its operation is only about two and a half million dollars; and it almost repays this sum in each average working day.

The British Censorship was very humbly born in the first days of September, 1914, in the basement of the General Post Office, in King Edward's Building. In the hurry and anxiety of the days of Mons, Le Cateau and the Marne its advent was unnoticed and unheralded. Its original staff consisted of a dozen volunteers, and its sole purpose was to open letters sent by regular mail from England to Germany and submit them to a cursory examination, with the idea of suppressing any that openly and frankly carried information of military value to the enemy.

No effort was made to interpret the hidden meanings of the spy, to detect his code or to bring out his invisible writings. Letters to Holland,

Denmark, Belgium, and other countries along the German frontiers, were thought to be innocent and were allowed to pass without examination; at first, no organized effort was made to prevent the transmission of messages by courier, by agent, by wireless or by carrier pigeon.

To-day, the British Censorship exercises systematic control over all communications that cross the seas, whether they travel by sailing vessel or steamship, by cable or courier, by wireless or telephone. Each month it minutely examines fifteen million messages! No secret means of communication is too cleverly conceived to evade its watchfulness; no bit of information is too trivial to escape its interested inspection. It supplies the armies and fleets of the Allies with news of the enemy's military and naval plans—"intelligence" it is technically called—which far exceeds in quantity and quality anything that could be furnished by the most perfect Secret Service.

The members of the censorship trade department, many of whom were selected at the outset of the war for their already wide knowledge of business, have so steadfastly studied, in the aggregate, all German and British trade correspondence that to-day they know more about the

market conditions of the world than ever mortal men have known before.

It is a well-known fact that the Allies now do nearly all their buying of war material through common commissions. There is, for instance, a wool commission, through which the entire wool supply for all the Allies is purchased; and there are similar commissions for every other staple article of trade. This is called "unit buying," and is largely carried on in accordance with the information that has been collected, tabulated and supplied by the censorship, which prevents unscrupulous army contractors from fattening upon exaggerated profits at the expense of the war-stricken Allies, and thus saves literally hundreds of millions of dollars for the Allied treasuries.

The censorship collaborates with the navy in helping to maintain the vise-like quality of Britain's blockade of Germany. It sends the Fleet advance information of the ultimate destination of every important cargo crossing the seas. The total value of cargoes already condemned in prize courts amounts to many hundred millions of dollars; and the censorship has not only furnished evidence in ninety per cent of all convictions, but

HOTEL ROANOKE
189 WEST CHIPPEWA STREET
BUFFALO, N.Y.

I.

Vor 4 Wochen bin ich aus dem Gefängniss entlassen 11 Wochen abgesessen in Untersuchungshaft, hier sind soviele Pulverfabriken in die Luft geflogen und da haben mir eingelacht die Lüdersl die saudummen natürlich London Skotland Yard, wie bewiesen muss, werde überwacht haha, Unkraut vergeht nicht, Sie kämpfen an der Front und wir ? ? ? ? — — — —

Censor

Gedanken kosten nichts und sind censorfrei.

Denken Sie nicht dass das Amerikanische Volk etwas zu thun hat mit der verrückten Regierung die Geldleute und Politiker regieren hier einfach so — — —

Das Volk ist dumm, die wissen blos was Arbeit ist und der Gott ist der Dollar das all

Männer hier geboren fragten mich ob wir in Deutschland, Automobile, Grammophone, elektrisches Licht etc. Lüder

V.

schweren Stand da drüber, aber überlassen wir unserm Generalstab der wird's schon wissen, durchhalten und Sieg.

Sollte dieser Brief Sie erreichen, senden Sie bitte Antwort an untenstehende Adresse, Briefe werden mir stets nachgesandt.

Viele Grüsse und ein frohes Wiedersehen

Ihr George Sanders
S. S. George Washington
Hoboken, N. J.
U. S. A.

George Sanders, the native-born American citizen, whose recent arrest caused so much excitement, has been under observation by the Federal Secret Service for more than six months, because on August 18, 1916, he wrote the following letter to Mr. H. Warnken, Delmenhorst, Oldenberg, Germany, a copy of which was duly forwarded to Washington by the British Censorship:

HOTEL ROANOKE,
156 West Chippewa St.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

[Translation]

DEAR MR. WARNKEN,

You will, no doubt, be not a little astonished to receive a letter from the U. S. A. It is Sanders your former apprentice at the Gas and Water Works at Delmenhorst who writes you. . . .

"Four weeks ago I was released from prison after spending eleven weeks under arrest; very many powder-mills were blown up here and so the scoundrels, the silly swine, locked me up. . . . Nothing was proved, but I am under suspicion. Ha! ha! evil seeds flourish. They are fighting at the front,—and we??;;—Censor, thoughts do not cost anything and are free from censorship.

Do not for a moment suppose that the American People have anything to do with the crazy government. . . .

The People are stupid, they only know what work is and their god is the dollar, that is all.

Men born here have asked me whether we have motor-cars, gramaphones, electric light, etc., in Germany. And these Kaffirs, these yokels believe all that they are told by the English papers. . . ."

Should this letter reach you please send me an answer to the address given below; letters are always forwarded to me.

Many greetings and au revoir.

Yours,
(Signed) GEORGE SANDERS,
S.S. 2 "George Washington,"
Hoboken, N. J. U. S. A.

has nearly always discovered the existence and value of contraband cargoes in time to forewarn the Admiralty of their approach days or even weeks before they enter the war zone.

Almost invariably it reveals in advance the ultimate destination of contraband shipments, which, consigned in the first instance to neutral countries, are really intended for reëxport into Germany; and reveals it in time to permit of their being detained for trial before a prize court. It helps to annihilate Germany's export trade by withholding all correspondence relating thereto, and by seizing all German goods forwarded by mail. In a hundred ways it assists the navy in preventing Germany from obtaining supplies, money or credit from foreign countries, and thereby brings nearer the ultimate victory of the Allies.

It also detects illegal transactions by British subjects. It has entirely stopped home trade with the enemy, even by the most roundabout routes; it has made it impossible for unpatriotic British individuals to send securities out of England and thereby avoid possible conscription of their wealth; it has practically suppressed profit-making transactions, commonly referred to as

"munition mongering," by those British firms not yet under government control. By withholding their mail it has, to a large extent, put a stop to the activities of certain German agents who, in all parts of the world, are engaged in raising the cost of foods and munitions by sending fictitious and extravagant offers to buy broadcast among dealers of neutral and Allied countries.

The censorship each week intercepts and destroys tons of enemy propaganda sent out from Germany to neutral and Allied countries; it forewarns the local governments of Ireland and India of seditions encouraged by Germany; it sealed the fate of Roger Casement before that unsuspecting individual had left Berlin.

It prevents enemy spies from sending military information to Germany, and in many other ways counteracts the German Secret Service. It discovers, tabulates and co-ordinates the minutest details in the lives of important German agents throughout the world. It could convict hundreds of German-American citizens of treason against the United States; and has, in fact, frequently furnished the American Government with information regarding German plotters and disloyal German-Americans, thereby rendering

valuable assistance to our State Department. It gave the tip that ultimately led to the conviction of Fay, the German dynamiter, and to the expulsion of Boy-Ed, Von Papen and Dumba.

It protects not only the British Empire but the world in general from enemy plots, and forestalls the destruction of factories and the assassination of officials.

In spite of its importance and the vastness of its scope, the censorship is as yet little understood even in England. Because it causes petty annoyances for the average citizen, it is, therefore, treated by him with marked hostility. Grouchy Britons, who would consider it unpatriotic to vent their ill humor upon the army or the navy, make fair game of the censorship. Its very newness, its lack of precedent and the silence with which it works have all led to misconstruction and misunderstanding. The aëroplane and the submarine, which have developed from nothing in as short a time as fifteen or twenty years, have yet been well understood and thoroughly appreciated by the general public, because their work is conspicuous and spectacular.

The British Censorship, which has sprung up like a mushroom in as many months, has failed,

even in England, to win public sympathy—because it is so unprecedented, because it works behind closed doors, and because it has been far too preoccupied with self-development to publish briefs in its own behalf.

Until the present time it has been inarticulate toward the public at large. In the famous words of the two-fisted man with teeth it "speaks softly, but carries a big stick."

The censorship is so new and has grown so rapidly that orders of precedence and promotions by seniority have yet to put in their appearance. It is, thus, almost unique among British institutions, in that youth and age, renown and obscurity, title and commonalty, all share alike in the opportunity for preferment. Ability is the sole passport to promotion. The two principal executives for American mails, for instance, were respectively twenty-four and seventy years old at the time of their appointment; and several now most important heads of departments were totally unknown before the war. People of title work patiently and patriotically as mere translators, without any thought of employing their social or political importance as a lever for promotion. Nowhere is the wonderful new democracy of

England more in evidence than in the department of the censorship.

Though most of the higher executives were, even before the war, men of wide experience and training, yet they began at the bottom of the ladder in the censorship and won their way to the top by sheer ability. New problems and novel difficulties have had to be faced; and the present chiefs have all succeeded because they possessed originality and imagination, as well as courage and perseverance. They have had no textbooks to guide them. They have had to make their own precedents as they went along. They have sailed uncharted seas.

Taken all in all, they are a cosmopolitan lot. They have been gathered together from the farthest corners of the British Empire, and are especially interesting for the contrasts they make, one with another. They include among their number a member of the Foreign Office, a broker, several college professors, a sailor, an author, three soldiers, a colonial administrator, a special constable, two prominent business men, and a college athlete but recently graduated from his university.

They form a team that works splendidly to-

gether by combining varied talents and differing experiences into an excellent composite unit.

George Sherwin Pearson, the chief postal censor, had been in the diplomatic service and had wide experience in the East, notably in Constantinople. He is an amateur engineer, keenly interested in wireless telegraphy, and, previous to the outbreak of the war, had resigned from the Foreign Office, and was spending all his time in his laboratory and electrical workshop. Upon the declaration of hostilities he at once offered his services to his country and was assigned to the censorship, where he has been responsible for the policy since its inception. His services have already won for him companionship in the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

His principal assistant, Mr. Frank V. Worthington, the executive head of the postal censorship, had been Secretary for Native Affairs in Northern Rhodesia and chief executive officer of the Native Department, which controlled many hundreds of thousands of black natives. He is an extraordinary personality—one of the many remarkable men I met at Strand House.

He was educated at one of England's big pub-

lic schools, which, in the American sense of the word, are not public schools at all. He there distinguished himself by such a profound distaste for Latin and Greek that he never rose above the fourth form.

In 1892, when he was eighteen years old, his family secured the promise of an appointment in India, whereupon the young man who had so heartily detested dead languages set enthusiastically to work to master Hindustani in three months. He was, however, never destined to see India, for a sudden change in administration interfered with his appointment and put an effectual stop to his interest in Hindustani.

Nothing daunted, he soon afterward went out to South Africa, arriving at the epoch of the Matabele War, when Cecil Rhodes was carrying through that series of operations which eventually won a large section of Africa for the British Empire. Worthington played a young man's part in those exciting times; and a few years later, at the epoch of the Jameson raid, he was one of eleven Englishmen who rode armed through the streets of Johannesburg and set the example that brought thousands of other Englishmen under arms before night.

He subsequently escaped into Rhodesia in time to participate in the Matabele Rebellion as a trooper of Matabeleland Relief Force under Colonel, now Lieutenant General, Plumer. It was at this period that he first came to the notice of Rhodes, one of whose trusted workers he was destined to become. The great Empire Builder was then at the zenith of his splendid career, and personally supervised the campaign against the Matabele tribe.

The young trooper quickly realized that his best chance for future success in Africa lay in being favorably known to Rhodes, and he, therefore, hoped that some unforeseen opportunity might occur to bring him to Rhodes' attention. The Empire Builder was, however—for a mere private—well-nigh unapproachable, and the war reached its halfway point without the longed-for chance occurring.

Worthington, therefore, coolly decided to manufacture his own opportunity. Acting on the principle that "a cat may look at a king," he one morning approached Rhodes' tent as that great man was shaving himself before a small pocket mirror.

Worthington seated himself upon a near-by

x x x x x

[redacted]

[redacted] the front-line trenches [redacted] which they [redacted] to advance in order to spend a few days becoming familiar with the actual terrain over which they [redacted] to fight.

[redacted]

In addition to having occupied the trenches of attack for at least a week, the attacking troops [redacted] furnished with "observation maps" of a scale of 1:10,[redacted] and [redacted] which [redacted] objective, [redacted] together with all important points in the enemy trenches, such as batteries, [redacted] strongpoints,

[redacted]

x x x x x x x

[redacted]

"Passed by the Censor."

stone to observe the operation. He watched intently every dip of the brush and every stroke of the razor, until at last the Empire Builder began to be irritated by this scrutiny and ordered his servant to find out what the trooper wanted. The reply came like a shot, "A job after this war!"

Rhodes appreciating the situation, laughed and said:

"Well! You are forehanded with a vengeance! If you don't get killed, come back to me after the war, and we'll see about it." And when the war was nearly over Worthington again approached Rhodes, saluted, and reminded him of his promise.

"Tell me your story," said Rhodes, and the young trooper accordingly gave the details of his family, education and past history.

"I don't believe a word of it," thundered Rhodes, whereupon Worthington handed him a package of papers, saying,—"I knew you wouldn't, sir, so I brought proofs."

He was asked to dinner with the staff, followed up his advantage, and eventually received his coveted job. Thus began a connection that lasted until Rhodes' death.

Mr. Worthington's rise was rapid; and in 1901 he became Secretary for Native Affairs in Northern Rhodesia, where he played a large part in many important reforms, one of the most valuable of which was to accomplish the seemingly impossible task of abolishing slavery in a manner entirely satisfactory to the government, the slaves and the owners.

At the beginning of the great war he, like so very many others of England's sons, hastened home to the Tight Little Isle he had so rarely visited during the past twenty-five years, in order to play his part in the empire's battle for existence. Fate led him into the censorship.

One of his principal subordinates was Col. Arthur C. Tidy, resident executive in charge of the censorship of American mails at Liverpool. Colonel Tidy was a retired army officer, more than seventy years old. He had long believed that a great European war was inevitable, and had so shaped his life that he might be an efficient soldier ready to play his part when the hour struck. It had been his fondest hope that, when the time came, he might command a regiment, and it was with poignant regret that he reached, a decade ago, the age of retirement; for, like so

many true soldiers, he had hoped that his life might eventually end in death in the service of his country.

When the great war finally broke over Europe, he humbly volunteered for service in any capacity, great or small, wherein he could be of the slightest use. He was assigned to the censorship, and there his ability and tact soon raised him to his high position of responsibility. He who had feared he was a "reject" came to command fifteen hundred picked linguists, or more than the equivalent in numbers of a British regiment.

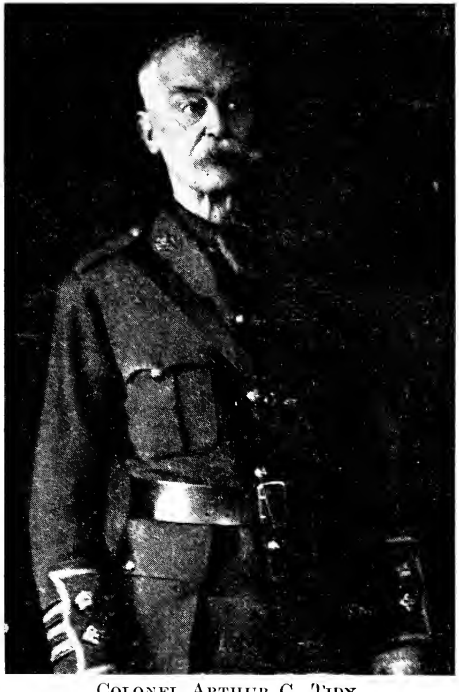
For nearly two years he held his post; and during that time he supervised the censoring of almost a quarter of a billion letters and packets, without ever having allowed a single harmless American letter, after its arrival in his department, to miss the next outgoing steamer. Millions of Americans have, during the past two years, promptly received their mail, without in the least realizing how much credit was due to the fidelity and intelligence of this splendid old patriot.

I visited his office in Liverpool early this year, and at that time took the accompanying photo-

graph of Colonel Tidy. The old man was then ill with a severe cold, which he had contracted a few days before when overworked by a big rush of United States mail. The very morning of my visit the doctor had ordered him to go home and go to bed, but was met with an uncompromising refusal, because the old soldier, with a disregard of his own comfort or safety, refused to leave his post of duty.

The following day, his cold suddenly became worse; and three days later he died—twenty-four hours before his name was mentioned in dispatches. He died without learning of this fitting culmination to his career. It seems to me scarcely an exaggeration to say that the old man attained his fondest wish and met death while on duty in command of his regiment, though he himself probably never realized the analogy.

From the highest to the lowest, all persons in the censorship are picked men, selected from a much larger number of candidates. Examiners of letters are accepted for duty only after a most exhaustive research has been made into their qualifications, antecedents and parentage, and after they have spent nearly four weeks in a special school of training, where the course is so



Colonel Arthur G. Tidy.
One of the chief executives in charge of American mails.

A typical table of mail examiners.

strict that from thirty to forty per cent of its students are rejected as unable to qualify.

A candidate for the position of examiner must, first of all, fill out a long application blank, giving full particulars as to his past history and previous occupations, and, also, must present the names of three responsible British subjects who are willing to vouch for his reliability. All these statements are finally verified by Scotland Yard, which makes an additional investigation with a view to discovering any facts that might cast doubt upon the honesty of the applicant.

Even when candidates have fulfilled all these requirements, and have been definitely accepted, they are still under constant supervision.

Each receives definite consignments of letters to censor, and must, when his work is completed, invariably return to his superior a correct tally of all the mail that has passed through his hands. Moreover, each examiner is known by a number, which he is required to affix to every letter he opens, so that if any addressee objects to the manner in which his mail has been treated, the cause for complaint can be traced back to the particular examiner who dealt with it.

No examiner is allowed to hold up a letter on

his own responsibility; he has but two alternatives —he must either pass the letter as harmless, or affix a statement of his grounds for suspicion and then refer it to a higher authority for final decision. His routine work is constantly submitted to reëxamination, not only to guard against stupid mistakes, but also to insure neatness and rapidity.

This supervision is uniform and is applied to every member of the censorship, so that it is practically impossible for an inefficient or careless individual to escape detection.

The tests applied are most effective, but sometimes amusing for their very simplicity. One candidate for service in the Uncommon Languages Department, for instance, posed as an authority on Slavic languages, but was suspected of pretending to more knowledge than he actually possessed. A supervisor conceived the idea of writing a letter in exaggerated Yorkshire dialect, and, with several others, submitted it to him for verification.

The downfall of the *soi-disant* language expert occurred when, after puzzling over this letter for a considerable time, he finally announced that it was written in an obscure dialect of Northeastern

Lithuania and was quite guiltless of military information.

Broadly speaking, the British Censorship has two principal functions: To act as a deterrent to all the enemy's undertakings; and to collect and coördinate information for the use of the various departments of its own government.

Its effect as a deterrent can no longer be estimated by the number of prize cargoes captured or by the number of spies convicted.

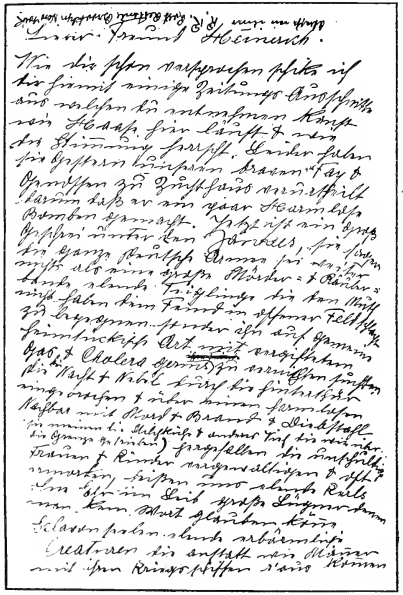
It is analogous to the wire fences charged with electricity that surround prison camps, of which the deterrent effect cannot be judged by the number of corpses hanging on the strands; for the more impassable the fence, and the more the danger of approaching it is understood, the smaller will be the number of prisoners who attempt to escape; and consequently the fewer will be the resultant corpses.

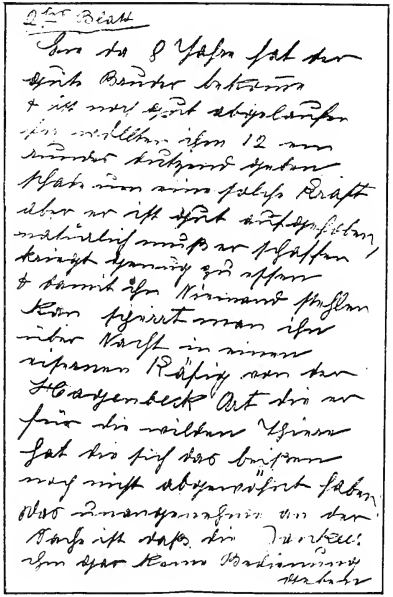
As a deterrent, the effect of the British Censorship has been twofold. It has paralyzed the enemy's commercial enterprises in foreign lands and cut him off from the receipt of supplies, credit and securities. It has also foiled his plots in allied and neutral countries and checkmated his

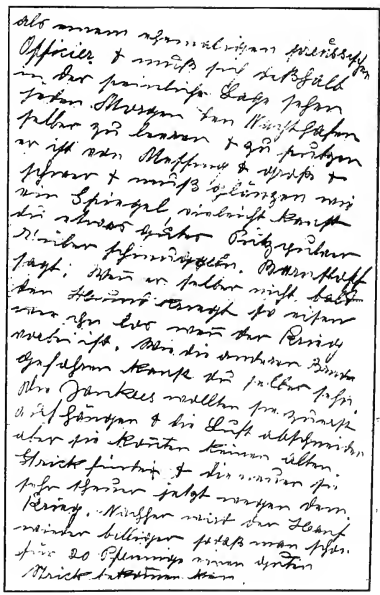
widespread spy system. Thus, the deterrent effect of the censorship upon German trade correspondence has become so great, that German business men have been forced to abandon the effort to correspond with their trade associates to such an extent that, though five hundred thousand business letters between America and Europe were examined in the month of December, 1916, less than ten were found to belong to enemy traders.

In hampering German spies, the censorship has become so effective that it has forced them to almost entirely abandon writing as a means of communication, and has compelled them to resort to the slower and less dependable method of sending information by private messengers. So that, though the censorship has constantly become more efficient in detecting spy correspondence, it now finds but one spy letter for every thousand it discovered in 1915.

In addition to its effect as a deterrent the censorship is a compiler of information that far exceeds, both in quantity and in quality, all other available sources combined. Moreover, a great part of its invaluable intelligence could not be obtained in any other manner. It is a clearing







A letter to Mr. Kramke, the Assistant Editor of the "Frankforter Zeitung" and signed "Otto," contains the following illuminating passages:

[Translation] New York.

DEAR FRIEND HEINRICH,

As promised, I am sending you herewith a few newspaper cuttings from which you will see how matters stand here and what is the public opinion. Our good Fry and his companions were unfortunately sentenced to penal servitude yesterday, because he had made a few harmless bombs. There is at present a great hue and cry among the Yankees. . . .

I will send you by the next mail a small sample bomb (*it is not loaded*) the sort which we now make, much smaller, but nevertheless much more effective than the large ones and easier to manipulate and place; it is the sort with which we sank the 1500 horses and 600 war motor-cars here on the so-called North River near New York a short time ago. We could already have destroyed the Canadian Canal, but we were betrayed. Mr. Bernstorff, the Ambassador in Washington, sent us word that we should lie still for a short time, until the excitement caused by the affair had somewhat subsided and that we should then once more go to. We have plenty of money, but it is a problem how and where to buy materials . Fry was sometimes very imprudent. If he is sent to prison, we shall blow up the prison; then the Yankees will have no more prison.

(Signed) Yours, OTTO.

P. S. Well the good brother got 8 years and he got off easily at that; they wanted to give him 12. . . . The disagreeable thing for him is that the Yankees do not give him anybody to wait on him as a former Prussian officer. . . . Bernstorff says: "If he himself does not soon get loose, we will get him out after the war."

house for the millions of messages that pass through England each month, all of which are potential intelligence carriers. It searches them indefatigably for bits of information which it coordinates with all the bits already gleaned from other sources. It takes a thousand meaningless little variegated fragments and fits them into the completed picture puzzle. Starting with a thousand colored threads, spun from a hundred different spools, it reconstructs the fabric of the enemy's secret thought.

Once it has obtained and coördinated this intelligence, the responsibility of the censorship ceases. It is no part of its duty to take action upon the information gathered. Its business is to detect, to coördinate, and to forward promptly to the various departments of the War Office, the Admiralty, the Trade Bureau and the Foreign Office the result of its work. Here its responsibility ends.

If it learns, for instance, that Zeppelins are about to raid London, it informs the Home Defense Department of the War Office, the Naval Air Service Department of the Admiralty, and any other department interested in anti-aircraft operations, and leaves subsequent action to them.

There is, of necessity, a great variation in the volume of mail passing through the Postal Censorship. Sometimes, for several days at a time, it dwindles away to almost nothing; while on other occasions, when several large steamers from different parts of the world arrive simultaneously, it increases to a perfect flood.

This unavoidable variation leads to the most difficult problem with which the executive force has to deal. The five thousand employees are theoretically sufficient to cope rapidly and efficiently with maximum mails. As a necessary consequence, a considerable percentage of the total staff is obliged to be idle during dull times. This evil is, however, put up with in order that neutral mails may not be unduly retarded; for Great Britain, having discovered the vital importance of the censorship and having determined, on no conditions, to relinquish it, thereupon began to take all possible steps, at any lesser sacrifice, to prevent its becoming unnecessarily irksome to neutrals.

It has been deemed inadvisable to allow even neutral mails to pass uncensored to Scandinavia and Holland, because those countries have proved to be honeycombed with German agents and with

intermediaries, who allow their names to be used as covering addresses, and thereby act as relay depots for the communications that German spies in all parts of the world attempt to send to their headquarters in Berlin. Entire sacks of mail, coming from neutral countries and directed to Gothenburg, Stockholm or Flushing, have, upon examination, been found to contain nothing but commercial and military reports sent from German spies and agents in neutral and Allied countries to the Wilhelmstrasse and its subsidiaries. German agents have been known to send "intelligence" from an Allied country to Germany through as many as four neutral countries in succession, in the hope that the British Censorship would be deceived as to its true source and ultimate destination.

The whole effect of the censorship would be vitiated if it refrained from opening neutral mails and confined itself to the examination of letters and packets proceeding by direct routes to the Central Empires; for Germany would then avail herself of neutral intermediaries to carry on her intrigues.

Though Great Britain has thus found it necessary to examine even neutral mails, she has made

every possible effort not to inconvenience neutrals unduly and not to abuse the privilege she has been forced to take to herself. During my study of the censorship, I saw no evidence that the business correspondence of neutrals was ever retarded more than a day or two, or that the commercial information contained therein was ever made use of, unless it was clearly evident that the writers were acting as intermediaries for German trade. The only business letters that seemed to be withheld or utilized were those written by British subjects or by enemy citizens or agents.

An interesting illustration of the censorship endeavors not to delay neutral letters is furnished by the case of mails from America to Scandinavia. Ships from the United States to Sweden or Norway almost invariably touch at a British port. There are numerous reasons for this. They frequently have mail or cargoes for England. Moreover, such ports as Falmouth possess special bunkering facilities. Welsh steam coal is the finest in the world and gives the highest mileage per ton and per unit of cost. In addition the British cruisers frequently exercise the right of search for contraband, which belongs to every belligerent; and this is a tedious and

time-wasteful job if undertaken on the high seas, especially when the weather is bad; whereas, ships touching at British ports are searched in port and thus escape the more troublesome examination at sea.

As soon as a vessel bound from America to Scandinavia docks at a British harbor, its mails are promptly removed and transported on an express train to the Postal Censorship in London. Their arrival is awaited by a large staff, which has been assembled while the express train is on its way, and which performs the necessary examination with the greatest possible dispatch, sometimes finishing a thousand bags in as short a time as eight hours.

The mails passed by the censors are then placed upon another express train, and reach The Downs in time to be replaced upon the same steamer from which they were removed at Falmouth, when that steamer calls at The Downs for her final clearance papers.

In actual practice, the maximum staff has sometimes proved inadequate to deal with an exceptional flood of mail. In such an emergency, time limits are established for all mails, beyond which they may not be detained in the censor-

ship. Letters from England to America, for instance, are never held longer than twenty-four hours; and on several occasions, before the censorship had become as efficient as it now is, large consignments of mail, still unexamined, were promptly forwarded at the expiration of that time limit.

The Postal Censorship is divided into the censorship of American mails, situated at Liverpool, which employs fifteen hundred people, and the censorship of European mails, situated in London, employing over three thousand people. The sole reason for maintaining a separate branch at Liverpool is to decrease the delay imposed upon American mails.

The Liverpool and the London branches are organized along similar lines. Each is subdivided into departments for commercial and for private mail.

The first step in the process of censoring occurs when the General Post Office delivers mail bags to the mail-censorship department. The latter records the country of origin, the country of destination, the weight of each bag, and other statistical particulars.

The unopened bags are then handed to the

sorting department. The sorters are divided into groups. Each group deals with the contents of all bags having their destination or origin in one particular foreign country. Privileged correspondence and suspect letters are first extracted for special treatment, and then the remaining correspondence is divided into trade and private—the two principal classes.

Privileged correspondence and the letters of suspects are recognized by the aid of lists, that give the names and addresses of diplomats who receive their correspondence unexamined, and of suspects whose letters must be examined with particular care. Sorters commit to memory the names of privileged and of suspected persons. There is a very long list of suspects; and as it is necessary to limit the number of names that the sorters must memorize, they are formed into groups, each one of which deals exclusively with the mails to and from a particular country.

The sorters make the selection between trade communications and private communications by the outward appearance of the envelopes. A trade letter is easily distinguished by the fact that the name of the firm is printed in the corner of the envelope or on the flap, and that it is directed

to a commercial address. Occasionally a mistake is made; but there is machinery to put a wrongly sorted letter back into its proper course.

Privileged correspondence is immediately returned uncensored to the Post Office; suspect letters are transferred to the proper department for special examination; trade and private mails are then delivered to the tables of the censoring departments which are charged with their examination.

The actual examination of letters is carried on in the censoring departments by readers, nearly all of whom understand at least English, German and French, and seventy per cent of whom read other languages in addition. These examiners are organized into groups of from sixteen to thirty-two censors, each group of which is carefully constituted from a linguistic point of view, so that any particular one of the several languages spoken by the twenty-odd nationalities of Europe's polyglot population will be understood by at least one of its readers.

Each group works at its own large table, under a foreman called a deputy assistant censor, who is responsible for the discipline and efficiency of his table. All suspicious letters are referred to him

for decision. Each table thus becomes a well-balanced team under a team captain, and is competent, without outside help, to deal with letters in English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Danish, Gaelic, Norwegian and Flemish.

By successive sortings, trade correspondence is gradually sifted apart, so that one reader examines all the mail of a certain group of writers and addresses. Letters to firms dealing in metals, textiles, foodstuffs, banking, insurance or shipping, for instance, are distributed to the particular examiners who have had most experience in the censoring of correspondence connected with the particular branch of commerce concerned.

A twofold object is thus attained; not only is the special knowledge possessed by each examiner made use of to the best advantage, but each is made to regard his particular group of correspondents as clients or old acquaintances. Transactions between the United Kingdom and foreign countries can thus be watched with a maximum of efficiency, for each examiner knows the peculiarities and foibles of his correspondents and instantly recognizes an old friend or a sus-

picious character; if an enemy trader even once commits a single indiscretion, it reflects upon everything he subsequently writes.

Letters that the initial examiner finds to be harmless and unobjectionable are sent on without delay; but a letter that is in any way peculiar is referred to the deputy assistant censor in charge of the table, who decides whether the examiner's suspicions are justified. If he concurs in them he may do one of several things: He may send the letter to the blacklist department, or may refer it to the testing department or to the uncommon-language department; or he may submit it to a higher authority for transmission as intelligence to the War Office, Trade Department, Admiralty or Foreign Office.

In addition to the actual censoring departments, the censorship contains a large number of auxiliary sections and subsections, some of which have already been mentioned.

In the Uncommon-Language Department eighty of the most expert linguists of Great Britain are gathered together. They examine letters written in obscure dialects and in such languages as Chinese, Lettish, Hindustani, Malay, Maltese, Hungarian, Arabic and Czech.

A Press Room has been created to afford special facilities in the way of prompt examination and transmission for communications emanating from newspaper correspondents, and intended for publication in the press of neutral countries. Correspondents of neutral journals send their manuscripts direct to this room, where they are examined and sent on within a few hours.

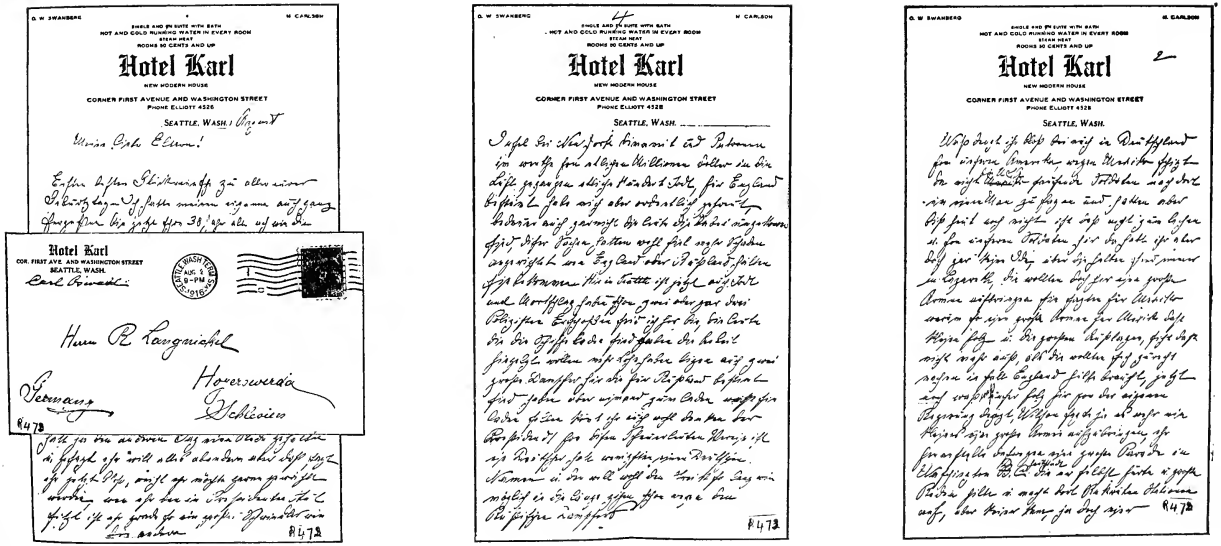
American representatives have access to the Press Room at all times, and are there able to post their material up to four o'clock on the day previous to a sailing date, special facilities being employed to transport their correspondence to Liverpool and other ports of departure, in time to catch the steamer before it sails next morning. All letters from American editors to their correspondents in England are mailed from New York in special bags, which are sent to the Press Room in London on the first train after the steamer docks; whereupon the Press Room calls all the reporters by telephone and informs them that the mail has arrived.

There is a Censorship Museum to which all visitors are taken, where are exhibited samples of the various German merchandise held up by the censor. The principal articles exported from

Germany by mail are books, diamonds, jewelry, drugs, chemicals, dyes, violin strings, lace, seeds and instruments. Six thousand sacks of such articles are being detained until the end of the war, in order that Germany may not receive financial credit therefor, until after peace has been declared.

The principal articles of trade addressed to Germany are food, rubber and leather. The need for these articles is so keenly felt in the Central Empires that Germans in neutral countries try every conceivable method to get supplies thereof into Germany. Three thousand one-pound packets of rubber were, by one man, dispatched to Germany by registered mail at different times during a period of several months. Hams are frequently sent by first-class mail, sometimes paying postage to the amount of five to six dollars.

In the testing department, Britain's best research chemists and scholars match their wits against those of the wily enemy spy to discover his secret writings and decipher his complicated codes. An extraordinary lot of men they are—gleaned from Oxford and Cambridge, from



A letter written on August 2, 1916, to R. Langnickel, Hoyerswerda, Schlesein, Germany, by his son, who uses the name Carl Oswald as an alias and gives 203 First Avenue, Seattle, as his address, contains the following statements:

"Things are looking black here; I believe that a revolution is possible. . . . We have traitors and rascals as president.

What do you in Germany think of America and Mexico? The United States has sent thousands of soldiers to Mexico to catch one man,—and haven't caught him yet. It is ludicrous.

On Sunday there was an explosion of several million dollars worth of dynamite and cartridges on an island near New York, and hundreds of people were killed. . . . I was highly delighted. I am not even sorry for the people who were killed. . . .

There is death and murder going on here in Seattle; two or three policemen have been shot since I came here. . . . Two large steamers destined for Russia are lying here, and the men who are to load them are striking, and there is no one to do the work. You can imagine what their cargoes are to be. The president of the union is a German . . . and wants to prolong the strike as much as possible. . . ."

Edinburgh and London, from Dublin and Glasgow. Intense workers—quiet and reserved, but deadly keen—they become so absorbed in their subtle and fascinating game of hunting the King of Big Game, that they know not the eight-hour day, but often work from morning till evening, and from evening round the clock again to morning.

They are self-effacing, but take great pride in each other's achievements. When first I visited their workshop, one of their number, a professor of chemistry, pointed with brotherly pride to an inoffensive little ex-professor of history and said: "He is one of our very best men. His reconstructive conclusions are nothing short of miraculous. To-day, for instance, he is just putting the finishing touches on a case that will add yet another notch to his tally of dead spies."

The fondest hope of their chief, whose achievements far surpass those of the fictitious heroes of Conan Doyle and Edgar Allan Poe, is that he may, after the war, meet and match scores with his real antagonists, the men "higher up" in Berlin who are behind the spies. It is with them that he plays a game akin to blindfold chess. The spies are but silly pawns pushed tentatively

forward to be sacrificed for the slightest advantage in this eerie game.

Some of his feats in checkmating the German Secret Service are playing an important part in the outcome of the war. For instance, the German forces in East Africa had been cut off from communication with other German forces and from Berlin by the destruction of their wireless sending station at Dar-es-Salaam. This caused serious complications, since it was of vital importance that reports of the exact state of their campaign should reach the great General Staff in Germany.

The Germans in East Africa learned that prisoners taken by the British, after having been put upon parole not to abuse the privilege by attempting to forward military information to Germany, were immediately allowed to write home. Taking this fact as a point of departure, the Germans worked out a plan which they believed could not fail to achieve their purpose.

They concocted an invisible sympathetic ink, and with it filled the toothwash bottle of a trusted Prussian officer, who thereupon went out scouting and purposely allowed himself to be captured by the British. As had been anticipated, he was

allowed the privilege of writing to Germany to announce his capture, and to state that he was well and unwounded. He composed a long letter, praising the treatment he received from the English and saying that he was happy and contented.

Before he posted this perfectly innocent missive, however, he steamed the envelope in which it was to be sent until it could be unfolded into a flat sheet of paper. He then wrote his military report in secret ink on the inside, remade the envelope, placed his letter therein, and posted it to Germany.

In due time it reached the British Censorship, where the head of the testing department had given orders that all communications written by Prussian officers, whether under parole or not, should be submitted to him. He merely glanced through the letter and immediately called an assistant.

"The writer of this," he said, "is up to some deviltry. I deduce this from the fact that he omits to complain of not having a servant to wait on him. Such a grumble is invariably the first one that a Prussian officer makes when he reaches prison—that is, unless he is up to some crooked-

ness and is trying to sugar the pill. Take this letter and examine it carefully; and don't bring it back to me until you find what is wrong with it."

Within an hour the assistant had discovered and developed the secret writing on the inside of the envelope. The testing department thus converted their opponent's forward pass into a touchdown for their own side; for the information contained in the document was far more valuable to the British than it would ever have been to the enemy, as will be incontrovertibly shown by the partial translation which follows:

"The commandant expects a ship from America to Southwest Africa next month. . . . The commandant intends . . . to hold up the British Army of sixty thousand men by a slow retreat and thus keep it away from more important theaters of war. . . . The state of health of our army is satisfactory, there being only twenty-five cases of typhus at P.'s hospital in Mombo. . . . Medicaments, however, are very short; but we have begun to produce quinine at Amani and along the Central Railway. All other stores for Europeans are available; even cigarettes, chocolate and schnapps are being manufactured, and also leather boots. . . . Until the end of March rainfall was so slight that there was insufficient water for our native troops. . . . The

traitor Von Maidell is at New Moschi, with the British. This we know from Peterholz [evidently the Doctor P. previously referred to] who stayed behind in his professional capacity at the capture of New Moschi, and has since been returned to us."

Next to the testing department, one of the most interesting sections of the censorship is the library of German war literature, in which are preserved for reference sample copies of all the German propaganda that reach the censorship through the mail. It contains an almost complete collection of all textbooks produced in Germany since the war began, and intended for distribution to the myriads of her agents scattered throughout all the countries of the world. Here the visitor beholds thousands upon thousands of books and pamphlets published under the supervision of the Propaganda Section of the Wilhelmstrasse.

Nearly every section of every country in the world seems to have been supplied with carefully studied pro-German publicity, written in its own patois or dialect, and composed in strict sympathy with its particular local traditions and interests. Without duplication, there are more than five hundred feet of shelves filled with

tightly packed books, which have been carefully selected from hundreds of tons of propaganda removed from German mails.

Even a cursory examination of this library makes it evident that German propagandists try to be all things to all men, and seek to convert to the uses of the Fatherland everyone, from the Pope to the Sheik ul Islam. In Great Britain they devote their energies to the encouragement of conscientious objectors; in Ireland, to the financing and fomenting of revolution; in Germany, to breeding hatred of England and America; in America, to the encouragement of emotional pacifism; in Turkey, to the announcement of Germany's military invincibility and of the Kaiser's sympathy with Mohammedanism; in Austria-Hungary, to fostering ideas of inseparable brotherhood in arms between the soldiers of Austria and Germany; in Holland and Scandinavia, to terrifying details of the fate of small nations which, like Belgium, Serbia and Rumania, have dared to cross Germany's path.

The various productions of German propaganda are self-contradictory and were never intended to be collected together in one place. Books encouraging pacifism and non-resistance,

and intended as a basis for propaganda in America, stand cheek by jowl with others for German consumption, preaching the doctrine of "Might is Right!" Books encouraging a Mohammedan Holy War against Christians stand side by side with others that praise the good old German God, who will smite, hip and thigh, the unchristian enemies of the Fatherland.

Most of the more recent propaganda was not intended for general distribution, but merely to serve as a text for German agents living in foreign countries, who make native citizens their dupes, in order to secure the publication in the local press of the ideas outlined in the texts sent out by Germany.

The objects and purposes of all this German propaganda seem to group themselves into four classes:

It calls attention to German methods of organization and exaggerates the importance of Germany's military successes, thereby discouraging enemies and impressing upon neutrals, like Denmark, Holland, Switzerland and America, the danger to be incurred by all who interfere with Germany's aims.

It aims to promote mutual mistrust among the

Allies, and by subtle touches insinuates that dissension already exists among them, in the hope of weakening the Entente and modifying the attitude of neutrals toward the ultimate outcome of the war.

It stimulates martial spirit in the Central Empires and encourages pacifism in all neutral and allied countries, in order to bring the present war to a close on the basis of a German victory, and relatively to weaken foreign countries as a preparation for Germany's future wars.

It obscures Germany's part in starting the war, and seeks to minimize the effect produced in America and Spain by the violation of Belgium, the sinking of the *Lusitania,* the Holy War against Armenian Christians, and the recent slave raids in Belgium and France.

In the cellar of the censorship is one department which is of more interest to Americans than any of the others—that in which all condemned letters are filed away. Letters are never destroyed by the censorship, but are detained for periods of time varying from one week to the duration of the war, according to the value which the information they contain might be to Germany.

Thousands upon thousands of letters are there carefully docketed and filed; so that any letter, or any series of letters, or all the letters written by one man, or even all letters dealing with any particular subject, may be located in a few minutes.

An American who examines these files is aghast at what he thereby learns of German propaganda in his own country. Its extent and efficiency almost surpass comprehension. Thousands of letters reiterate and prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the existence of a widespread system of criminal conspiracies organized by Count Bernstorff, and so thoroughly established that it will remain behind him unimpaired, even if he is finally sent about his business. These plots are promoted not only by Germans but by American citizens of German extraction, and even by recreants of native stock.

Copies of all the most important of these letters have been forwarded by the Censorship, through the American Embassy, to the State Department in Washington; so that our Government has at least been allowed ample time to take adequate precautions.

IV

"ON DUTY IN LONDON"

January 19th. At last the question of my commission is definitely settled. I am to be made an officer in the Royal Naval Division. There is no British organization to which I would rather belong, for it has performed creditably as much hard fighting as any infantry division in the war, having been present at the siege and fall of Antwerp in 1914, at the Dardanelles campaign in 1915, and at the Battle of the Somme during the summer of 1916, where in the autumn it crowned its record by the brilliant capture of Beaucourt.

In its valiant history, it has several times sustained frightful losses, not only without giving way but without at all losing its aggressive spirit or the willingness to use the bayonet.

The division was assembled early in the war, and was at first largely composed of marines and sailors who were, for the moment, not needed in

the fleet or for harbor defence. Subsequently it became something of a Foreign Legion and was joined by men from all parts of the Empire who, although they hurried to England to take part in the great war, had no previous military affiliation. Many and curious were the contrasts between the men who eventually joined its ranks.

Its commander, Major General Freyberg, V. C., D. S. O., the youngest divisional commander in the British armies, came from South Africa to join it as a lieutenant late in 1914, and gradually rose to his present rank in the almost continual hard fighting which the division sustained.

Although few of the present officers in the Naval Division have served on board a battleship, and fewer still were ever naval officers, they were, for precedent's sake and because of the honorable history of the division, still commissioned with Naval titles as members of the Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve.

Its company commander is commissioned a senior lieutenant in the R. N. V. R. and his direct superior, instead of being commissioned a major, is a lieutenant-commander R. N. V. R. This proceeding is still the custom, in spite of the

facts that the officers of the division wear khaki, bear army insignia of rank, and are frequently called by the military titles of captain or major.

I do not yet know to which brigade and battalion of the Division I am to be assigned, but my commission as lieutenant-commander is to be officially gazetted in a week or more.

As a necessary preliminary to accepting this commission, I have forwarded to Washington my resignation as Major in the Officers' Reserve Corps, United States Army.

London, January 20th. To-morrow I am to go down into Buckinghamshire to Chequers Court to visit Colonel Sir Arthur Lee, M. P., K. C. B., and Lady Lee, who was Miss Moore of New York. Their famous old country house antedates Elizabethan times.

Chequers' Court, Sunday, January 21st. My visit to Chequers' Court is interesting beyond words.

I took the morning train from the Marylebone Station and reached Princes Risborough on the Great Central Railway about noon. A man-servant met me there with a motor-car and

whisked me up through the Chiltern Hills to Sir Arthur's home, which is several miles from the railroad.

On the way we passed a hillside upon which a big cross had been cut deep into the chalk, sometime during the ninth or tenth century, to commemorate a victory against the invading Danes. It has been kept fresh by each succeeding generation of Englishmen, for the Anglo-Saxon king of that date inserted into the title-deed of the land a clause imposing on successive owners the obligation of keeping this emblem fresh and unincroached upon by grass and trees.

The cross and its significance made me appreciate what an historic part of England I was enjoying the privilege of visiting.

Chequers' Court is situated on the lower slopes of one of the largest of the Chilterns, and stands in the center of an estate several thousand acres in extent; and is surrounded and tied together by a beautifully arranged set of terraces, gardens, walks and tree-groups.

Rolling parks, dotted with grazing sheep, and broken by groups of pine trees, stretch away from it in all directions.

It takes its name from its earliest recorded

owner, Elias de Chequers—or Chekers as he spelled it—who was an official of the king's exchequer in eleven hundred and something.

It seems that in olden times accounts were made up with the aid of a chequer board, used in much the same manner in which the Chinese of to-day employ an abacus; and that the ancient word exchecker was synonymous with the modern word checkers, the checker board being used both as an abacus and a gaming board.

In the time of this particular official of the king's exchequer, surnames were just beginning to come into fashion in England, and Elias, therefore, added de Chequers to his name, at the same time choosing a blue and white checker-board as the principal feature of his coat of arms.

In the long gallery at Chequers Court there is a window of many panes, in which are recorded in stained glass the various coats-of-arms of all the different owners from Elias de Chequers to Sir Arthur Lee. In quarterings these arms the blue and white checker-board of Elias survived for four centuries, down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The south façade of the present house was built about 1490 and has not been altered since

1565 when its owner, William Hawtrey, remodelled it from its early Tudor style into the Elizabethan, which was at that time the vogue.

The whole house is possessed of a wonderful unity, for the several additions made in the 16th, 18th and 19th centuries are in perfect keeping with the older parts.

The brick of which the north façade is constructed has been in place since a time antedating the discovery of America, and has weathered to an exquisite glowing old rose color.

The furniture is quite as old as the house, and so are many of the manuscripts, paintings and books.

One old manuscript, compiled during the 16th century, was exceedingly interesting because of the sidelights it gave upon the *mores* of that time. It was a compilation of all the medical receipts used among the gentry of the countryside, each with the name of the inventor appended as a sort of criterion of value.

The lands of the estate have a known history which far antedates the life of the present building, for other dwellings preceded it upon the same site at least since the time of Cymbalene, the ancient king of Britain, whose son Carac-

tacus, born about the year A. D., was that same Caractacus who for a long time successfully resisted the Romans when they invaded his country, but who was eventually taken as a prisoner to Rome during the rule of the Emperor Claudius.

Traces of Caractacus' original stronghold are still to be seen on a little hill a few hundred yards west of the present house, and the two villages in the neighborhood from which Cymbalene took his name are still known as Great Kimble and Little Kimble.

In the south-west corner of the estate is the site of a Roman village, built by the conquerors of Caractacus, and a penny of Marcus Aurelius' was recently picked up on this spot.

From 1565 to 1567, Lady Mary Grey, granddaughter of Henry VII and sister of Lady Jane Grey, was, by order of Queen Elizabeth, imprisoned in Chequers Court, because she had, without the Queen's consent, secretly married the Sergeant Porter of the Palace gate. She remained in Chequers Court under the guardianship of William Hawtrey until after the death of her husband.

About 1720 the house belonged to John Rus-

sell, grandson of Oliver Cromwell, whose mother, a daughter of "Old Ironsides," had married the heir to Chequers Court. His tenancy may still be traced by the presence in the house of Cromwell's sword and watch; also of several miniatures and portraits of Cromwell and of other members of his family.

About the middle nineteenth century the estate temporarily lost much of its ancient prestige and beauty, for at this epoch the original brick and stone of the house was overlaid with stucco in an attempt to convert it into early Victorian.

During the tenancy of Sir Arthur and Lady Lee, however, this was removed and the house has regained to the full not only its beauty but its prestige; within its boundaries the leaders of men of the present generation now often walk about in the footsteps of the great chieftains of ten and twenty centuries ago.

In a single week in 1910 as remarkable a collection of notable guests were sheltered by its roof, as one is ever likely to meet in a private residence. Among their number were Field Marshal Earl Roberts, Arthur J. Balfour, John Burns, Field Marshal Earl Kitchener, Ex-

President Roosevelt, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, Alfred Lyttleton and Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer.

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January 23rd. At a small private luncheon given to-day by Mr. Edward Bell, Secretary of the American Embassy, I met Admiral W. R. Hall, C.B., Director of the Naval Intelligence Division, and Colonel John Buchan, who is head of the Department, under a War Cabinet, which deals with publicity and political intelligence. The latter is the same John Buchan who was, before the war began, already famous as an author. These two officials are responsible for the collection and distribution of all information useful to the Admiralty and the Foreign Office respectively.

They are extraordinarily interesting men, whose successful work and ceaseless energy I have already heard much praised since my arrival in England. Each of them has the reputation of being a ruthless cutter of red tape, even when it exists by the Gordian knot.

They are men who, while at present not so widely known to the general public as are many

of the titled figureheads, yet in reality constitute with a few other equally talented men a group of professional experts; who, although they have only recently come into their present power, daily accomplish more essentially practical things contributory to the winning of the war than anyone else in the Empire, save only "the big three"—Lloyd George, Northcliffe and Haig.

All the members of this group cannot be enumerated and described here, but to mention a few: there are Lieutenant General Sir John Cowans, the Quartermaster General, who has been responsible for the colossal task of equipping the new armies; Major General Sir George Macdonogh, the Director of Military Intelligence; and Lord Robert Cecil, the Minister of Blockade.

Hall and Buchan have a high regard for each other, and in addition possess a keen and kindred sense of humor. The Admiral has been a sailor all his life, and belongs to the best type of British naval officer. He is of an intensely practical turn of mind and enjoys life and "the game" immensely.

At lunch Admiral Hall talked of the wonderful capacity of the British sailor for meeting sudden unforeseen emergencies, and illustrated his

point with many apt stories of which the following is so typical that it seems worth repeating.

He said that some years ago,—it is not necessary to be too definite,—a number of British warships were anchored in the harbor of Hong Kong. One evening, two young sailormen from one of the vessels landed at the old Blue Pier, which has since been destroyed, and took 'rickshaws up the long winding road to the famous pavilion on the hill, where they partook of an excellent dinner.

When they had finished their coffee and cigars, and were preparing to return to the Pier, a 'rickshaw race down the hill for a guinea a side was suggested.

No sooner said than done and, the "steeds" being quite willing, the two conveyances set sail down the lonely hill at full speed through the darkness. For a time the race was even, but about midway one 'rickshaw began to lose ground, and had eventually dropped a considerable distance behind, when suddenly the Chinaman stumbled and falling heavily, fractured his skull and rolled over dead, capsizing the 'rickshaw and its occupants.

The young sailor was, to say the least, in a very awkward predicament, alone on the hill with

a dead Chinaman, who would have to be explained not only to Civil authorities, but what was still worse to his commanding officer.

Anxious to make the best of a bad business, he pondered over his dilemma and after some seconds arrived at the following solution.

He righted the 'rickshaw, placed the dead Chinaman therein, put himself into the shafts, and started down the hill again at full speed on the trail of his comrade. Arriving at the foot of the hill he continued his mad career out onto the pier and traversing its entire length, he plunged off the far end into thirty feet of water,—'rickshaw, Chinaman and all.

On coming to the surface, he cried loudly for help. The men who rushed to his assistance eventually fished out both the Chinaman and the sailor. The Chinaman was unconscious, but it was decided that in falling off the pier he must have struck his head against a pile or against the 'rickshaw itself, for all efforts at resuscitation failed.

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For the sake of brevity all important offices and officers connected with the war are known by their initials. Thus the Naval Intelligence Divi-

sion is never called anything but "I. D." and its chief, the Director of the Intelligence Division, is called, even to his face, "the D. I. D." The Postal Censorship is always referred to as "M. I. 9" (Military Intelligence Department Nine). Contre espionage is "M. I. 5," etc., etc.

January 26th. Admiral Hall sent for me today and out of a perfectly clear sky informed me that I was not to join the Naval Division at present but that he was having me made a member of his Naval Intelligence Staff. He added that he had important work for me to begin at once.

To say that I was astonished would be to put the case altogether too mildly; I could only reply stupidly that I was totally ignorant of naval matters.

The Admiral smiled indulgently and said with gentle sarcasm, that it was very far from his intention to make me commander of a battleship, that the war was being fought by ways and means contrary to all precedents, and that I would soon get used to seeming incongruities.

"Sir Eric Geddes," he continued, "who before the war was general manager of the North East-

ern Railway, is now a Major General of the Army and a Vice Admiral of the Navy, both at once, and humorists declare that there is nothing left for him to covet except to become an Archbishop."

Entirely misunderstanding my astonishment and apparently thinking it was disappointment at not immediately joining the Naval Division, he said more severely:—

"Now that you have joined our forces, you will, of course, obey all orders. It has been decided that for the moment at least, you can be of more use to me than to the Royal Naval Division.

"I understand that you are sometimes an author and that you have ambitions to compile a pro-British book written from the standpoint of an American serving in our forces.

"The new government having renounced the old government's policy of reticence, I consider it important that you be offered every opportunity to publish such a book.

"As you will not be allowed to talk about the work you do for me, I intend eventually to find something about which you will be permitted to write.

"Sooner or later, when I am through with you,

I shall send you to the Front, with your Division or in some other capacity, and if fighting is what you desire, I promise you that you shall have all you can stomach." [1]

January 27th. I heard this morning the story of a British brigade in the recent Somme offensive, a story told by an officer who had participated. He of course said nothing which was not already public property, but still a first-hand account was most interesting.

His brigade led the attack. A British brigade equals four thousand men. Two thousand four hundred men went "over the top" to begin with, while one thousand six hundred were held in reserve. One thousand, eight hundred were "down" almost at once. The other six hundred reached their objective and succeeded in holding it for twenty-four hours, during which the brigade commander gradually fed in his reserves.

When the brigade was relieved at the end of

[1] Although at a later date the author was temporarily attached to the G. H. Q. Intelligence in France, his status there was not of a permanent army intelligence officer. He never permanently relinquished his appointment under Admiral Hall, which he still held when this book went to press. It is from the latter connection that the book takes its title.

that time, four hundred unwounded men were all their general could collect. So much for the tip of the wedge!

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The St. James's Club is a great comfort to me—I really do not see how I could have existed comfortably without it during my first weeks in London, when I had nothing to do.

The Club is a fascinating old place made up of buildings and additions thrown together in a most extraordinarily haphazard manner. After several weeks, I still discover new rooms in unsuspected places.

One arrives at the main library by going up the back stairs, after first passing through the same swinging door from which the servants emerge when summoned to bring whiskey-and-sodas. I am sitting in this room as I write. It is in a wing isolated from the rest of the house. It has a subdued atmosphere and a little sign on the mantel says "Silence." Few people come to this part of the building, and I often have the place all to myself.

A cheerful open fire is burning on the hearth and there are numerous big, soft armchairs into

which one sinks indefinitely; each chair has behind it a convenient drop-light, and all these lights are shaded so that none of them shine into a reader's eyes; writing tables are placed in the corners, each supplied with a copious assortment of stationery; it is at one of these desks that I am at present comfortably seated.

Long book-cases line the wall, and the great center table is covered with the latest books. The room is exactly square—about twenty-five feet on a side. Along one end are four great windows extending from panelling to cornice, and on the opposite side two more.

An interesting incident occurred at a dinner to-night. Among the guests was an American and his wife, who showed the greatest interest and curiosity in all matters pertaining to the war. Although apparently perfectly innocent and ingenuous, this curiosity was not always well-timed and discreet.

A British naval officer of high rank was also at the table. The Americans persistently questioned him about the enormous new battleships which England has turned out since the war began.

Any one less well-bred and at the same time less worldly-wise than this officer would probably have met the questions with a rebuff, for it ought to be evident to even the dullest brain that highly-placed naval officers cannot at random divulge the newest developments of British naval policy.

The Englishman, however, without the slightest hesitation, replied most politely: "Oh, yes, we have just turned out some really marvellous ships. The other day one of them was making her trial run off the Irish coast, and for protection against submarines was convoyed by three of our newest and fastest destroyers, which are capable of making thirty-six knots an hour in good weather. The day proved an ideal one for a record run. Not only the constructors but also the representatives of the Admiralty were sanguine of great results, and even their wildest expectations were exceeded.

"The new ship set out at top speed with a destroyer on either bow, and a third one bringing up the rear. After she had been running for about half an hour, her commander noticed that the destroyers had all three dropped astern, whereupon he became somewhat irate and signalled that he desired to be properly convoyed

and did not wish the destroyers to fall so far behind.

"The commander of the flotilla signalled back 'We are doing thirty-six knots, sir, and cannot go faster.' "

This preposterous story was related with such courtesy and with such apparent sincerity that it was accepted as gospel truth by the two inquisitive Yankees, who were evidently greatly flattered by the officer's confiding to them such important secrets. During the next week they will doubtless with bated breath repeat his information "in confidence" to scores of people.

January 29th. I was in the big office of the D. I. D. for more than an hour this afternoon. Several times, during that time, Generals or Admirals came in to confer with him, and when this occurred I withdrew across the room to a big window looking out upon the Horse Guards Parade.

Here within the compass of a single glance one beheld the heart of the great British Empire, for the Horse Guards Parade lies in the very midst of its executive center.

As one looked out of that Admiralty window,

one saw to the left over the Horse Guards' gate the roof of the War Office, while straight in front, across the bare brown earth of the parade ground, lay the Foreign Office and the Treasury, and behind them Big Ben and the towers of the Houses of Parliament, while in the foreground, nestling down among them all, was the homely drab house at 10 Downing Street, framed by trees and its garden wall.

Thousands of important officials criss-cross their way over the parade ground each day. Here one sees, sooner or later, all the important leaders of the Empire. This little area has been the center of their activities for many generations in the past. It is alive with British traditions.

Even as I looked, General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, walked across the Parade between two red-tabbed officers, who were talking to him intently and respectfully.

V

LIVERPOOL TO LONDON

February 14th. I recently had occasion to travel from London to Liverpool and back. It was on a Sunday evening when, having finished my business, I entered the Liverpool station of the London and North Western Railway to take the evening train back to town.

Amid the crowd, which moved backwards and forwards along the broad platforms between the lines of railway carriages, were many men in khaki.

Nowadays the evening train from Liverpool to London bears a far deeper significance than merely being a means of transit from England's greatest seaport to the British capital. It not only carries its usual passengers to London-town, but constitutes the first stage of the journey to the battle-fronts beyond in France and Flanders. This explains the presence upon the platforms of so many men in uniform. They have recovered

from grievous wounds, or have completed all too quickly a hard-won furlough, and are now returning to the war.

Their women-folk have come with them to the train, to share the last precious moments before their soldiers are borne away to a doubtful fate.

The faces of these women wear quiet, courageous, haunting smiles. The melodramatic is conspicuous by its absence. Gone are the empty platitudes and heroisms which, in the England of before the war, were commonly ascribed to such partings. No beautiful young wife is seen to "blot herself with a gesture of utter abandonment in the arms of her soldier husband." For in the England of 1917 selfishness has given way to humble and self-sacrificing service for the Nation. Publicly to give expression to purely personal grief or joy is now by all classes considered bad form. Neither tears nor hilarious mirth are any longer exhibited before the general gaze.

As I watch the crowd upon the platform a private of the Liverpool Scottish, having safely installed his rifle and other accoutrements in a third-class compartment, is now walking slowly up and down the platform between two women. Each has an arm through one of his. The

woman upon his right is a bent creature of fifty, evidently prematurely aged by a lifetime of child-bearing and hard work; the one upon his left is a bloused, red-cheeked Lancashire lassie.

In a most outrageous dock-yards dialect the soldier-boy is recounting the story of some ancient practical joke. His companions are inattentive to his words, although they make a pretence of listening, the homely little history makes the parting easier for all three, and such is its only purpose.

I am placed by the train-guard in a first-class compartment. A young officer and his mother are already quietly sitting there opposite each other, and present to the crowd an impersonal aspect of calm dignity. The son is a fine specimen, a man-child to be proud of. His calm strong face is lighted by the clearest of blue eyes. His mother has come with her son as far as she may,—to this last barrier which shuts her behind and leaves her to hope, to pray and patiently to wait.

The guard announces the moment of departure. I look discreetly out of the window for a long minute. When I turn round again the mother has disappeared.

As the train begins slowly to move a young woman, who had been bidding farewell to friends on the platform, boards the carriage and enters our compartment. She wears the insignia of an ambulance brigade, and is dressed in serviceable dark clothes of inexpensive cut. Her hat is of unadorned black felt. It is evident that she is of gentle birth and that she was much "protected" before the war. Her true age is probably not far from twenty-five, yet her face expresses the character of a woman of thirty.

I covertly study my two companions as they sit facing me in opposite corners of the compartment. I find them strikingly similar in deportment; serious and thoughtful without being solemn; philosophical with a faint trace of dignified sadness. I observe that each wears a broad band of black crepe around the left arm.

Not a word is spoken by any one of us during the four hours of our journey to London. My fellow travellers do not read novels or newspapers, nor do they fidget about. After methodically pulling down the window-blinds in accordance with the regulations of the "Defence of the Realm Act" intended as a protection against enemy air-craft, they lay their heads

upon their arms and go methodically to sleep, as if they regard sleep as a precious commodity of which they cannot store up too much against a coming time of need.

I am left alone to ponder the manifestations which the evening has brought forth, which are all a part of that new and different psychology that is sensed the very instant one sets foot upon the soil of a country at war, and which cuts deeper and deeper into the consciousness with each day that passes.

It differs as markedly from the psychology of a nation at peace as the psychology of a wolf differs from that of a house dog. To each of the two states of mind, truths are revealed which are entirely hidden or incomprehensible to the other.

The members of a Nation-at-Peace believe in the sacredness of human life and in the value and rights of the individual, while their neighbours-at-war know all too well that the perpetuation of higher races and of their ideals are the only matters of true moment, and that individual life is the cheapest or at most the least precious of all earthly things.

War psychology lies very near to fundamental truths. It is not to be tempted by theoretical ex-

cesses, for war sets a terrible premium upon fitness and practicability. Nothing is so surely a destroyer of those two extremes of selfishness; the Plutocracy which seizes more than it can constructively employ, and the particular form of Socialism which demands an equal reward for unequal efforts and abilities.

In war-time the individual develops rapidly, vividly and largely. Measured by psychological milestones he often, in a single year, lives out a mental and moral life-time. Months are sufficient to work changes in his soul which years of peace-time could not have brought to pass.

The emotional capacity of the individual is markedly increased in depth and intensity. Its most striking manifestations are the subordination of self and of selfish motives and a belief that idealism in general, and the honour and aspirations of the Nation in particular, are precious above all price. In peace-time the average man thinks in terms of self, in former wars he learned to think as a unit of the nation, but in this greatest of all wars the individual participant, civil or military, is learning to think in terms of general humanity—in world-terms, and this generation is thereby blessed as no other

by a universal outlook. Every nation involved is weighing itself in the balance, measuring itself, not by national but international standards.

There are moments of exaltation when one finds oneself agreeing with the detestable Nietzsche that war is a great moral rejuvenator, both for the nation and for the individual.

Many people in England are coming to believe this. Some Englishmen already go so far as to say that this present war is for Britain the greatest blessing in all her history. I heard one gentleman, who had lost an only son, say fervently that the so-called Anglo-Saxon race and its ideals had, unsuspected by itself, been withering away, but that it had been awakened in time by the disasters of this war and would eventually be saved through the "new democracy" of the British Empire.

VI

LLOYD GEORGE

February 15th. Wellington once said that Napoleon's presence on the field of battle was, for the French army, equivalent to a reinforcement of forty thousand men, and Wellington was certainly not a man to lavish undeserved praise upon an enemy.

When he made this extraordinary statement, the armies of Europe were at a maximum numbered in hundreds of thousands only, instead of by millions as in the present war. It indicates how tremendously important, even in those days of small armies, was the effect of a single powerful personality.

To-day, in this unprecedented World's War, the opportunity for individual leaders to affect favorably or unfavorably the cause they represent is greater than ever, according as they prove adequate or inadequate to the problems that confront them.

It is easily conceivable that in the present conflict a single dominating personality of the calibre of the Prince of Orange, of Lincoln, or of Frederick the Great, would be of more value to any one of the allied nations than a million soldiers, might, in fact, save millions of lives or, more important still, perpetuate the life and ideals of the nation itself.

In this great conflict of ideals, the lives of the average human individuals are poured away by countless thousands, while the conflict is, to a previously unequalled degree, directed and determined by a relatively small number of individual personalities. Of rulers, statesmen, soldiers, artists, moralists and writers, perhaps not more than forty men all told, among thirty million combatants, have emerged from the obscurity of the masses.

Some of these like Raemaekers, Bernstorff, Hankey and Forain have had greatness thrust upon them by accidental circumstances, not as combatants but as molders of public opinion or as mediums of international sympathy. Some, like the Kaiser, owe their power largely to the accident of their birth. Others, like Northcliffe, Foch, Lloyd George, Ribot, Briand, Smuts, Rob-

ertson, Beatty, Hindenburg, Mackenson and Falkenhayn are great by nature and have the look of eagles in their eyes. Some like Joffre, Foch and French have already played a noble part in the early days of the conflict, but under new and more strenuous conditions have had to give place to younger, fresher men as yet unbroken by the gruelling pace.

Some like Nicholas, Asquith, Von Moltke and Jellicoe have, justly or unjustly, been held responsible for great disasters. Others like Kitchener, Gallieni and Roberts have died since the war began, leaving behind them the memory of their great patriotic service, still to act the part of inspiration and leadership to their successors. Some like Nietzsche, Treitschke, Deroulède, Bismarck, Gambetta and Clauswitz, long since dead, yet still hold their place in the guidance of millions of their own nations.

Among thirty million combatants now fighting in Europe, there are probably not more than a score of men whose places could not be automatically filled, without slowing down the machine. The responsibility of these few indispensables is enormous. A mistake or omission on the part of any one of them would, in the first

place, jeopardize the lives of hundreds of thousands of average individuals, and ultimately perhaps threaten the existence and the ideals of nations and races vital to the progress of civilization. For one of these men the loss of a single night's sleep, with its resulting depression of vitality and weakened judgment, is a matter of great moment, alive with extensive possibilities of disaster; or a temporary illness, caused by the carelessness of a servant, might sign the death warrant of a thousand men.

To succeed is the ultimate proof of greatness, but nowhere have the war's casualties and discreditments been greater than among the famous leaders. Of the premiers and leading generals who began the war, only Hindenburg still survives. He alone has been continuously successful and unbeaten—he alone has lived up to the new conditions (phases) which have so kaleidoscopically succeeded one another.

All the other great leaders have died, have been superseded at the end of a phase, or have utterly failed. Even the present living leaders are all still constantly on trial, and many of the dead like Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bismarck, when tested on the crucible of twentieth century

David Lloyd George.

ideals, show steadily lessening reputations. They are seen to belong to a backward, not the forward looking group.

In England, three great leaders, towering head and shoulders above all their countrymen, still survive, and as the war advances, it is seen that upon their shoulders the ultimate fate of the British Empire more and more depends.

These three are Sir Douglas Haig, the commander-in-chief in the field, David Lloyd George, the new prime minister, and Lord Northcliffe, England's great publicist.

Haig is a personality almost unknown within the British Isles, a reticent poised force aimed at the militant enemy across the channel, he intently faces the hostile armies; he faces them with his back turned towards the Empire itself, leaving the dynamic power of Lord Northcliffe and the constructive genius of Lloyd George to deal with economic and diplomatic problems at home.

He plays a lone hand—Northcliffe and Lloyd George supplement each other, although these two are rather allies than friends. Each is too strongly individual to share the other's orbit, as friends must when working for the same purpose.

Moreover, each puts Patriotism on a pedestal high above personal friendship. They are allies whose ideas as to ways and means to achieve the ends desired frequently coincide, and who know how to compromise effectively when they differ.

It is well known both to Lloyd George and to the Nation that Northcliffe was largely instrumental in bringing about the fall of the Asquith "Wait and See" government and the subsequent elevation of Lloyd George to the premiership; it is equally well known that he acted in this matter neither from hope of personal preferment nor from friendship, but simply and solely from unselfish, impersonal, intense patriotism; for Northcliffe serves no master but his country.

In the present war the conquest of Belgium, the retreat from Mons and Charleroi, the Antwerp fiasco, the Bulgarian intervention, the death of Serbia, the Dublin rebellion, the needless and wasteful loss of two hundred thousand brave men at the Dardanelles and the ever increasing submarine campaign have for Great Britain formed a constantly rising crescendo of disaster, of which the final climax was the twin debacles of Roumania and Greece.

These two latest stinging blows have finally, and for the first time, enabled Northcliffe and the Radicals to bring to the comprehension of the populace the fact that the most titanic national task in all her history lies between Britain and ultimate victory.

At last even the slow-moving, persistent British intellect begins to realize that the Empire is committed to a desperate war, and that this greatest of world conflicts could not be won as long as the nation allowed itself to be held down by preconceived ideas, born of an old and inefficient peacetime civilization.

It will be a long time before preoccupied America gives due credence to the effectiveness with which the British, finally and thoroughly aroused, are at last beginning to organize for action, now that the long tottering Asquith government has finally been sent crashing to its fall by the combined efforts of the progressive elements in British public life under the leadership of such men as Lloyd George, Carson, Milner and Derby.

Here in England the fall of the Asquith ministry is hailed as the real beginning of Britain's war efficiency.

In its place has been set up a government the like of which has never before existed in Great Britain. David Lloyd George, the taxer of the rich, the ruthless politician, the fighter, the iconoclast, the pugnacious little Welshman formerly so detested by "the classes," has become premier with powers, implied or specified, which may well end by outrivaling those of a dictator of the old Roman Republic. He must, however, use his dictatorial power with marvelous courage and skill, if he is to fulfil expectations and conquer the diverse problems which confront him.

Behind him, united and aroused, stands Britain and the four great colonial nations of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada.

The Empire counts on Lloyd George to meet all recurrent problems with aggressive action, ruthless of precedent and custom, whether they be national or international. She, in short, expects of him—miracles.

Especially she looks for a new and vigorous foreign policy. The "London Spectator," commenting upon his nomination, aptly expressed the public feeling on this particular subject when it said:—

"In our foreign policy and in our handling of

neutral countries there must be no fidgeting, no pessimism, no standing on punctilios, no timidity. At the same time . . . we ask no nation to make sacrifices which we are unwilling to make ourselves. If necessary, we must make ourselves terrible to the whole world, but terrible not from selfishness but from our determination to win a cause which is the cause of all free people."

Great Britain expects Lloyd George to solve the Irish problem. She expects him eventually to establish prohibition, not only to promote human efficiency, but also to husband the grain which now goes into the manufacture of alcoholic drinks. She expects him so to increase the areas of land under cultivation that the Empire may be self-supporting and thus become independent of food supplies from neutral shippers.

She counts on him to complete the organization of national unit buying and selling, so that whatever raw materials the Empire is forced to purchase from neutrals or from private individuals, may be obtained through a single agency and that all the products for sale may be disposed of in a similar manner.

The Empire will then become the most colossal commercial trust in all history, maintained and

protected by the most powerful navy in the world, and by an army of many million men.

But finally and above all else, Great Britain expects of Lloyd George and his new government that they will establish such an efficient and far-reaching system of universal compulsory conscription, already in operation throughout the German Empire, that each and every individual in the Kingdom will labor for the government at whatever work he is best fitted to do. So that there will no longer be found any one who is unemployed, whether he be a tramp or one of the idle rich.

If necessary each individual will then receive for his work only an allotment of food, lodging, clothes and common privileges, so that, if need be, the British Empire can fight on indefinitely toward ultimate victory, thus becoming temporarily an extraordinary sort of Socialistic Empire.

Such, in brief, are the achievements which Great Britain loudly demands of her new government, while dimly perceiving the ways and means to accomplish them. If Lloyd George cannot achieve her purposes, England will cast him down as she cast down Asquith and will find

a man who is able to perform the miracles she demands, for things which seem extreme to the untroubled American mind are now common aspirations of the English people; and methods which a few years ago would have been considered revolutionary are now accepted not only without protest but even with enthusiasm.

Saturday. I am, within a few days, to make a verbal report to the Prime Minister and am making strenuous preparation in order to use the precious moments advantageously, carefully rehearsing my facts and figures so that I may have them at my finger tips and may report as briefly as possible, for I fully realize that Mr. Lloyd George's time is to-day more valuable than that of any other man living. His every second is priceless to Great Britain.

Monday. I lunched with Lord Northcliffe to-day and mentioned the fact that I was to report to the Premier to-morrow at six o'clock, whereupon Lord Northcliffe said that he himself had an appointment with Lloyd George late in the afternoon and if I would meet him at the "Times" office, he would be very pleased to

take me to 10 Downing Street and personally present me to the Premier.

I look forward to seeing these two men together, even for a moment, as a great privilege and an exceedingly interesting experience.

Tuesday (the following day). My meeting with the Premier this afternoon was fixed for six o'clock. Lord Northcliffe was to see him at 5:30 and his secretary had telephoned me to be at the office of the London "Times" at 5:20.

Lord Northcliffe is noted for his punctuality and it was 5:20 to the second when he came downstairs this afternoon from his private office and, picking me up in the ante-room, climbed into his famous green Rolls-Royce limousine.

We proceeded along the Thames Embankment towards Downing Street, that historic little thoroughfare leading off from Whitehall at a point about half-way between the Treasury, the Admiralty and the War Office at one side; and the Houses of Parliament, the Home Office and the Foreign Office on the other.

My curiosity prompted me to ask Lord Northcliffe "what sort of man is the Prime Minister."

He replied: "He is very simple and straightforward; he wants to know what everybody thinks and hear what everybody has to say. He wishes to learn. He has an open mind." Then, turning his head and speaking with particular emphasis, "He is very shrewd and canny."

A minute or two later I questioned him as to the advisability of making a certain statement to Mr. Lloyd George, and I thought his answer furnished a most illuminating side-light on the characters of both men when he said, "It makes no difference *what* you say to him as long as you believe it to be the truth."

The house at 10 Downing Street has been the combined residence and office of the British Premiers and the meeting place of the Cabinet for many decades. Pitt, Gladstone, Disraeli, their predecessors and successors, have there followed one another, making history for England, each Premier living on the upper stories while having his office on the ground floor.

It is a large house but has a small frontage on the street. One enters it through an utterly insignificant doorway.

On arriving, we went directly down a long hall-

way, turning to the left at the end and passing through an ante-room into the office of the Prime Minister's private secretary. Most of the spare space was here taken up by the secretary's big desk which, barrier-like, stood uncompromisingly across the very middle of the room.

Along the walls were shelves containing piles of the red leather despatch boxes, which so often figure in novels dealing with international spies. They were so very ancient and battered that one concludes they must have been purchased by the first Prime Minister who inhabited No. 10 Downing Street and have been roughly used by every subsequent one.

Past Cabinets have met but once a week, while the present energetic War Cabinet generally meets twice a day. The Premier's secretary informed us that to-day's meeting had begun at 11:30 in the morning. After sitting until 1:45 the members had adjourned until 3 o'clock and then continued in session until after 5. They had indeed, at the time of our arrival, just left the house; the Prime Minister was still in the big Cabinet Room, into which Lord Northcliffe was taken immediately upon our arrival. He

remained with Lloyd George until about 6 o'clock when he came to the door to beckon me in and present me to the Premier.

The Cabinet Room was long and high, with a large narrow table down the center, upon which the papers of the recent War Cabinet meeting were still strewn about.

As I came in through a door in the corner, Lloyd George was standing in front of a fireplace on the right. Even in the great room he did not in the least seem a small man, as single individuals are apt to do in large apartments. He rather appeared the sort of man who looks particularly well in big rooms and feels thoroughly at ease therein.

Lord Northcliffe briefly introduced me, and then excused himself to keep an engagement, leaving me to make my report.

The Prime Minister greeted me with a look which reminded me of the child's story-book of the king who always put his visitor completely at his ease with a smiling look of welcome. "You are Major Wood," he said, with an intonation which implied that to be Major Wood was to be a very important person indeed. The com-

plimentary tone of the greeting was a political mannerism which excited my admiration by the perfection of its execution.

The great Premier sat down and motioned me to a chair facing him. I immediately felt that he was sincerely interested and would pay strict attention to what I had to submit for his consideration. There was, however, no feeling of surety that he would continue to be interested an instant after the conversation appeared the least bit unprofitable.

His eyes, very gray and steady, looked straight at me as I talked, and gave me the impression of exceptional, keen shrewdness.

I had rather pictured his smile as being the smile of a fighter—as that sort of a belligerent grin which maintains itself no matter how rough the going may be. But it was not that kind of a smile at all. It was, on the contrary, the friendly, very human smile of a man who liked people—people in general,—all people—in the same way that Theodore Roosevelt likes them, and has sincere interest in all their affairs and doings. Lloyd George and Roosevelt, sharing this trait in common, are strongly contrasted with many men in public life who are manifestly

so utterly and absolutely bored with ordinary people that it is only with the greatest effort they are able to conceal their impatience.

After about twenty minutes, the Premier terminated the interview.

February 19th. Half a dozen times during my first few weeks in London, total strangers have roughly and sneeringly accosted me in public, saying: "What sort of a funk-hole have you managed to crawl into?" or "Why are n't you in uniform, you big slacker?" And once, when my questioner persistently forced me to make some reply and my accent betrayed my American nationality, he snapped out, "Well, even if you do belong to a nation that is too proud to fight, you would at least fight yourself if you were n't a coward!"

I assumed an air of proud superiority to these questioners and dubbed them unmannerly fools, who stupidly took it upon themselves to interfere with me without knowing all sides of the case.

Nevertheless, when I finally put on the King's uniform for the first time, I found myself feeling like a new man, and carried my head higher than usual as I proudly walked down the street, al-

beit I was now so much in keeping with my surroundings that no one any longer gave me so much as a glance.

. . . . . .

Colonel Sir Arthur Lee and his brother, Major Melville Lee of the General Staff, took me to luncheon to-day in order to present me to Colonel Ernest Swinton, C. B., D. S. O., R. E., who has to his credit two of the most noteworthy achievements performed by any British officer since the beginning of the war. He is the "Eye-witness" who, during the early months of the struggle, wrote daily letters to the press which were published all over the world and are by far the most expressive records written about the days of the first and second Ypres, and the battle along the Yser.

His indirect influence in recording for his country the deeds and heroisms of her soldiers was great, and his skill in keeping the army and the nation in close touch with each other was of incalculable value. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the part he played in awaking England and making her realize the seriousness of the war upon which the nation had embarked.

In the second year of the war, he had a large share in the invention of the tanks which have constituted the most striking innovations in warfare produced by the present conflict. He to a great extent designed them himself; also superintending their construction and organizing their tactical employment on the front.

Previous to the war, Colonel Swinton wrote short stories about the army under the nom de plume "Ole-Luk-Oie," in the hopes of bringing his country to a better understanding of her soldiers and of giving her a knowledge of the pressing need for more thorough military preparedness.

His book "The Green Curve and other Short Stories" was read all over the Empire and produced a tremendous effect. Next to Lord Roberts and Lord Northcliffe, he was probably England's most effective propagandist in favor of proper preparedness.

The war has not yet brought him the honors and rewards which his great services justly merit. Like all soldiers who try to interpret their profession to the people of the country they serve so loyally, he has occasionally made enemies among self-satisfied bureaucrats, and these have

seen to it that amidst the showers of decorations and promotions which the war has produced, he has nearly always been passed by.

A keen and devoted soldier with twenty-nine years' service to his credit, he was a Major in 1906; yet in spite of the unsurpassed services he has rendered his country, he has, since the outbreak, only been promoted from Lieutenant-Colonel to Colonel; whereas many less capable officers have, during the past three years, risen from Major to Major-General.

Louis Raemaekers.

VII

RAEMAEKERS

(Pronounced Rah mah kers)

"He has left a record which, mayhap, will last as long as the written record of the crime he illustrates. He draws evil with the rugged strength of Hogarth and in the same spirit of vehement protest and anger. He draws sorrowing and suffering with all Hogarth's depth of sympathy. His pictures should be studied everywhere."—ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Raemaekers, the famous Dutch cartoonist, took lunch with me to-day. His anti-German cartoons have travelled all over the civilized world to excoriate Prussianized Germany. So frightful are they that the Kaiser, after first unsuccessfully trying to bribe Mr. Raemaekers to discontinue publishing them, has set a price on his head, to be paid to any one who murders him or entices him into Germany.

I asked him about this, and with an air of self-consciousness and some hesitation, he said, "Yes —they have put a price on my head. I am sorry to say that it is only twelve thousand marks.

I had thought it worth more than that to get me out of the way. Perhaps German efficiency realized that such a sum would seem fabulous to any criminal, while millions would be insufficient to tempt an honest man to become a professional murderer."

Great men so seldom look the part they play that it is refreshing to find one who, like Mr. Raemaekers, looks what he is—a great artist. Although he is a rather shy little man with blond hair, pale blue eyes and a fine pointed Van Dyke beard, one would never mistake him for anything but a man of power. When one gets to know him, one perceives half-hidden below his mild and gentle manner, a certain splendid fanaticism, which every now and then flashes out intensely.

He began his artistic studies in his native town of Lemberg, and afterwards went in progressive steps to art schools in Amsterdam, Brussels and Paris. He has travelled much and is an excellent linguist. Our conversation to-day was a pot-pourri of English, French and German, Mr. Raemaekers being inclined to discuss England, France and Germany each in its own language.

Mr. Raemaekers is about to make a trip to America, and I asked him if he was not inter-

ested in the prospect of seeing that country for the first time.

"I am very willing to go," he replied, "because I have been told that by so doing I shall in some small degree help the Great Cause. I know the Germans at first hand and may be able by means of my cartoons to make their true criminality a little clearer to the citizens of the United States.

"Personally, I rather regret the voyage, because," with a deprecatory smile, "although you might not suspect it, I am that unfashionable creature, a model husband, and regret being separated from my wife, whom, however, I cannot at the present time, think of subjecting to the danger involved in twice crossing the ocean."

This tender care of one woman is probably the main root of his furious indignation at the mistreatment of the Belgian women by the Teuton army, which has been revealed to the world by his celebrated cartoons.

Mr. Raemaekers, when referring to the Germans, invariably speaks of them as "beasts." It is "The beasts did this," or "The beasts think that." He uses the term quite as a matter of course and seems to expect his hearers without explanation to understand what he means.

I laughed at this little idiosyncrasy, whereupon he said, "Well, perhaps I am a little unkind to the true beasts, of whom I am really fond."

"The Dutch language," he continued, "contains no derogatory nickname for any foreigners except the Germans, who are called 'Moffen,' and generally 'die verdomde Moffen.' This word is equivalent in meaning to the French 'Boche.'

"When a Dutchman wishes to insult a fellow countryman he speaks of him as a 'Moff.' Dutch seamen, for instance, who rather look down upon the Dutch farmers, sometimes refer to them as 'Moffen.' Whenever this is done within hearing of a farmer, a fight is sure to result.

"For twenty years I have clearly foreseen Germany's present attack on the world. For twenty years I have been drawing and publishing the same type of cartoons which have attracted so much notice since the war.

"Seven years before the war began I was already being called *'ein feind Deutschland's'* by the German press. I cannot possibly express to you the unhappiness which I felt at being absolutely certain of the impending doom, and

at the same time being incapable of making people foresee and believe it.

"My friends used to call me 'the man who can see ghosts even in sun-shine.' Yet it was I, not they, who really knew the beasts as all the world knows them to-day; I was born in the little town of Lemberg near Roermond, at a distance of only a few miles from the German frontier, and have known the beasts all my life, not only in my own country but also in theirs, which I have visited many times. I might almost say that I have visited it every year of my life.

"In Holland we have a saying that 'even the best German has stolen a horse.' I do not believe that there is any German who is not a pan-German. All of them suffer from this national and nation-wide megalomania.

"The beasts seem to have in their brain one more kink or convolution than any one else, and this extra kink makes it impossible for them to see anything as ordinary mortals see it.

"During the early months of the war, for instance, I used to receive letters from an important German professor, with whom I was acquainted, urging me to forego my attacks on Germany and to support *kultur*. He was so persistent in his

appeals that I finally found it necessary to write him, that in order to sympathize with his statements it would be necessary for me to change my normal brain about and look at things from the point of view of a German brain. I assured him that I much preferred to remain an ordinary human being, and that as such his arguments only irritated me.

"One of the most interesting manifestations of Prussianism in Germany is the utter paucity of all artistic talent, even of the most third rate quality. This has reached such a state that, to give a rather personal illustration, they have recently in Vienna and Berlin taken my drawings and changed them about in such a manner as exactly to invert their meaning, making them anti-Ally instead of anti-German. They have then distributed these impositions as the work of Mr. Raumacher, a neutral Dutch artist.

"This sort of thing would be quite needless if Germany possessed a single cartoonist of the slightest artistic ability, and is an indication of the completeness with which Prussianism has suppressed all originality.

"Although modern Prussianism has in date coincided with the greatest literary and artistic

epoch since the Renaissance and with the greatest inventive age of all history, no masterpiece of great literature, no one item of great art, nor any single invention of benefit to mankind has during that period come out of Germany.

"During the age which saw the invention of the aëroplane, the automobile, the ocean liner, the submarine, the railroad, the telephone, the telegraph, wireless telegraphy, and steel and concrete construction, the only invention which the beasts have perfected is the discredited Zeppelin.

"During the generation which gave birth to Rudyard Kipling, Bernard Shaw, James Barrie and Robert Louis Stevenson, Germany has only been able to produce a Sudermann.

"During the age which gave to the world a Rodin, a Sargent and a Stanford White, Germany possesses only nameless artisans who construct grotesques and revel in *arts nouveaux*."

During our conversation I happened to mention that I had been a student in the Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris. This seemed to interest Mr. Raemaekers very much and led our talk for a time into channels connected with French art and life in Paris. "Is n't it amusing," he said, "that in France even the cab-drivers con-

sider their work an art, as soon becomes evident if one climbs into a *fiacre* and invites the *cocher* to point out the sights of the city. It is inexplicable that such a race of artists have in recent decades produced almost nothing of first importance. *Depuis la Directoire c'est le vide.*

"I am convinced, however, that France is now on the threshold of another great artistic epoch of which Rodin is the forerunner."

I reminded Mr. Raemaekers of the old saying that "every man of whatever nation can claim two countries,—his own and France."

"Yes," he replied, with sudden vehemence, "that is true of *every* nation except Germany. France has always stood for some high ideal, and it has always been an ideal which one can understand and with which one can sympathize. Moreover, France has been unfailingly ready to make national sacrifices for her ideals. She has ever been willing to expend her toll of blood and money."

A little later he said, "France is the country of liberty. In Paris, no matter what your nationality, you are permitted to be a human being. In fact the French take it so much for granted that you are human, that you generally

become so when in France, even if it is not your true nature."

The conversation touched upon the subject of cooking.

"The French consider cooking, like cab-driving, a fine art," said Mr. Raemaekers, "and in this particular I am rather inclined to agree with them. What is art in the last analysis but making attractive or beautiful the various incidents and necessities of life! When one marries one does not bolt down an ugly wife, but rather does one's best to obtain an attractive and beautiful mate. Why should it not be likewise with the meals which one must also confront three times a day all one's life!

"I hold that within the home, cooking should by all means be ranked as a fine art. I believe that a great deal of domestic unhappiness and much drunkenness could be prevented if it were invariably so regarded by the woman of the house. One must not forget that the working classes live in terms of fundamentals, and much of the pleasure which they are able to derive from life comes from eating the meals which they find so hard to earn.

"At night when the working man comes home

tired and hungry, if he finds that his wife has cooked and presented the humble evening meal *au point du vue artiste,* he finishes the day with a feeling of contented happiness.

"If, on the other hand, a lot of fodder is, so to speak, thrown at him, he feels unsatisfied and discontented and desires to go out and have a few drinks."

VIII

NORTHCLIFFE

London, Friday. To-morrow I leave London to spend the week-end with Lord Northcliffe at his seaside home at Broadstairs, on the Kentish coast. This will make the ninth occasion upon which I have met him, and my impressions have now become crystallized enough to permit me to attempt a description of him during my stay at Broadstairs.

I shall not feel it necessary to rehearse his great achievements as a journalist, his unequaled accomplishments as an organizer, nor to dwell upon his great political ability, since these are already part of British history. I shall limit myself to a description of his personality.

Broadstairs, Sunday evening. Lord Northcliffe's home at Broadstairs is an Elizabethan farm-house, to which several additions have been made during the centuries which have passed

since it was first built. Like most of its kind, it is a rambling structure, whose exterior is somewhat lacking in architectural unity. Its interior is very homelike and comfortable, with open fires, charming rooms, much old furniture and many books.

I arrived at a quarter to six last evening, and was immediately taken to the work-room, a large, high-ceilinged apartment which at one time had been used as a billiard-room.

An open fire was burning cheerfully on a hearth at the back of a raised alcove jutting in from the middle of one of the long sides of the room. Big shelves along the wall were filled with every conceivable kind of reference volume. Several tables were piled high with letters, telegrams, and papers, which the secretaries were required to find instantly whenever needed. On one table were placed various telephones, which were in almost constant use.

Lord Northcliffe stood by the fireplace. He reminded me of a caged lion, at any moment ready to sally forth upon the floor below. It was not because he roared that he was lion-like, for roar he never does, but because it seemed as if his colossal energy was trying to break through in-

The Times.

My dear Wood,

I am not sure that we can use an article of this length in an abbreviated "Times" and if it is cut down I think that you had better do the cutting.

I am very sorry to hear that you were wounded, and should much like you to go to my wife's hospital if they can move you. Will you let me know at once?

Yours sincerely,

Major Eric Wood. 30th April 1917.

A typical Northcliffe letter.

visible bars that intervened between him and the immediate attainment of a multitude of purposes.

He walked back and forth within the restricted alcove, pausing suddenly from time to time to speak sharply and briefly. Thus he settled three or four vital matters every minute. As soon as there was an instant's delay one saw again the caged-lion phase.

I have no intention of conveying the impression that Lord Northcliffe is ever flustered or "beyond himself." He is always well within his own powers, and works smoothly, without the least squeak or friction. Indeed, he reminds one of a colossal dynamo working at high tension, for although things may fly off from it in all directions, the dynamo itself continues to function coolly, smoothly, and evenly.

He invariably gives one the impression of possessing great reserve force. I have noticed that whenever an atmosphere of flurry surrounds him, it is caused entirely by office-boys, clerks, and other one-cylinder subordinates puffing and tearing to keep up with his smoothly running two-hundred-horse-power engine. Few indeed are the men who would not appear one-cylindered when in the presence of his tireless energy.

It is impossible to enter a room where Lord Northcliffe is working and not be irresistibly drawn into activity. Yesterday evening when his greetings, courteous and brief, were finished, I withdrew to a corner of the workroom, but within a minute I had been called out again and set to correcting the proof of an article which he had recently written about the New Zealand Division. When that was finished, I was given a press cablegram to America to review, and afterwards was kept steadily busy until it came time to dress for dinner.

I witnessed the signing of the day's letters, of which there were thirty-five in all, and observed a number of interesting details. Despite the fact that the letters had been taken down and typed by competent secretaries, Lord Northcliffe read each one slowly and carefully before signing it. In the whole batch he altered only one, and in that only a single word, which he crossed out and replaced by a synonym; but in about every third letter he underscored a clause or sentence.

Each letter was typed upon a single, large-size sheet of blue paper, with the "Times" engraved at the top, and consisted of a few lines only, usually from four to eight. The lines were

single-spaced and in most cases were in one paragraph. This applied even to a letter to the Prime Minister, which touched upon three important and separate topics. There were no superfluous words; no "I have received your letter," and never the address of the recipient. The letters began with "Dear So-and-so," and were signed in the lower right-hand corner, usually in pencil, with the one word "Northcliffe" written at an oblique angle, mounting toward the right, of which the accompanying illustration is a fair sample:

Lord Northcliffe has the reputation of being a hard man toward his subordinates. He is said to drive them unmercifully, to wear them out, and then heartlessly to replace them with fresher men. From this some of his critics have concluded that he is cruel and hard-hearted.

I am inclined to differ from this opinion. I think that Lord Northcliffe, although naturally kind, considers that in the midst of this great war the nerves and feelings of his subordinates are of little relative importance. He therefore sacrifices them as ruthlessly as a great general might sacrifice a few privates to gain important ends.

One cannot help feeling that he is kind-hearted,

because he invariably is unselfishly considerate of all those who happen to be about him when his high-pressure hours are ended. At dinner last night, when his two secretaries and I were the only guests, he anticipated our slightest wants. In this he far exceeded formal politeness or anything to which we could possibly be entitled from a man of his importance. It was all so automatic and so evidently second nature that it was difficult to explain on other grounds than that of innate consideration and kindness for others.

If he is a hard taskmaster to his subordinates, he demands even more of himself, for he is probably the most indefatigable worker in all England. He rises at 5 A.M., has a cup of coffee at 5:15, and starts in at 5:30. Breakfast is served at 8:30, luncheon at 1:15, while dinner and the end of his day's task come at 7:45 in the evening.

From 5:30 A.M. until 7:30 P.M. he works steadily, regardless of meals. At 5:30 A.M. all the London morning newspapers for the day are brought to him for inspection. Between that time and breakfast he reads rapidly every column they contain in order to keep himself fully abreast not only of everything in the newspaper world,

but in the world of affairs as well. While reading, he jots down notes and criticisms on everything, from type-setting to editorial policy, that may be interesting to his own editors; these notes he embodies in letters written to them later in the day.

His colossal energy enables him to wade through an enormous mass of matter relative to each of the various subjects in which he is particularly concerned, while his unique power of concentration makes it possible for him to reduce the myriad of petty details to a definite impression expressed briefly and pithily. He often inscribes a criticism of one of his own papers in a single word, noted down on the front page of a copy, which is mailed back to the editor.

During breakfast he dictates and telephones and interviews, gives orders and corrects proof; and thus he continues all through the day. Even the noon meal is employed in conferences upon a dozen different matters with people who have been asked in to luncheon for that purpose.

The business of the day is supposed to be completed and laid aside at 7:30 P.M., but in these strenuous war-times conversation constantly drifts back to the topics that are closely akin to

work. Lord Northcliffe retires at 10 o'clock, is in bed at 10:15 and goes to sleep at 10:30, after being read to for fifteen minutes, sleeping for six and a half hours until five o'clock comes round again. Since the war began he has not varied this routine. It goes on week-days and Sundays, week in and week out, interrupted only by an occasional afternoon of golf and by his numerous trips to the front.

In physical appearance Lord Northcliffe is rather thick-set, and is somewhat under six feet in height. His head is massive and well shaped, combining to a remarkable degree the characteristics of a fighter with those of a thinker. The most conspicuous features of his face are a strong jaw and very fine gray eyes. When in repose he holds his head slightly thrust forward. The strain of the tremendous pace which he has maintained ever since the war began has only just begun to show in his face.

On first meeting him one receives vividly the impression of tremendous reserve force and dynamic aggressiveness lying alertly latent close to the surface. This impression persists, and increases with each subsequent meeting.

One quickly perceives that Lord Northcliffe is

utterly contemptuous of conventional public opinion, and does not hesitate to run counter to petty criticisms of the moment, in doing anything which cold reason dictates. To my mind nothing better illustrates his disregard of formal public approval and his sterling good common sense than the fact that he invariably wears a sport-shirt with a soft collar. He wears it because it suits his comfort, and he wears it in season and out, summer and winter, regardless of the fact that it is considered execrably bad form, and that almost no other English gentleman would venture it, particularly if he had embarked upon a public career.

It is difficult to estimate his age from his appearance; he might be thirty, forty, or fifty. As a matter of fact, one would be unlikely to take any interest in the question unless he were a census-taker, for Northcliffe is one of those rare ageless persons in whom the number of his years seems irrelevant—a person who achieves success early or late, irrespective of whether he is young or has grown old.

When speaking he has certain peculiarly personal traits; he utters each short sentence rather rapidly, biting it off at the end; then comes a

brief pause, during which he seems to consider the new sentence in its entirety. It is as though he waited an instant before each successive phase in order to have it all in mind before converting thought to sound.

His voice is low, pleasant, and cultivated, and he does not raise it even when he is most vehement. He never swears, nor does he make any use of slang. He is not a coiner of popular phrases, differing very markedly in this respect from men like Wilson and Choate. I have never heard him make a *bon mot*. He expresses his thoughts by scholarly employment of the king's English, and he does not, as a rule, use long or complicated sentences, but rather a succession of very short ones to explain or qualify his meaning, some of which are emphasized by a little sidewise gesture of the head.

Northcliffe seldom interrupts conversation, and unless natural pauses occur he very often does not talk at all. He is rather sparing of words, but does not give the impression of taciturnity. His natural inclination is rather to stimulate others to conversation, into which he injects pertinent comments and anecdotes. His pithy remarks are always original and amusing.

At dinner this evening he stated that in his travels he had seen four inanimate objects which had supremely impressed him: the Roman Forum, the Taj Mahal, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and Niagara Falls, "which," he added, "one does not begin to understand until about the third day he has studied it."

He prophesied that the warfare of the future would be almost altogether aërial, and that every country and all parts thereof would be vulnerable to the attacks of an enemy.

After dinner we adjourned to a little sitting-room and there sat around an open fire, while Lord Northcliffe lay down at full length on a couch by the fireside. The secretaries were commanded to bring the gramophone and to play furiously. They played rag-time and one-steps from 8:45 until 10 o'clock, taking turns at shifting records and changing needles. Meanwhile conversation continued uninterrupted, except when the telephone bell in the adjacent hallway rang because of business so important that his editors felt obliged to call Northcliffe even in the midst of his sacred period of "rest." A secretary wrote down the messages and then came in to report.

During the period between dinner and ten o'clock Lord Northcliffe positively refused to get up from his couch, and pretended to be resting constantly. It was easy to see that even when his body was in repose his subconscious mind was as alert as ever. On one occasion a secretary, having answered the telephone, reported the message, and, having been told what answer to transmit, went out again to the telephone, shutting the door behind him, while Lord Northcliffe resumed his conversation. The secretary in the hall outside, in repeating in the telephone Lord Northcliffe's reply, got one word wrong, saying "Thursday" instead of "Monday." Lord Northcliffe, despite the discussion which was going on, heard it instantly even through the door, and as quick as a shot sent the other secretary rushing out to correct the mistake.

At 9:30 he ordered a secretary to telephone to the "Times" office and obtain the details of the next day's news. This is done every evening, so that Lord Northcliffe may run over the day's items before he retires. The secretary was gone about ten minutes, and brought back six or eight pages of shorthand, beginning with a report of a destroyer's fight in the North Sea,

and ending with a résumé of a violent attack upon Lord Northcliffe by some hostile newspaper.

It is always a most illuminating sidelight upon any man's character to observe the attitude with which he sustains the abuse of his opponents, and it was, therefore, with keenest interest that I watched this little scene. Before beginning to read the attack the secretary grinned cheerfully and expectantly, while Lord Northcliffe lay at full length upon the couch, with his head turned in attentive interest, smiling such a smile of happy contentment as would have shamed the famous Cheshire cat. It was not difficult to see that he is a man who would be wretchedly unhappy without a plentiful supply of enemies, and that he values their attacks more highly than the plaudits of his friends.

Lord Northcliffe's most notable mental characteristic is a constructive imagination which enables him to see things as they really are rather than as they appear to be. His mind brutally cuts through the husks and shells of custom, habit, and precedent, of established systems and preconceived ideas to the kernel of truth within, which he examines boldly and dispassionately.

He is, if anything, inclined to show too little consideration for these venerable shells and husks, which, after all, are of some use in life, being often the product of valuable past experience.

He is an iconoclast, and a man of strong convictions; yet these convictions seldom seem to prejudice the functioning of his intellect.

His greatest and most dominant moral characteristic is patriotism. He serves but one master, his country. In return he enjoys the distinction of being the most hated man in England. His political friends are few and far between, for having determined with a passionate intensity that Great Britain shall win this war, he takes upon himself the privilege of attacking with the weight of his press and his personal influence any official or group of officials in his native country whose slowness or inefficiency seems to him to delay or hinder the winning of the war. And since, particularly under the recent "Wait and See" government, such persons and organizations were legion, Lord Northcliffe's enemies are also legion.

Instead of keeping quiet and pretending that each successive mistake that England makes is another great "strategical retreat," as "decent

Eric Fisher Wood from Northcliffe

Englishmen" are expected to do, he constantly points out Great Britain's blunders, and insists upon their being remedied with all possible speed.

It is a well-known fact that nothing in heaven above or on the earth beneath or in hell below so enrages the Englishman of the old type, who seems congenitally incapable of conceiving that anything in England was or ever could be wrong, as to be told that his country is not in the natural order of things and by divine right superperfect. For years and years Englishmen have irritated foreign countries and their own colonies by an assumption of self-sufficiency and superiority in matters big and little. Lord Northcliffe set himself the task of combating this tendency, and whenever his nation made a mistake he cried his protest through the columns of the London "Times," the "Daily Mail," and the score of papers and magazines which he owns. Whenever he has discovered—and he usually discovers before any one else—that Great Britain was muddling along into a new blunder, his papers have "gone the limit" the censor would allow and sometimes beyond.

Since the beginning of the war, he alone among all England's citizens has constantly refused to

allow Englishmen to maintain their complacent assumption of superiority and their hereditary belief that they are immaculate and unbeatable, because of the accident that they were born English; and oh, Jupiter and Neptune! how heartily they do hate and detest him for this prodding! But every time they are eventually forced, after undergoing the most dreadful mental agony, to admit that perhaps the matter under discussion might have been a little better arranged; indeed, on second thought, everything that his lordship says—blast him!—happens—this time—to be right.

But they do not forget him, and in any case he would not allow them to. Nor do they forgive him. Their anger against him grows continually. They detest him with the same fervency that a too heavy sleeper invariably displays toward one who wakens him from sound and comfortable slumber.

Much as the public men whom Northcliffe has scored may hate him, they fear him even more, since no one of them knows who may be the next to sustain an attack by his all-powerful press; therefore incompetency shudders, and the competent leaders in the war-game are kept con-

stantly on their mettle. But great as are the hatred and fear which Northcliffe inspires in his own countrymen, their need of him is still greater.

Foreseeing clearly the assault which Germany was preparing against the world, he began urging the adoption of conscription ten years before the fateful fourth of August, 1914, and for his pains was called a jingo and a yellow journalist, just as Lord Roberts for the same reason was called a weak-minded old dotard.

Northcliffe always advocated the maintenance of the British "two-power" Navy, and it is probable that but for his continued pressure the German Navy would have been permitted to surpass that of Great Britain.

Since the war actually began, he has not only been right in every controversy which he started but has eventually converted the nation to his point of view. He overruled Kitchener when the latter was opposing increased shell production. To-day Great Britain manufactures and effectually uses a hundred shells for every one she made when Kitchener pronounced the supply sufficient.

For two years past Northcliffe has protested that the Allies and neutrals were unwittingly ra-

tioning and sustaining Germany, through the agency of Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark, and to-day at last even the United States realizes the truth of this statement, and has in consequence declared provisional embargoes against those countries.

During the early months of the war, he constantly urged the Asquith government to lay in vast stores of food against the lean years to come, and already Great Britain fully realizes that such a course would have nullified the U-boats.

When Northcliffe saw that the Asquith government was irretrievably inefficient, he overthrew it well-nigh single-handed, and set up in its place a more capable one.

To-day he is insisting that press censorship is most pernicious, and that in ninety cases out of a hundred it is used solely to protect office-holders from suffering the consequences of their own stupidity and inefficiency.

He is struggling to save Great Britain from herself, and may yet succeed; and if he does, history will know him as the valiant non-compromiser who preserved the Empire despite her own determination to blunder to destruction.

His country is too human not to continue, for

the present at least, to be utterly ungrateful to this man behind the scenes, whose fighting intellect is ever prodding and clubbing mule-like persons in high places. She calls him in present-day derision "the man who gets things done." Eventually that will become his title of greatest honor; and even now a few converts begin to appreciate him at his true value.

I am conscious that my high esteem of Lord Northcliffe's services and abilities would not today be indorsed by any prominent Englishmen, for there is not one of them but has had his pet stupidities flayed by the Northcliffe press.

In fairness to Lord Northcliffe, however, it must also be stated that, by contrast, most foreigners who are familiar with his work would accept my valuation of his supreme importance to England and her Allies.

Even the Germans understand his worth to his country, and have on two separate occasions sent expeditions across the channel to attempt his life. The compliment of these attacks he seems to appreciate as much as that conveyed by attacks of his enemies at home. He accepts both with the same grim smile.

When recently his house at Broadstairs was

bombarded by German war-ships, and a shell passed completely through it, but left him untouched, he immediately telephoned the hard-worked staff of his London "Times," and informed them that "they would hear with mixed feeling that he was uninjured."

Americans who know him well are unanimous in believing that Northcliffe's true greatness will, as years pass, be increasingly appreciated in Great Britain, and that eventually future generations, looking back with a more normal perspective, will come gratefully to realize that but for this single fearless, unselfish patriot, England's doom would probably have been sealed, because she would have awakened all too late from her torpor of complacency.

IX

TO FRANCE

Sunday, February, 1917. I went to the War Office by appointment at three o'clock this afternoon to receive my final orders for France.

One does not depart for the Front until it has been made clear to the War Office that someone in authority in France desires your presence and has work for you to do. I found that all the necessary formalities had been completed. A telegram having been received from my General, my orders and tickets were in readiness.

Monday, —— ——. At 1:30 this afternoon I left London for France.

At the Charing Cross station platform tickets were in great demand, as every officer was seen off by at least one person and most of them by several.

Having secured my place in a first-class compartment and had my luggage safely stowed

away in the racks, I walked up and down to watch the crowd. Women predominated, and a splendid lot they were, these English gentlewomen—handsome mothers, beautiful wives and pretty sweethearts. I began to feel very much in need of something of the kind myself, and a momentary wave of intense homesickness swept over me. Although wearing the uniform of a British officer, I am in reality an American without close friends in London, and I suddenly realized that I had indeed come a very great distance from home to "do my bit" in this far-away war.

The train reached the port of embarkation exactly on schedule time and two cross-channel transports, which were waiting for us, left promptly at 4 o'clock.

All the officers, nearly a hundred in number, were assigned to the upper decks of one of the vessels, while the lower decks were crammed with solid masses of khaki-clad, mud-colored humanity; drafts of enlisted men proceeding overseas to replace the wastage in divisions at the Front.

When the two transports left the dock, they immediately put on full speed. As they forged steadily ahead and steamed out of the harbor,

three long and sinister looking British Torpedo Boat Destroyers came racing up from the open sea. During the crossing, the Destroyers cruised about us on all sides, for all the world like three well-trained setter dogs beating back and forth across an open prairie, now slowing to a walk and again breaking into a lope; now they ranged across our very bow and then cut off at a tangent for two or three miles, as if trailing up wind on some faint scent, leaving a foamy wake streaming out behind them.

We reached the port of debarkation at six o'clock and cut through the narrow gap in the harbor's breakwater just as the dusk of evening was settling over the black water. As the boat warped to the dock, we perceived a huge blackboard set up in full view, upon which was written the names of those officers who were to be met by Staff cars, together with their destinations and the numbers of automobiles which were waiting for them. The cars themselves stood in a long line upon the quay, with their soldier drivers beside them.

It took me three quarters of an hour to rescue my kit-bag and Wolseley valise from the hold of the steamer, then after my military chauffeur

had packed my luggage into the car and lighted his lamps, we were off through the starlit night.

Although I had not seen the port for over two years, it looked quite unchanged. There was even the very same sentry post and barrier across the road at the upper end of the town, where we were challenged and had to show our military passes, which the driver had brought with him.

As we tore up the long hill leading out of the city, we overtook a column of marching infantry. The long, winding, serpent-like line of soldiers' back, illumined by our brilliant headlights, could be seen extending up the hill until it faded away into the distance.

According to invariable custom, the regiments were marching upon the right side of the highway, leaving the left hand for any traffic which might need to pass; consequently we were able to run by without hindrance. We forged steadily ahead for several minutes until suddenly, as we neared the head of the column, we saw that it had turned sharply to the left, directly across our front, and was disappearing down a side road, thus barring our passage with a moving wall of bodies.

It is not customary for a Staff car, containing

a single officer, to break through and disarrange a marching column, unless he is of high rank or is on urgent duty, since by so doing he brings fifty to a hundred soldiers to a temporary halt and imposes upon them the necessity of making up a score of yards by double-timing,—no small inconvenience for a man carrying sixty odd pounds upon his back.

Since I was neither a general officer nor upon pressing business, I ordered the driver to halt the car by the roadside until the end of the column had overtaken us, which delayed us not more than five or six minutes.

The surrounding darkness was cut through in front of the car by the straight, narrow beams of our headlights, but remained impenetrable in all other directions. The successive ranks coming up the hill from the blackness behind, remained invisible when they passed abreast of us until, as their column cut diagonally across the front of the car, they came into the beams of light.

They were passing so close that I could hear their labored breathing and smell the wet leather and stale perspiration. Rank after rank entered the light, marched across it and disappeared again into darkness down the side street

to the left. The individual men were merged into the composite whole. What I was watching was not a great number of individual soldiers, but a battalion cemented into unity by discipline.

The sergeants were calling "Close up, close up —keep closed up," that everlasting cry which follows the infantryman of all nations through all climes. It is with him through mud and dust, rain and snow, heat and sudden death. It is the admonition which must already have been ages old when Cæsar's legions marched through this same country of Gaul. It is the ceaseless order which, on the march, preserves the military unit and prevents it from straggling into its thousand component parts.

Out of the darkness and through the lights of our head lamps and out into the darkness again the old cry was iterated and reiterated with every possible intonation and accent—"Close up, close up,—keep closed up!"

For their own mutual benefit, soldiers must maintain a fixed and ordered distance one from another. Each and every man must march an exact, fixed number of inches behind the shoulders of the one in front of him,—no more, no less.

If he marches less than the specified distance, he finds himself treading upon the heels of his predecessor and bumping against his pack. On the other hand, if each rank in an infantry division should exceed the regulation distance by only as much as fifteen inches, it would lengthen the division as a whole by more than two miles, so that its rear elements would each day have to march an extra hour to reach their camp or to arrive upon the field of battle.

It is, therefore, with good reason that the infantry soldier has from time immemorial marched to the cry of "Close up, close up—keep closed up."

After a fast two hours' run through the starlit countryside, we reached that picturesque little French town which harbors the General Staff of the British armies in France.

In peace-time it is a place much favored by visitors—American, British, French—who spend their summers in this beautiful region.

I am not allowed to give the name of the town, for it is the order in all modern armies that the place which contains the G. H. Q. must never be mentioned either verbally or in writing, unless

official business makes it absolutely necessary. At the present time the value of this precaution is doubtful. In a war of movement, however, it is very necessary. The regulation is therefore made permanent and constant so that the habit of concealing its location may become fixed, as a preparation for that future when the Germans are on the run and the Headquarters will follow the advancing army.

The name of the town, where I was to spend my first night in France, was never once mentioned even to me. My orders and tickets were merely for G. H. Q. and I had no idea to what particular spot in France I was going until I arrived and recognized the place as one which I had visited in the past. But for this, I should not at this moment know the name of the town in which I am billeted.

I went directly to the building which contained the Headquarters of my General (name deleted by censor) and made my way to his offices. Although it was long past the customary eight o'clock dinner hour, I found one of his staff still on duty and to him I reported.

Although the officer who received me wore the crowns of a major, the red tabs of the perma-

nent staff officer and the ribbon of the D. S. O., he looked scarcely twenty-five years old. He informed me that the general was at dinner, but that he was expecting me. The young major added that he himself was already late for the meal and taking up his cap, gloves and stick suggested that we should walk together to the mess.

On arriving he led me into the dining room, where the general's entire staff was in the midst of dinner. The general rose and with the informal courtesy which is so characteristic of the British officer of the old school, said, "Everybody here, this is Major Wood; Major Wood, this is everybody here."

A place had been saved for me and as I took it, I glanced with intense interest at the men sitting about the table. They were a quiet, reserved lot who looked more like scholars than soldiers, as do so many of the most effective officers in modern warfare. There were fifteen at table; with two exceptions they were all officers of superior rank, and eight of them, including the general, wore the ribbon of the D. S. O.

What most impressed me, however, was their comparative youth. The majority of them were certainly not thirty years of age. The General

who fills with brilliancy one of the most difficult and important posts in the entire British army, was only a junior captain when the war began.

The more one sees of war, the more one appreciates and endorses the old saying that "war is a young man's game." In war above all things "youth will be served." In war the daring judgment of youth is nearly always correct and the more cautious judgment of age is very often in error.

History is replete with illustrations which confirm this dictum. One is reminded for instance of the historic campaign of 1797 which the twenty-eight year old General, Napoleon, waged against the seventy-two year old Austrian General, Beaulieu, on the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy.

Napoleon opposed the untrammelled originality and tireless energy of youth to the memories and precedents instilled in his aged antagonist by the conquests and campaigns of his own youth of half a century before.

While Beaulieu slavishly adhered to stated rules and principles, Napoleon devised a new and original system of warfare—a system which em-

Major General Freyberg, V.C., D.S.O.

Age 30. A noted divisional commander in the British Army.

Major General Charteris, D.S.O.

Age 40. Haig's Chief of Intelligence.

Vice Admiral Beatty, G. C. B., D.S.O.

Age 46. Commander in Chief of the British fleet.

Captain Ball, V.C., D.S.O., M.C.

Age 21. Great Britain's best aviator. He brought down 42 German aeroplanes.

Commodore Tyrwhitt, D.S.O

Age 40. Commander of the British destroyer fleet.

War is a Young Man's Game.

phatically diverged from the classic rules of his antagonist.

Beaulieu, following long established precedents, was accustomed to advance blindly towards the enemy, content to protect his army from sudden surprises by pickets and sentries, but leaving the selection of the actual terrain of the encounter almost entirely to chance.

Napoleon, on the other hand, discovered a method by which his army was invariably able to fight upon a field of battle most favorable to itself.

He so arranged and co-ordinated his infantry, his cavalry, his transports, his communications, his artillery and the other elements of his army, that the bulk of his forces, whether in camp or on the march, was always so closely concentrated as to be almost within reach of his own voice, and could therefore be set in motion in any direction at the shortest notice. Instead, however, of merely protecting his army from sudden surprise by pickets and sentries, posted about in its immediate neighborhood, as did his opponent, he organized small mobile brigades composed of cavalry, light infantry and horse artillery, one of which it was his custom to push out to a distance

of a day's march along each of the routes leading towards his enemy.

Each avenue of approach was thus held by one mobile brigade, which was capable either of putting up a brief, stiff fight (which compelled the enemy to deploy and caused him to delay) or was able to make use of its superior mobility to escape.

Whether advancing, retreating or standing at rest, Napoleon invariably maintained this arrangement, consisting of a concentrated army which was protected on all sides by mobile brigades. Sooner or later Beaulieu's army would come into contact with one of these protective outposts.

If at the point of contact the advantage of position and terrain rested with the Austrians, Napoleon's light brigade refused to fight and employed its superior rapidity of movement to evade serious combat. If, however, the terrain was more favorable to the French, the brigade which was attacked offered a determined resistance, and desperately maintained its advantage of position, while Napoleon marching instantly to its assistance with all his forces, invariably arrived in time

to give battle to the Austrian army upon ground favorable to himself.

Thus, as long as Beaulieu adhered to ancient rules and regulations, every battle in which he succeeded in engaging his youthful antagonist was upon ground favorable to Napoleon; youth had devised a newer system of warfare which was infallible as long as age adhered to the precedent and teachings of the past military epoch, rendered obsolete from that moment.

Beaulieu, driven from pillar to post, his armies annihilated and Italy wrested from him by his opponent, tearfully protested that such results were only what might be expected from an antagonist who violated all the recognized rules of warfare.

The illustration of the youthful Napoleon and the aged Beaulieu is by no means an exceptional one. The greatest military commanders in history have been under forty-five. Alexander was thirty when he sighed for more worlds to conquer. Cæsar at forty had subjugated all Gaul. Grant was forty-two when he became commander-in-chief of the Union Armies. Stonewall Jackson was only forty-nine when he died at Chancellors-

ville. Sheridan was thirty-three when he cut Lee's communications in the campaign against Richmond. Napoleon was thirty at Austerlitz, which he always called "la plus splendide de toutes mes batailles,"—that battle he won so easily that the infantry of the Old Guard never got into action but stood in their ranks weeping with chagrin.

Sometimes generals of advanced years have attained success by shrewd mimicry of youth, and sometimes they have won fame by ably serving youth or making youth the servant of their own maturer experiences.

After his defeat at Gettysburg Lee, that master strategist and unselfish leader, from the fullness of his heart cried, "If Jackson had been present the victory would have been ours"; and later the noble words "The fault is all mine." And so it is in the present war. Age has signally failed, except where it has been supported by an ironclad system as is the case of the older German generals, and then succeeded only temporarily. Kitchener, the doyen of the British army, was fatally wrong when he stated in 1915 that a certain limited number of shells a day were amply sufficient for the new trench warfare, and

if the Northcliffe press, inspired by the professional information furnished by younger officers, had not combated him, Great Britain would have been ruined, for she now uses a hundred times as many shells a day and needs every one of them.

Even the most gloriously successful among older generals must in time give way before the vigor and adaptability of youth. For truly war is a young man's game. One authority has even gone so far as to say that "ultimate victory in the present war will rest with that nation which first rids itself of old generals."

The battleplane, the submarine, the postal-censorship, the tank, the infantry attacks, the battle cruiser, the destroyer, the giant howitzers, and the Intelligence Department are now commanded by youngsters, who, when the war began, had just placed their feet upon the lowest rung of the ladder, but who to-day hold all the most brilliant records.

Even the victor of the Marne, like the victor of Austerlitz, had to stand aside when a new military epoch commenced. The dawn of the day of citizen armies sounded the knell of the latter, while the transition from open warfare to a war

of trenches terminated the splendid career of the former.

My General's department is charged, among other things, with the supervision and guidance of British War Correspondents who are quartered at the little village of Rolencourt, in an old Louis XV Château, situated in the middle of a park through which flows a trout stream. During the coming week I am to make my headquarters in this village which is small and very primitive. Its houses boast no sanitary arrangements whatever; and a small river of which the château's trout stream is a tributary, serves not only as the principal source of water supply of the village, but also as its sewer. Moreover the cows and horses are washed and watered therein, and one may also observe laundry operations in all their various stages being conducted within a few yards of the point where people come down with buckets to draw water.

I am billeted in the most pretentious house of which the little hamlet boasts,—it is built of stone but like the more humble dwellings of brick and plaster is without either heating or plumbing arrangements. A Captain C. is already billeted

in the room across the hall from me, and our two servants are to live at the end thereof.

The house is kept by a typical, talkative French peasant woman, about fifty years old. Like all the other women in the village, her ideas of housekeeping and sanitation are those of the Middle Ages. A large bucket which is kept behind the kitchen door and periodically emptied into the backyard, serves all her purposes. After looking into her kitchen and reconnoitering the yard something told me that I was destined soon to acquire those much dreaded pests, fleas—a fear which has already been at least doubly fulfilled.

Upon my arrival my hostess met me at the door and greeted "Monsieur le Commandant" most enthusiastically. Upon discovering that I knew French her joy was unbounded. She informed me with some pride that she was "tres bavarde." I found that she could talk a steady stream without being deterred by such processes as breathing or eating, which are wont to interfere with the conversational rapidity of less accomplished mortals.

She showed me to my room, talking furiously all the time. It would have been utterly impos-

sible to have slipped a word in edgewise, even if I had so desired. Having expatiated upon the washstand as a wonderful example of what modern science had done for civilization, she proudly produced three duplicate keys to my door and explained volubly, and with endless circumlocution, that one was for me, one for my servant, and one for herself. She then assured me with all empressment that no fourth key existed, and that therefore my goods and chattels would be as safe as if they were locked up in the vault of a bank. After talking breathlessly for some ten minutes she finally took her departure.

My room is cold and damp, but is, nevertheless, infinitely better than the average billet which one would obtain in the more immediate neighborhood of the front. Besides the washstand it boasts a small table, an oil lamp and a feather bed—and what more could one reasonably ask for when *en guerre?*

Its only other furnishings are gaudy lithographs of Jesus and Mary, which hang side by side upon the wall at the foot of the bed and stare at me fixedly. They depict both the Saviour and the Virgin as being quite characterless individuals, scarcely twenty years of age, who smile

sweetly while exposing to the public gaze flaming hearts tortured by thorns.

Merely to look at them instils in me rebellious and atheistic thoughts. If I have to stay in this billet for any length of time, one of two things is bound to happen,—either I must remove the pictures or I shall completely lose what little religion I possess.

X

THE ROMAN ROAD FROM AMIENS TO THE BATTLE FRONT

March 14th, 1917. Amiens, as I saw it to-day, was a peaceful, normal French city, in which commerce and business proceeded as usual. The only superficial evidence of war was the presence in the streets of numerous French soldiers in their pale blue uniforms, and of Australians conspicuous for their broad felt hats.

The inhabitants seemed almost to have forgotten that thirty months ago their city was for more than two weeks in German hands.

The present British front trenches on the Somme are about forty kilometres away, along the old Roman road which runs from Amiens to Bapaume.

We left peaceful Amiens in a big staff car and proceeded towards the battlefront. It was extremely interesting to mark the various successive stages through which we passed in going from peace to war.

As the car left the outskirts of the city, it entered a quiet and prosperous countryside. The sky above was an untroubled blue and ploughmen were busy in the fields. Along the road were many women, children and old men, with here and there a cripple. No able-bodied young men were visible and soldiers were nowhere to be seen. Some of the people plodded along on foot, while others were driving carts and wagons of various descriptions.

We passed one very singular vehicle which impressed me as being pathetically expressive of that France behind the lines which "carries on" so steadfastly—which is even more courageous and more unconquerable than the military France which stands on guard across the battle-front. To this vehicle two setter dogs and an old, white-haired man were harnessed, three abreast. The little cart was loaded with farm produce being hauled to market. The man was in the center of this strange team with a dog on either hand; all were tugging stolidly, with heads and shoulders bent forward against the pull of the traces. They did not look up even when our big military automobile raced past them.

Ten minutes run beyond the outskirts of

Amiens, we came upon the first sign of war, when we overtook a group of German prisoners who were diligently mending the road. They were still in their *feldt-grau* uniforms and were working under the direction of their own non-commissioned officers. Two or three British Tommies with rifles and fixed bayonets stood guard in the middle distance. The Boches were busily at work and, as our car approached, their sergeant sprang to attention, standing rigidly with heels clicked together and hands at the salute. During the next eight or ten miles of our progress, we passed seven or eight similar groups engaged in the same work, the last one being a few miles before Albert and at a considerable distance from the front.

The road from Amiens to Albert, one of France's many splendid military highways, is among the oldest in Europe. It was originally constructed, nearly two thousand years ago, by engineers of the ancient Roman Empire, and covers the twenty-seven kilometres between the two cities without a single curve. It is twenty-five feet wide with the best of metalled surfaces, laid on a deep foundation.

For the first few miles out of Amiens, the sur-

face of the road was smooth and unimpaired, but as we progressed towards the front, it became steadily more and more worn by the endless heavy war traffic which passes over it. An almost continuous double stream of great guns, steam tractors, staff cars, light batteries, ammunition trains, and motor trucks of every conceivable size were on the move.

Among the trucks which we met during the thirty-five or forty minutes of our run to Albert, were Daimlers, Karriers, Peerless, Albions, Dennis, Leylands, Wolseleys, Commers, Garfords and Thornycrofts. They travelled in fleets of ten or twelve, each fleet being composed exclusively of machines of one make.

The constant pounding and rumbling of the war traffic wears down the road surface almost as fast as it can be repaired. All along the way troops of pioneers, alternating with groups of German prisoners in an almost constant line, were patching or mending the road, which, as we progressed, became steadily more rutty and muddier until, as we approached Albert, the mire was already inches deep, and our car, as it sped along, threw out to right and left a bow wave of slime.

Five or six kilometres before reaching Albert,

we topped a rise and saw in the distance the battered tower of its cathedral, with its surmounting gilded statue of the Virgin standing out from the top of the tower in that precarious horizontal position to which the German bombardment has bent it, holding the infant Jesus at arm's length over the void below. All France believes that the war will continue as long as this statue maintains its present position, but that the day when it finally topples into the street, will see France triumphantly victorious.

We raced down the hill towards the town. No longer were ploughmen to be seen in the fields, which instead were crowded with the encampments and picket lines of great masses of cavalry, artillery and infantry lying in reserve or resting after a turn in the trenches.

We entered the outskirts of the town and passed through its dismally battered streets, deserted except for occasional soldiers of the Anzac corps. Not a single woman or child was to be seen. Even the policemen, who stood on the street corners to direct traffic, were soldiers converted into guardians of the law by the simple expedient of attaching to them a black armlet

bearing the red letters M. P. (military police).

From time immemorial it has been characteristic of war that it is a business carried on almost exclusively by man and his equine ally. From Albert to the front there is a stretch of country some 15 or 20 kilometres deep, in which the business of warfare holds exclusive sway, and as we penetrated ever farther from peace into the land of war, we no longer saw any human beings save soldiers, nor any animals except horses and mules.

From Albert to the German lines, and beyond for that matter, there exist no women or children, no fish or fowl, no cattle or sheep; even the trees have been obliterated from the landscape, while the rumbling of the guns is the most constant and characteristic sound.

As we leave the town and its battered cathedral, we immediately enter upon that wide area directly behind the artillery emplacements and the firing line which is devoted to organization and supplies, and is the kingdom of the Army Service Corps. Here the landscape is dotted with supplies and ammunitions stacked in great piles—spoken of in military parlance as "dumps." Immense quantities of shells, rations,

barbed-wire, entrenching tools, small arms ammunition, duck-boards, spare wagons, lumber, and a myriad of other stores are piled up on every side.

Thousands of motor lorries discharge their cargoes and then return in search of more. Mule teams and caterpillar tractors pick up loads as soon as they are set down by the motor trucks, and continue the tedious journey towards the ultimate front, through mud which becomes ever progressively deeper as one advances towards the sound of the guns.

The road now begins to be pitted with great shell craters—round holes from three to ten feet across and from one to three feet deep, blasted out of the hard road surface. Working parties of engineers are scattered along the route in greater and greater numbers. They are continually filling crushed stone in the craters and ruts. The heavy traffic works against them in a race of destruction which soon reduces their repairs to muddy morasses. Their work is never ending. They must go over it again and again.

Wagons drawn by mules, and long trains of motor trucks plough through the ever-deepening mire, lurching from side to side as first one wheel

and then another sinks down into a shell hole filled with soupy mud and then climbs out again.

The roadbeds underneath this coating of mire are the only solidity in all this wide country. Their surface is ragged and pitted, and covered deep with slime, yet they at least boast a firm foundation which intervenes between one and the fate of sinking through to China. The country to right and left, which is by courtesy referred to as fields, and the gutters on either side of the roadway, are bottomless pits of mud into which at each step a man sinks to his knees, while a draught animal, which has once plunged in, can only be extracted by blocks and pulleys.

The roadside is dotted with the carcasses of humble horse heroes whose dead bodies grimly attest the severity of equine life on the transport line; some of them have actually been drowned in mud, some have been inextricably entangled in well-nigh bottomless gutters and have been shot; some had been the victims of accidents, and others had died of sheer exhaustion, aggravated by exposure to the constant cold and rain of winter.

As we slowly and patiently pick our way around shell-crater morasses and through the

ever thickening traffic, the *boom . . . bang . . . boom, boom* of the cannonading grows steadily louder and more distinct.

Gradually we leave behind us this kingdom of the Army Service Corps, and three kilometres beyond Albert reach La Boiselle and the edge of the area of last summer's offensive, which history has agreed to call the Battle of the Somme. Here we are still many kilometres away from the present front, for foot by foot the Germans have during many months been pushed back by long and terrific battles.

Every yard of the weary way has been the scene of separate struggles and of individual tragedies. The ground for miles and miles has been churned up by thousands of great shells, whose craters are everywhere so close together that their edges intersect. Each square yard of ground has been blown into the air, not once, but a hundred times. As far as the eye can reach, no living thing is visible, no bird nor beast, nor tree nor shrub, nor blade of grass, but only endless mud churned up by incessant shell fire.

Here and there the remains of some section of an old trench, blown almost out of recognition by numberless explosions, are still faintly visible. A

few battered, shredded stumps are all that now remain of once great forests.

Broken, twisted strands of barbed-wire lie rusting in the mud, while tens of thousands of unexploded "dud" shells and hand grenades are scattered on every side. Little groups of wooden crosses pathetically clustered together as if for company, add to the utter desolation of the scene, while here and there the long winter's rain has washed down the mud of some battered parapet, thereby exposing a bit of rotten uniform, a booted foot, or a mummied hand. The only sounds are the splash of the rain and the rumble of the distant battle. In this blighted desert nothing moves, save here and there a jet-black raven, who hops silently, slowly and solemnly about, a step at a time, amid the muddy debris, evidently in the hope that the constant rains may perchance have uncovered for his gustation some new bit of pollution.

Beyond La Boiselle, at a point some thirteen or fourteen kilometres from the front, we come upon the first batteries of British heavy guns. They are camouflaged under canopies in order to escape the observation of enemy aircraft. Some are for the moment silent, while others fire slowly

and methodically, their crews loading and aiming smoothly and efficiently, with an expression of boredom upon their faces which could not have been excelled if they had been driving a steam roller, or running a water pump instead of firing a cannon.

Beyond this point the noise of shells from the British batteries, passing over head, is constantly with us.

Big shells, as they tear their way through the air, make a noise which is peculiar to themselves. It is not exactly like any other sound, and it is difficult to find for it a comparison. It might, however, be approximately described as a noise mid-way between that made by tearing a sheet of strong linen and that of a high wind whistling through the rigging of a ship. It has been likened to an express train travelling at top speed and blowing off steam as it goes.

It differs, however, from all of these in that it is always in a regular diminuendo or crescendo. When a shell starts from one of our own guns, one hears first the crash of the discharge, followed in diminuendo by the noise of the shell progressing farther and farther towards the enemy. This is called a "departure."

A German shell, on the other hand, exactly reverses this process; one first dimly hears the far off rush of the shell as it approaches, rising in crescendo to a scream and finally terminating by the roar of the burst. This is called an "arrival."

Big shells climb their way through the air much more slowly than one would at first suppose. When the wind is in the right direction, one sometimes hears them continuously for several seconds. Standing behind one of the British 9.2″ howitzers and timing its flight, I have been able to distinguish the diminuendo departure of its shell for as long a period as eight seconds.

Beyond Pozieres, at a point nine kilometres from the front, which now runs just west of Bapaume through two little villages called Grevillers and Ligny-Thilloy, we pass yet another milestone in our progress from peace to war; we enter the zone of aerial activity. Here dozens of aeroplanes are constantly in view, some flying low on their way to or from the hangars, others circling about at higher altitudes, observing and reporting the effect of our artillery fire,

while still others are nearly invisible specks far up in the distant sky.

Every now and again groups of fleecy little puffs of smoke from nothing, appear as if by magic in the sky beside a machine. Several times the stuttering *rat—tat—tat* of machine guns comes faintly to our ears, to indicate that an aerial combat is in progress at some point high out of sight overhead. The charred remains of wrecked aeroplanes dot the desolate battlefield and give graphic evidence of the numerous casualties which result from these combats.

In the zone of the front, aerial activity is so continuous that the spectator very quickly loses interest and ceases to look upward when sounds of strife float down out of the sky.

As we approach Courcellette, which is some five kilometres from the front, we come upon that particular battlefield where last September the far-famed British tanks made their first dramatic appearance. The wrecks of several of these monsters, which had during the strife been hit by shells, still lie supine, abandoned upon the muddy, shell-ploughed fields.

During the battle, one of these had already passed across the old German front line trench before an enemy shell had finally wrecked its engine. Its heroic crew had sallied forth into a storm of machine-gun and rifle fire to fill sandbags with which to plug the gashes made in its armour. They had then crawled back into their castle, slammed the door behind them, and in spite of casualties, valiantly held their positions, firing their guns steadily up and down the enfiladed German trenches until other tanks, and bodies of British infantry eventually came to their support and consolidated the ground they held.

During the action, a German aeroplane had been shot down by an allied *appareil de chasse* and had crashed to earth within a few yards of the fighting tank. After the British victory, the German pilot and his observer had been buried beside two members of the tank's crew, and the four rude graves were united in one row.

At Courcellette we are well within the zone of the German artillery fire, and the crash of our own guns and the diminuendo "departures" of their shells is interspersed with an almost con-

stant succession of crescendo "arrivals" which burst here and there upon the roads or about us on the field of battle.

As we approach the site of the late village of Le Sars, which lies only two or three kilometres from the present German trenches, we draw near to a hollow bounded by two gentle slopes.

Here, during the previous night, the officer in charge of the carrying parties of an infantry brigade had pitched a group of tents and deposited therein the rations and supplies belonging to his brigade. Evidently he had supposed that the shallow little valley was invisible from the German positions. As we approach, however, we easily perceive the incorrectness of his calculation, for German howitzers hidden somewhere far behind the horizon are, with precise accuracy, throwing salvo after salvo of big shells into the little camp.

The Tommies, who compose the carrying parties of the brigade, stand or sit about in a semicircle at a distance of two or three hundred yards and disconsolately watch the destruction of two days' rations.

In war time the foot-soldier lives upon a plane

of fundamentals. The state of the weather and the condition of his feet are to him matters of far greater importance than a cabinet crisis or the intervention of America. Whether his next jam ration will be strawberry instead of plum-and-apple is a matter of grave concern, while the loss of a meal more excites him to profanity than does ever the danger of sudden death.

As we pass the Tommies' gallery, we overhear much which they have to say in regard to the *piece de theatre* of which they are the audience. They avail themselves to the very full of the privilege of grumbling and "grousing" which the British Tommy invariably regards as his inalienable right. Their attitude seems to be quite detached, and no thought of personal danger appears to enter their minds. Their comments are made in the same vein which one would expect to hear at a Y. M. C. A. entertainment which did not suit their peculiar tastes.

Standing like spoiled children in exaggerated attitudes of dejection, they comment unfavorably on life in general and on war in particular. They express their uncomplimentary opinion of the weather, the state of the roads, of "picturesque Picardy," of "flowery Flanders," and of

the "summery Somme." What, however, seems most to irritate them, as they listen to salvo after salvo of six inch Jack Johnsons arriving, and watch tents, stores and mud flying promiscuously into the air,—is not that the Germans are shelling their stores, for that is a matter of course as much as the mud and rain—but that their officers will not allow them to walk in and rescue their rations.

"Why," says one, "we could easily go in and come out again while the blinking Boches are loading up between salvos."

That such a proceeding is not as simple as the Tommy thinks is soon proved in a dramatic manner.

The little encampment happens to be pitched quite close to the highway and thus any shells which are "over," are likely to strike the road, along which artillery caissons and supply wagons are passing as they carry loads to the front or return empty for new consignments.

Even as we watch, a caisson tops the little rise and starts down the road towards the hollow. It is drawn by three teams of mules, each near mule being ridden by an artillery driver. The corporal in charge, as he approaches the point of danger, observes the bursting shells with evident

disquietude and pulls up a hundred yards from the encampment.

Like the Tommy who wishes to rescue his stores, the corporal evidently conceives the idea that between successive salvos there will be ample time for action. He pauses to await an opportunity.

A salvo of shells comes tearing through the air and bursts *boom—boom—boomoom* among the tents. The corporal gives the word and instantly the drivers whip up their mules and start past the danger zone at a fast trot, the most rapid pace which the state of the road will allow.

At the very moment they are abreast the encampment, the ominous sound of two more "arrivals" suddenly makes itself heard. Almost before one realizes what is happening they burst, —one fairly among the tents, causing the drivers instinctively to duck their heads to avoid the flying bits of jagged steel. The other shell, with a blinding flash, lands squarely on the road. A cloud of flying gravel, dust and smoke envelopes the teams. Through it one dimly sees a mule on end, then the leading team, free and riderless, galloping aimlessly down the road in our direction. One of these mules is limping. As they

reach the gallery, whose spectators have been watching a tragedy which was, alas, not mere play-acting, several Tommies detach themselves from the semicircle and approach the mules, who pull up and allow themselves to be caught.

Leaving behind us our *piece de theatre* we advance down the road toward Le Sars and soon encounter a sign which admonishes us that "This road is not to be used in daylight. All ranks will keep to the trenches."

The sign stands at the entrance to a communication trench, into which we descend. From now on we are below ground, winding our way between the walls of narrow ditches.

We march upon duck-boards,—those miniature board walks with which the bottoms of trenches are paved. Without them the constant passing of the troops would quickly churn the wet ground into ever-deepening mud, which would eventually become so deep as to make traffic impossible.

At first the trench we have entered runs straight but after a time it begins to zig-zag its way around traverses, constructed to localize the effect of any shell which may burst inside, and

also to act as protection against the enfilade fire of rifles or machine-guns, which might otherwise sweep the trench from end to end.

Side trenches begin to jut off to right and left. We soon find ourselves in a maze of trenches and it is only by continual inquiries that we keep to our appointed way.

We frequently encounter carrying parties, varying in size from half a dozen to a score of men, who are transporting munitions and matériel to the front, or are returning to the rear for new loads. The perspiring Tommies are loaded down with every variety of supplies from small-arms ammunition to empty sand-bags, and from duck-boards to soup. In the narrow passage-ways, we sometimes find it very difficult to squeeze past these caravans.

Short trenches branch off to right or left, each with a purpose of its own. In one is the entrance to a dressing station, situated thirty feet below ground at the bottom of a dugout. Another is labelled "Battalion Dump" and is filled with a heterogeneous collection of stores and munitions. A third leads to the emplacement of a battery of trench mortars, and yet another to the headquarters of an infantry battalion.

On all sides subterranean activity is in full swing. Working parties are busily digging trenches, revetting walls, laying duck-boards, or filling sand bags.

Eventually we reach the support-trenches, where many men sit about at the entrance of dug-outs, quietly waiting a call to duty, and here we begin to see cleverly concealed machine-gun emplacements. The trenches now become muddier and are less often paved with duck-boards.

At last, after much splashing through mud, we reach the extreme front line. Here the atmosphere is one of quiet efficiency and orderliness. Most of the occupants are sitting on the "fire steps" or in little dug-outs let into the walls of the trench. Here and there a motionless sentry intently examines no-man's land through a periscope. In this vicinity no one feels any inclination to talk loudly or to move unwarily.

A sentry warns us "In that bit of trench, sir, you must bend over as you go. It is enfiladed by an enemy sniper. He 'pipped' one of our fellows through the head there yesterday."

I look through a periscope. The view is monotonous and uninteresting. In the immediate foreground stand the British wire entangle-

ments, a maze of black strands. Beyond them lies a stretch of bare ground, terminated two hundred yards away by a belt of German wire, behind which one perceives an irregular and barely distinguishable line of raw earth—the parapet of the German front line trench.

No-man's-land is strewn with "dud" shells, and pock-marked with water-filled shell-holes, while the ground is littered with clods of earth and sod, scattered by the bursts. The bodies of two Germans, scarcely distinguishable from the gray earth in which they lie, are pointed out to us; they were killed a few nights ago in a combat of patrols.

Behind the enemy front trench, other lines of turned up earth are faintly visible. They look extraordinarily like mole-hills.

As far as the eye can see nothing moves. Shell-holes and wire entanglements are the only definite features of the empty landscape. Everything else is vague.

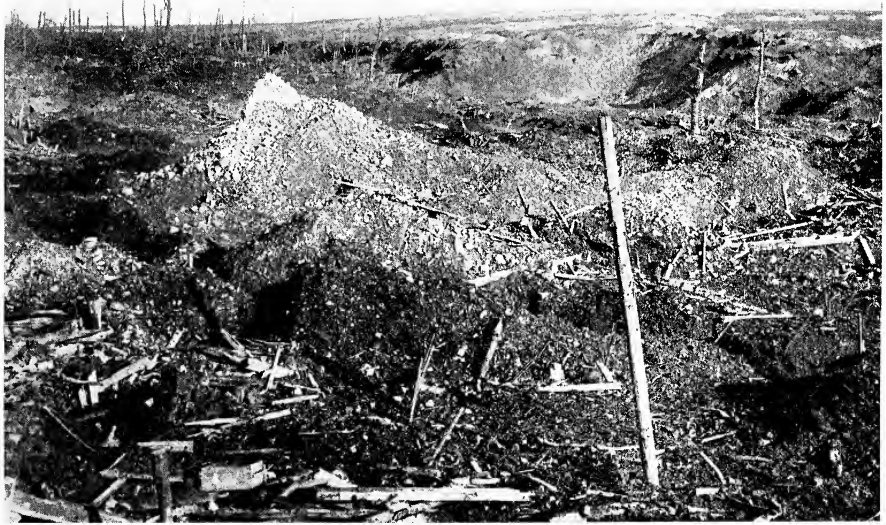
XI

THE ANCRE

Thursday, March 15th, 1917. Yesterday was spent along the so-called Somme front. To-day I travelled over that of the Ancre. We first motored to Hamel, ten kilometres from the front; further than this we could not go in a machine because of the mud, shell holes and congested traffic which blocked the roads.

We reach Beaumont Hamel, famous for the successful joint attack of last September by the tanks and the British infantry, but so completely has it been destroyed by shell fire that we passed entirely through its site and on beyond without recognizing it. We place it only when we inquire its location of a stray soldier, who says in some surprise, "Why, you have just come out of it!"

We plod across country over the high ridge beyond Beaumont Hamel, the scene of some of



The village of Beaumont Hamel after its capture from the Germans in the Autumn of 1916.

the heaviest fighting of the present war. Here the dreadful desolation surpasses even that which we saw yesterday on the Somme beyond La Boiselle. The plateau-like top of the ridge is one sea of mud, pitted with an infinite number of water-filled shell-holes and seamed with successive lines of old trenches which the British have taken from the Germans one by one.

Each line is exactly like all the rest. First we pass old British trenches, then the wire which had protected them, then across the original no-man's-land until we reach the shattered German wire, strewn about in bits upon the ground, and finally come into the captured first-line German trench, which as soon as taken had been turned about to face the other way. This was protected on the far side by a newer mass of our own wire, and faced yet another German trench.

And thus it went on interminably, trench after trench, each conquered from the Germans by its own little battle, which had reaffirmed the present superiority of the British forces over the Germans. Each successive no-man's-land was strewn with the British and German dead.

At one point a dead German lay in a shell-hole full of water, his body completely submerged

with only his hands, feet and ghastly head projecting above the surface. In future bad dreams, I shall long see that corpse lying in its shell-hole bathtub in the midst of an interminable wilderness composed of equal parts of mud and debris.

The ground is littered with an infinite number of bits of abandoned equipment, which makes up the refuse marking the scene of every hard-fought battle. Strewn about in all directions are rifles, bombs, grenades, helmets, caps, broken rifles, bayonets, dud-shells, fuse tops, empty cartridges, leather equipment, bits of cloth, empty boxes, bully-beef tins, shattered duck-boards, broken sandbags and a thousand similar items.

Not a single yard is without its shell-hole. Literally thousands of tons of projectiles had fallen into every acre;—expensive ploughing this, at something like half a million dollars an acre!

We reach Miraumont. Aeroplanes by dozens are constantly flying overhead at various heights; guns are thundering to the right, to the left and all around us, for the great battles of the Somme

and the Ancre which have lasted almost constantly for eight months, are at last coming to a victorious close. The Germans, beaten back step by step for twenty kilometres, are no longer able to stand the pressure and are beginning a wholesale retreat from the entire Somme front.

On the far horizon, we can see two columns of smoke rising against the sky. They mark the sites of Achiet-le-Petit and Bapaume now set on fire by the Germans as a preliminary to their retirement.

Miraumont itself has been knocked absolutely flat by the German artillery. It has, in fact, been so completely wrecked that it is reduced to heaps of rubbish, among which one only occasionally finds even bits of brick and splinters of wood.

Here we begin to meet the wounded, picking their slow way back from the front, some walking, others carried high on stretchers. We pass one who with his right hand is holding a shattered left arm across his body. He grins cheerfully and remarks, "I 've got a Blighty one, this time!", by which he means that although his wound is not by any means a fatal one, it is still serious enough to send him back to "Blighty" (England).

Fresh drops of blood float on the pools of mud along the road and look for all the world like those by which one tracks a stricken stag.

Many dead horses, some very recently killed by shell-fire, dot the streets of the little town. One of them has been temporarily used to fill a shell-hole in the road, until the fatigue parties in charge of their reconstruction can secure more durable material.

Leaving Miraumont behind, we continue up the valley of the Ancre to the village of Irles, which was in German hands only a day or two ago. It was heavily shelled this morning and is liable to be shelled again at any moment. A fatigue party of infantry is resting along the roadside, having just finished repairing the road so that the artillery may to-night, during the hours of darkness, move up to the front. They have filled shell-holes with debris of all sorts and after thus smoothing the way, have paved the village street from end to end with broken bricks.

In the farther end of the town we come upon a small yellow dog sitting on the front steps of a wrecked cottage. He would doubtless prefer to

seek refuge inside the cottage, but unfortunately it no longer has any inside. Standing at the top of the steps one looks not into a house, but down into an open cellar filled with broken bricks. The forlorn little dog seems to be the only living thing which the Germans have left in the village. He steadfastly refuses to be coaxed away from the ruins of his home. He seems to consider it his duty still to stay and guard it, and therefore politely refuses the honors and emoluments of the position of mascot, which each new regiment or battery offers him as it passes his front steps.

Although his expressive eyes show loneliness, and a sad inability to keep pace with life's complications, he nevertheless does his best to be friendly, and show welcome and approval for the soldiers who have rescued him from German bondage, with all the courteous dignity to be expected from an acting Mayor. Sticking faithfully to his home steps, he is patted by hundreds of passing Tommies, who not only express their characteristic fondness for all animals in this way, but also by more substantial marks of esteem in the form of bits of food. Altogether the dog's position may be said to have some compensations.

Beyond Irles we meet a platoon of Tommies returning from the front, having done their turn at active fighting. One of them is wearing a German spiked helmet, and every time he encounters a party going in the opposite direction, he rushes towards them, throwing his arms into the air, and screams "Kamerad, kamerad, me und Gott are kamerad!"

Night is falling as we return down the left bank of the Ancre. The beautiful quiet of evening is troubled only by the occasional rumble of the guns.

We walk directly towards the west and straight before us a red and smoky sun, like a disc of copper, is slowly sinking towards the horizon.

The grim skeletons of trees which have been knocked about by shell fire are silhouetted against the sunset sky; their blackened forms stand up from the stagnant waters of the Ancre, which reflect the dying sun and borrow its blood-red color. Flocks of ducks fly up and down the valley.

The sun has set. Darkness falls. The rumble of the battle, as we progress farther and

farther to the rear, grows ever fainter. The distant horizon is fitfully lit, as with heat lightning, by flashes from the guns. Once when we are already five or six miles from the front, the peaceful quiet of the evening is suddenly broken by the crash of German heavy shrapnel, fired from a great distance, which burst with red flames high in the air over the road along the river.

Through the darkness one hears the wild cries of duck and snipe, and the whistling of the wings of widgeon.

It is a long and weary walk through everlasting mud, but at last we approach Hamel where our motor still awaits us. Camp fires flicker through the dusk of evening and illuminate simple little pictures within the narrow circle of their light:—a tent, a circle of Tommies watching the cooking of their suppers, a motor ambulance, or a row of huge lorries parked for the night.

The road through Hamel is blocked. A line of great motor tractors, each pulling a 9.2″ howitzer, stand motionless in the dark, while the drivers and artillerymen sit patiently smoking or sleeping.

Men move and breathe in the thick darkness. A match flares up, suddenly illuminating a face in cameo. Cigarettes glow and wane.

Some one in the distance is cursing quietly, systematically, devoutly. It seems to be a case of mule. The curser, after beginning at the Adam and Eve period of the mule's donkey parentage, deals subsequently with the Cain and Judas Iscariot ancestors thereof, and has now arrived as far as the Middle Ages.

We pick our way through the jam and eventually reach the cause of both the congestion and the profanity. In the darkness the off mule of a gun-team has stepped over the edge of the solid road into the gutter, and is already buried almost up to its neck in mud, thus for a time halting, not only the gun to which it is harnessed, but all the other units of the battery behind. Drivers are endeavoring to extricate the creature, under the inspiration of their sergeant's artistic profanity.

An irate transport officer is assuring the artillerymen that they will never save the animal, and continually demands the presence of a commissioned officer of artillery, in order to inform him that his hyphenated animal is blocking the whole road. He urges that the mule be forth-

with cut out of the traces, and immediately shot, to clear the way for traffic.

Not waiting to see the end of the difficulty, we pass on and reaching our machine at last, sink gratefully into the soft cushions as it starts to carry us back towards our headquarters.

XII

BRITISH INSIGNIA, EQUIPMENT AND DECORATIONS

March 6th, 1917. In the British army, the officer is distinguished from the private soldier not merely by the insignia of his office but also by conspicuous differences in his uniform.

The soldier wears a tunic with a collar which buttons up to his neck, and infantry breeches of the same material as the tunic.

The officer's tunic, with which he wears a neck-tie, is cut low at the neck, like a sack or business coat. His breeches are of Bedford cord and are generally one shade lighter than the cloth of his coat. His most conspicuous mark of office, however, is the leather sword belt which passes over his right shoulder and slopes diagonally across his chest to his waist at the right side, where it joins his Sam Browne belt.

This diagonal leather belt has been adopted by the French, Belgian and other allied armies and

is to-day the universally accepted mark of the commissioned officer. It serves the same purpose as the single-horizontal braid which all American officers, irrespective of their rank, wear on the cuff.

Belts are a recognized part of the uniform of the British army, and must always be worn when in public. A soldier who appears on the street without his belt is liable to discipline by the military police, while an officer who fails to wear his Sam Browne and sword belt would be regarded as not properly dressed.

If American officers appear in any European city without these two belts, they will be considered, by the average passer-by, to be private soldiers, so lacking in discipline, as to have omitted an essential part of their uniform.

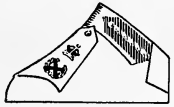
The British army dress regulations require every officer to carry a cane and gloves whenever he is out of doors, and most French or American officers serving with the British find it best to adopt this custom.

The British officer's uniform is much more serviceable than the one designed for the United States soldiers. The low cut tunic, worn with the soft khaki collar and necktie, is not only more

comfortable than the high stiff collar of the American coat, but also has a much more neat and soldierly appearance, while its big bellows pockets are like small forage sacks, in which quantities of books, maps or food may easily be carried.

In the evening, either at home in England or in a regimental mess at the front, it is customary for the British officer to change his breeches and boots, replacing them by trousers, called "slacks," made of the same material as his tunic.

It is contrary to regulations for any British officer to use a camera at the front. He is not even allowed to have one in his possession while in France, and would get into very serious trouble if one were to be found in his luggage. Official photographers, experts in their line, take all the photographs which are obtained in the battle zone. Their work is used not only for press illustrations, but for general staff records. All official photographs are examined by the General Staff and any which might convey valuable information to the Germans are temporarily held up. This system prevents any unauthorized photographs from leaving the British front.



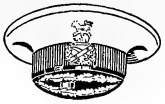
Field Marshal

General

Lieut.-General

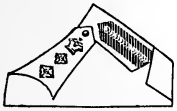
Major-General

Brigadier-General



General's Cap

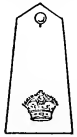
ALL GENERALS WEAR RED GORGET PATCH WITH GOLD CENTER, AND CAP WITH DOUBLE ROW OF GOLD LACE ON THE VIZOR



Only Staff Officers Wear Red Gorget Patch

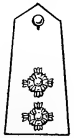
Colonel

Lieutenant-Colonel

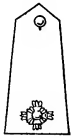


Major

Captain



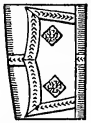
First Lieutenant

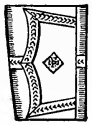


Second Lieutenant

SHOULDER STRAPS

SLEEVES





INSIGNIA OF RANK WORN BY BRITISH OFFICERS

GENERALS INVARIABLY WEAR THEIR INSIGNIA ON THE SHOULDER STRAP
OFFICERS FROM COLONEL DOWN MAY WEAR INSIGNIA
EITHER ON THE CUFF OR SHOULDER STRAP BUT NEVER ON BOTH AT ONCE

In the new British armies, any private with sufficient ability and training has a chance to become an officer, but one of the most serious problems of the war has been to find a sufficient number of men capable of assuming the responsibility of commanding troops. For more than two years, the demand has far exceeded the supply. It is therefore necessary to husband the energy of officers and save their time for important work.

Every officer in the British army has, therefore, a soldier servant, familiarly known as a *bâtman,* who takes care of his clothes and quarters. This is not due to any survival of the idea that an officer is entitled to luxury and pampering, but is a most essential bit of efficiency, applied according to the simplest rules of cost analysis.

An officer is a highly trained specialist to whom the state pays a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year and upwards. He is also directly responsible for the lives and welfare of a large number of his fellow countrymen.

The private is paid by the state about a tenth of what an officer receives and experience shows that the private, who lacks the ambition or the ability to become an officer, is in war worth to

the state less than one twentieth as much as an officer.

A soldier must spend a considerable part of his time taking care of his own belongings, equipment and billet. This is, however, unskilled labor which any Tommy can perform just as well as an officer. Hence it would evidently be wasteful to allow a highly paid officer to devote valuable time to work which a private could do as satisfactorily. For this reason, it is the custom to assign to each officer an attendant soldier who, by caring for the needs of his superior, enables the latter to devote all his efforts to executive duties in training and supervising the men he commands.

Over and above all other decorations which may be won by the British in war-time stands preëminent the Victoria Cross. It may be conferred upon any soldier or sailor wearing His Majesty's uniform, irrespective of rank or of length of service. For it, both officers and men are equally eligible, and it may be won by the humble private as well as by the highest general. It must, however, be earned by a specific act of conspicuous bravery, achieved while in the face

of the enemy; which act must have been observed and attested to by at least two witnesses. It cannot be won by merely performing one's duty, however great may have been the risk. One must transcend anything which could possibly be interpreted as simple duty. Therefore the Victoria Cross cannot be given for a deed which a soldier has been ordered to do; it can only be won by an act which surpasses the demand of duty and which was undertaken by the winner on his own initiative.

Although Great Britain has to-day something like five million soldiers and sailors in active service, and although the war has lasted nearly three years, only a few hundred Victoria Crosses have so far been awarded. It is therefore the most precious and hardest-to-win decoration in the world. In all my service, I never actually saw but one man who wore the ribbon of the V. C.

There are other orders which may be won for lesser acts of bravery or for performing one's duty effectively and courageously in the face of great danger. For the officers there is the Distinguished Service Order and the Military Cross; for the enlisted men the Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Military Medal.

The D. S. O. is preëminently the decoration which marks the officer who performs his professional duties with exceptional efficiency and bravery. To wear the D. S. O. is to be recognized as a military leader of pronounced ability; one who has performed his whole duty steadily, courageously and intelligently under all circumstances. It may be won by any commissioned officer.

The Military Cross is generally awarded for bravery in the personal leading of troops in battle, or for the leading of forlorn hopes. It is limited to the ranks of captains, lieutenants and warrant officers, the latter is the British equivalent for the American first sergeants.

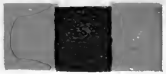
The D. C. M. and the Military Medals are given to privates and non-commissioned officers for conspicuous gallantry in the performance of their duty. The former decoration is less often conferred than the latter.

On receiving his commission, every British officer is granted an outfit allowance of £50 which is in addition to his monthly pay. This allowance is given only once during his life-time, on the date of his first commission, since subse-

Distinguished Service Order

Military Cross

Victoria Cross

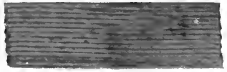


Medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field

Military Medal

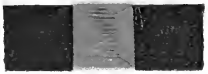
OFFICERS' DECORATIONS FOR BRAVERY

SOLDIERS' DECORATIONS FOR BRAVERY



Order of the Bath

Order of the Star of India



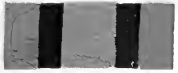
Order of St. Michael and St. George

Order of the Indian Empire

Royal Victorian Order

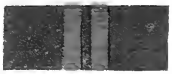
ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD

ARRANGED FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN ORDER OF PRECEDENCE



South Africa, Queen Victoria's, 1899-1902

South Africa, King Edward's, 1901-02



King George's Coronation and Durbar Medals

China, 1900

Volunteer and Reserve Officers' Decorations

TEN OF THE MORE NOTEWORTHY BRITISH CAMPAIGN RIBBONS

Crimea, 1854-56

Soudan, 1896-97

Kabul-Kandahar, 1880

Indian Mutiny 1857-58

Afghanistan, 1878-80

BRITISH RIBBONS

quent promotions do not alter the nature of his uniform or kit.

This allowance is a great boon to the newly appointed officer who, unless he had independent means, might be hard put to find the sum necessary for his immediate outlay.

£50 is not quite sufficient for all the requirements, but it covers such a large percentage of what is necessary, that an officer can generally make up the remainder from his first two or three months' pay.

An officer going on active duty is required to have a complete field kit, most of the items of which are specified in the army regulations, although some latitude of choice is allowed in the material and make.

Before proceeding with the purchase of my own outfit, I spent several days in discussing the subject with veteran British officers and in compiling a list from their advice. Since the British army has probably had more experience in campaigning, under every condition of climate and weather, than any other army in the world, this list, compiled from the experience of seasoned British officers, seems worth setting down.

Clothing	£ s d
2 khaki whipcord tunics at 6/6/0	12/12/0
1 pair khaki whipcord slacks (trousers)	2/ 5/0
2 pair drab Bedford cord riding breeches at 4/10/0	9/ 0/0
4 khaki cotton shirts at 5/0	1/ 0/0
4 khaki flannel shirts at 7/6	1/10/0
8 khaki collars at 0/6	4/0
2 khaki service neckties at 2/6	5/0
1 Service cap with regimental badge	17/6
1 knitted woolen cap comforter	2/9
1 waterproof trench coat with one oiled silk lining and one fleece lining	6/ 6/0
1 pair heavy marching shoes (leather)	3/ 3/0
1 pair knee length trench boots (leather)	4/ 4/0
1 pair knee length riding boots (leather, laced over the instep)	4/ 4/0
12 pairs woolen socks	1/ 1/0
1 pair canvas shoes	4/0
1 Sam Browne and sword belt	2/ 2/0
1 cane	2/0
1 cardigan jacket	16/0
1 pair puttees (leather)	3/ 3/0
12 khaki handkerchiefs	5/0
1 Wolseley valise	3/ 5/9
2 suits heavy underwear at 18/0	1/16/0
4 suits summer underwear at 4/0	16/0
Pajamas, towels, underwear, etc.	
	60/ 0/0

Equipment

1 6 diameter, large aperture, sterioo prism binocular (preferably Ross or Zeiss) ...	9/ 9/0
1 haversack	15/0
1 web carrier for trench coat	7/6
1 wrist watch with illuminated dial, unbreakable crystal and waterproof case	3/ 3/0
1 pair spurs	13/6
1 canteen water bottle	17/9
1 clasp knife	6/0
1 whistle	2/0
1 cup	1/0
1 pistol	3/ 0/0
	18/14/9

Kit

1 War Office Kit B, containing, folding bedstead, folding chair, folding bath tub, ground sheet, folding bucket (canvas) kapok pillow	4/10/0
1 folding candle lantern	8/0
1 housewife	8/0
1 holdall, containing, knife, fork, spoon,	

brushes,	
comb,	
razor,	
mirror,	
soaps, etc.	
1 Jaeger sleeping-bag	4/ 0/0
1 mattress	15/0
1 big kit bag with padlock and key	1/ 5/0
	11/ 6/0

XIII

THE FALL OF BAPAUME

Saturday, March 17, 1917. This morning the city of Bapaume was captured from the Germans by our troops, who at about ten o'clock forced an entrance through a dry moat of the old fortifications, built by Vauban during the reign of Louis XIV.

Bapaume is the first French city retaken from the German invader by British troops; one feels that this event definitely marks the passing of the initiative from the Teutons to the Allies, and that it is the beginning of the concluding stage of the present war, which could not be vigorously pushed until the organization and training of the new British armies was completed.

By a most extraordinary piece of good fortune, my duties took me into Bapaume this mid-day, upon the very heels of the victorious British infantry.

The roads leading into the city had been so

damaged by shell-fire as to make it impossible for our automobile to approach the town, therefore, in company with another officer, I trudged on foot across the open country. Our engineers will in short order remake the wrecked roads, but in the meanwhile it was necessary for us to plod several miles across fields, rendered so muddy by the winter rains that at each step we sank in ankle-deep, and our feet soon became the centers of great balls of sticky mud.

On our way, we passed through the famous Delville Wood, aptly called the Devil's Wood by the Tommies who there participated in the dreadful battle. Across the fields beyond, the shallow graves made after last autumn's desperate fighting are now giving up their mummied dead. It was on these costly battlefields that the foundation of the present victorious advance was laid down.

We tramped across muddy uplands to the western edge of the village of Le Transloy, which is situated on the right-hand end of Bapaume ridge and was held by the Germans until early this morning. From there, we turned sharply to the left and marched parallel to the German lines, under the shelter of the inner slope of the ridge,

until we reached the city which crowns it and from which it takes its name.

During the last mile we were within the range of German artillery which was "searching" the slope with indirect fire. Their shells skimmed over the crest of the ridge to explode along the inner slope on which we walked. Big howitzers and light field-guns were both in action, the former firing high explosive shells, which burst on the ground with a terrific crash, throwing far and wide a shower of earth, and giving out large quantities of jet black smoke, while the field-guns fired shrapnel which explode in the air with a staccato bang, and make pretty little puffs of fleecy white smoke. One high explosive shell burst within twenty-five yards of my companion without touching him, while salvos of shrapnel exploded overhead near enough for us to hear the buzzing hum of their bullets.

When we reached Bapaume, several companies of Anzac infantry had already pushed through the town and were thinly holding a line upon the farther side. The fitful—rat—tat—tat—of machine guns showed that desultory street fighting was, in certain quarters of the city, still in progress. Ten or fifteen big German shells each

minute crashed into the town, while the shells of our own artillery, stationed miles in the rear, whistled high overhead on their way to those distant roads, which our aeroplanes indicated were crowded by the retreating enemy.

Before abandoning the city, the Germans had, with characteristic Teuton thoroughness, plundered every house. When all things movable had been carted away, they systematically set fire to the city at numerous points. As we passed through the streets, the flaming roofs, falling walls, smoking and charred houses, combined with the sight of the dead lying in the gutters made a terrible and awe-inspiring spectacle. To-night, the place is a gutted and blackened shell; it is worse than valueless, for its tottering, battered walls must be completely razed before the patient French townspeople can safely begin to rebuild their homes.

I most earnestly wish that a few of our sincere, emotional pacifists in America could have stood beside me to-day to witness the desolation of a city wantonly set in flames. There was a certain convincing element about the spectacle which would, I think, have made it difficult for them to voice their customary glib advocacy of unsup-

The City of Bapaume in flames, as the author saw it from the citadel on the morning it was captured from the Germans.

ported arbitration and unprotected treaties as the best means of meeting the German adaptation of the doctrine that "Might is Right."

Personally I find it a relief to be distant from the wordiness which has been so prevalent in our American motherland during the last two years, and to be one of that minority of some thirty thousand Americans who, according to the latest tabulations, are voicing their protest by their presence in the Canadian, Australian and English armies. I am inclined to think that most of the members of that minority consider the chlorine gas of the Boche soldier less noxious than the "hot air" of his unconscious collaborators in America.

During the six months that I have been in Europe, I have received mail from America on every in-coming mail-carrying steamer, and have sent letters to America on every out-going one; during all that time none of my letters to America have been lost and only one letter from America to me was sunk by submarine, which was with the S. S. *Laconia,* on February 22nd. This is a complete refutation of the German boasts of the air-tight effectiveness of their submarine blockade.

XIV

THE UNKNOWN HERO

March 17th, 1917. On our return from Bapaume, we pass through the little hamlet of Tilloy. It has been entirely wrecked by the artillery fire of the Germans, who are still shelling it in a desultory way—a big shell falling here and there every minute or two.

In all the village neither wall, nor fence, nor tree still stands. Its site is to-day merely a stretch of muddy ground, strewn with bits of brick and splinters of wood. As one skirts the crater-lips and clambers over débris, in what was once its main street, one can look straight out in all directions across an open country.

In such destructive bombardments, the effect of the shell fire is often most bizarre. In each shell-swept battered village, one sees new manifestations of its vagaries, and its omissions of destruction are often more curious than its commissions. For instance, one sees a church which has been knocked flat, hardly a stone re-

maining upon another, while at the same time the altar, which it has sheltered, stands unscathed above the surrounding débris; or one watches a shell which bursts close to a group of soldiers, who escape uninjured while several others, standing at a distance, are all killed.

I recently saw a howitzer projectile burst beside a wagon to which were harnessed three teams of horses and, without wounding man or beast, cut through all the traces, so that three separate pairs of horses pranced about the road uninjured.

In some cases, every house in a town is destroyed save one, which stands absolutely untouched amid the surrounding ruins. Something of this sort has happened in the hamlet, through which I pass to-day, for in all the place only one object, a baby's wicker cradle, has escaped destruction; this stands inexplicably upon the very edge of a shell-hole in the center of the main street; nothing could appear more preposterously and ridiculously out of place.

But tragedy follows hard upon this comedy, for fifty yards beyond, I come upon a spot where, not more than a quarter of an hour before, a shell, passing by the charmed cradle, had burst upon the road to kill a British soldier boy.

I pause a moment to puzzle out the sequence of events. An infantry pack stands in the highway. Against the pack leans a rifle, whose speckless, shining barrel bears sterling testimony to the soldierly qualities of its late owner. Upon the hard and pitted surface of the highway, beside the pack and rifle, lies a great pool of life-blood, still fresh and bright scarlet in color.

Across the gutter, at a distance of four or five paces from where I stand, is a shallow new-made grave. The lumps of fresh earth upon its surface have not yet commenced to dry and crumble into grains, while on it the plain print of a hand and the mark of a final spade-pat still show distinct and unobliterated. The shallow upstanding mound even seems to silhouette the body beneath. A broken fragment of a board, blown from the mantelpiece of a once peaceful home-hearth, has been hurriedly whittled into some semblance of a rude headboard; rough characters are printed upon it in pencil. I cross the ditch and stoop to read:

HERE LIES AN
UNKNOWN HERO
OF THE
AUSTRALIAN CORPS
212

One can visualize the puzzled face of the rough soldier-sexton as he wrote "here lies" and then paused for one perplexed moment in unprofane profanity—to seek for some proof of identity which had so evidently been lacking—before adding the epitaph "An Unknown Hero."

As I start on my way again, I ponder upon the strange paradoxes and curious combinations which this great war has brought about. Here am I, from one far-off country, rendering silent homage to the unknown dead young soldier, who had come from a land still farther away. I feel an earnest gratitude to the other passing soldier who, not satisfied to cover the shattered body with a blanket of mother-earth, had in rude epitaph recorded his own tribute to one, who had just rendered up his life for our common cause.

The three of us had never stood face to face, nor heard the voice, nor known the name one of the other, yet were comrades, one in sympathy and one in aim.

The dead boy is a type of the ten million soldiers of Democracy who have so completely consecrated themselves to the great cause that, in order best to serve that cause, they gladly sacrifice, for the time being, the very personal liberty

for which they are fighting. They cheerfully submerge their ego, in order that the German system of the permanent subordination of the individual may not be forcibly extended over all nations, and that the Liberty won through long ages of struggle against Tyranny might not altogether perish from the earth.

The Unknown Hero, resting beside the uptorn road of the shattered village, had voyaged ten thousand miles from his homeland to do his bit in this present great struggle, to safeguard the democratic ideals of his own race against the democracy-destroying and liberty-suppressing system of that other race, now known as the enemy. With ten million others, moved by similar ideals, he had been content to become so completely a mere anonymous cog in the great military machine, that when a chance shell finally struck him down, he was so hurriedly buried by a fellow cog that his body was laid at rest, his blanket of earth thrown over him, and his nameless epitaph inscribed before his life-blood had time to congeal upon the frozen winter road of that obscure French village.

XV

SECOND-LIEUTENANT JOHN MASEFIELD

Sunday, March 18th. With Major L. and Second-Lieutenant John Masefield, I this morning visited two camps of German prisoners of war. At one of them, which is situated in the midst of a forest, the prisoners run a large saw mill, cutting the timber in the surrounding woods.

When we reached the gate of the encampment, we were met by the senior German non-commissioned officer, a Feldwebel, who clicked his heels together and accorded us a most punctilious salute. This man was one of the most spick-and-span individuals I have ever laid eyes on. Subsequent to his capture, he sent to Germany for his Prussian blue dress tunic and cap, and these he was now wearing, looking as though he were turned out for dress parade.

The camp is commanded by a Scotch captain, for whom the German soldiers have a keen affection. They seem quite happy and contented in

spite of the fact, that being captured has not relieved them from working under the orders and supervision of their own non-commissioned officers.

The saw mill supplies an immense quantity of lumber of all description to the Allied armies. It is run so economically that it has paid for its own machinery and for the standing timber. It also houses and feeds the German prisoners, gives them a small wage, and produces finished lumber for less than it can be bought in Scandinavia.

The Prussian non-commissioned officers keep the prisoners under the strictest discipline, and insist on their working hard and maintaining an exemplary behavior.

Major L. is accustomed to inspect the camp from time to time and already knew the Feldwebel. He said to him: "Feldwebel, we took Bapaume and Peronne yesterday." The German, who doubtless considered this to be either a joke or a lie, after the most approved German official pattern, nevertheless managed to conceal his incredulity under a mask-like expression, which would have done credit to an expert poker-player, and merely said respectfully, "That is very interesting, sir."

It being Sunday the prisoners were resting in their comfortable huts or working in little flower gardens in the front yards of their dwellings. The Scotch commander told the Feldwebel to show us the camp and the *unter-offizier* stepped out briskly with evident and cheerful pride.

He took us through a number of the sleeping huts, into the kitchen, the carpenters' shop, the boot-maker's shop, and the tool-maker's workroom, preceding us into each billet and bellowing *"Achtung,"* at which the German privates would leap to their feet as if some one had stuck pins in them, and stand rigidly at attention.

We had lunch at the mess of some officers of the Australian corps, whose unit is stationed far behind the lines. They were very hospitable and at luncheon related some amusing tales of their own troops and their idiosyncrasies.

In that dim past, "the early months of the war," the Australians were notoriously careless about saluting officers, particularly if the officers belonged to other organizations. Most of the stories we heard at luncheon dealt with this subject or with similar informalities.

We learned of the tradition that while the An-

zac corps was in Cairo, a fight occurred between several Australian privates and a number of brigadier-generals. The story goes that at first youth with its courage and strength were successful, but that eventually superior numbers counted and the generals triumphed.

It was further recounted that, on one occasion, a huge Australian private passed a young British captain without saluting. The captain, very correctly, stopped him and asked why he had omitted the usual formality, whereupon the big Australian laid a hand on the officer's shoulder and said: "Young man, go home to your mother and tell her that you have looked upon a real soldier!"

On another occasion, an Australian saw a certain major-general approaching, whom he passed without saluting; when the general called him back and asked for an explanation, the Australian replied: "I did not see that you were an officer, sir"; whereupon the general touched his shoulder strap and said: "What does this insignia mean?" The Australian studied it closely and then looking the general straight in the eye said: "That means that you are a second-lieutenant in the machine-gun corps."

It is necessary to explain, that the insignia of a second-lieutenant in the British army is one star worn upon the shoulder strap. Below this may be worn the insignia of the corps to which he belongs. Thus a second-lieutenant in the machine-gun corps wears below the star two crossed machine-guns.

The mark of a major-general is a gold baton and a gold sabre crossed, surmounted by a single gold star. These two are just enough alike, to give any one, who wished to mistake one for the other, a reasonable excuse for doing so.

I am happy to say that Second-Lieutenant John Masefield is at present employed on staff work of a sort which is not exceedingly dangerous.

Some one has said of him that he was singularly like a very wise child, and this is a description which I cannot hope to improve upon.

Late in the afternoon we approached Amiens, and in the distance could see its exquisite cathedral, standing high above the surrounding roofs of the city, and silhouetted against the soft sun-set sky. The distant mists of evening, rising from the ground, hid its base so that the

cathedral seemed without foundation, a thing of ethereal beauty floating in the atmosphere. Its delicate spire, clear-cut against the glowing sky, lifted itself from the vaulted crossing and pointed high to heaven.

We felt in our hearts a prayer of thankfulness that, during their occupation of the city, the Germans had been unable to find any excuse for destroying it.

As the car sped forward, we watched the cathedral in silence for several kilometres, then Masefield said, "To think that it was once rough stone lying in the fields!"

XVI

FRAGMENTS

Saturday, March 24th. Yesterday Captain F. and myself accompanied a party of five Chinese officers from the Chinese Embassy in London, on a tour of inspection through the city of Ypres, which the Germans have heavily shelled every day for twenty-eight months. In the whole place there is not one house unwrecked, and of the famous old Cloth Hall, dating from the Middle Ages, nothing remains but the stump of the tower and one tottering, chimney-like isolated bit of wall.

I took a great fancy to the Chinese officers. They were not only thorough gentlemen with excellent manners, but were also good sports, showing themselves quite fearless of danger.

In Ypres a regulation was in force that no automobiles should cross the Grande Place in front of the Cloth Hall, because it was under observa-

tion, probably from Messines Ridge, and was very frequently shelled, particularly whenever traffic tried to cross it.

A Military Traffic policeman was stationed in the middle of the Place to see that the regulation was enforced. Not knowing of this prohibition, and wishing to show our guests all the sights, we drove up to the Place, and halted at the head of a side street, preparatory to scooting across the open at a favorable moment.

Several shells burst in the Place and then there seemed to be a lull, of which we took advantage; our driver stepped on the throttle, and we started across, pointing out the ruins of the Cloth Hall as we went. Part way over, we were halted by the traffic policeman who questioned us and took our numbers as violators of the traffic regulations.

Several German shells arrived during the discussion, which our Chinese guests seemed to consider as an interesting experience.

Having become "fed-up" with work and writing, and feeling a bit "stale," I decided to give myself a Saturday's half-holiday. I borrowed the Colonel's very excellent saddle-horse, and rode across country over beautiful uplands and through fields and woods to a neighboring head-

quarters, five or six miles away, to have luncheon with Captain R., D. S. O.

After luncheon we went for a long walk, talking at some length about architecture, in which we were both interested in the long-ago times of peace. We visited the ancient church of Maisonelle, which was the headquarters of Henry V during the Battle of Agincourt.

Afterwards I rode back to headquarters, and as I cantered across the open uplands the steady rumble of a heavy cannonade was borne on an east wind from the direction of Arras and could be heard with great distinctness.

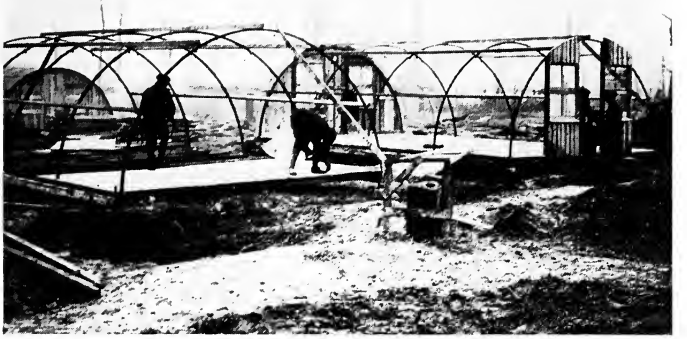
After dinner this evening, as we were sitting about reading and smoking in the officers' mess, one of the officers (name deleted by censor), who had served in the Indian Civil Service and who had known many of the officers of the "old army," was reading through the casualty list, printed in a three-days'-old copy of the "London Times." He looked up with that whimsical smile, which is so characteristic of the British sportsman when dealing with serious subjects, and said, "There are one hundred and sixty-eight officers in this casualty list and I don't

know a single one of them"; then, after a slight pause,—"During the first battle of Ypres, I used to know of, or be personally acquainted with at least, twenty or thirty out of each day's list; shows how the 'old army' has passed away!"

At midnight, as I walked from the château to my billet, the clear, cold, starry sky in the east was lit by the unceasing, constant flickering of distant guns.

Recently I met the inventor of the now famous Nissen hut. He is attached to the engineering staff of the G. H. Q. and is one of the many competent officers, who were civilians before the present war, but who in answer to the emergency succeeded in converting themselves into good soldiers. In private life, he is well-known as a mining engineer and as the inventor of important mining machinery, most notably the Nissen stamp mill for crushing ores.

Like so many great inventions, his hut is so simple that one wonders why it was not thought of long ago. Twenty-seven thousand of the huts are now in use, each with a maximum capacity of forty-five men and a normal one of thirty.



THE NISSON HUT.

Major Nisson, the inventor, is the officer in the center of the lower photograph.

More than eight hundred thousand allied soldiers, who during the two previous winters had lived and slept in the rain or in muddy dugouts, spent this last winter, warm and comfortable, in the Nissen huts, and an additional twenty-five thousand of these shelters are at present under construction.

On a scale of peace-prices, the huts can be built for $150 each; even under war-prices they cost only about $250. They are semi-cylindrical in shape, and semi-circular in cross sections, the radius of the semi-circle being about eight feet. This makes the hut eight feet at the highest point, and sixteen feet in width along the floor. The standard size is about forty-five feet in length. The hut has a corrugated-iron roof, with a wooden lining inside, and is held up by five arch-like metal braces. An air space of some five inches is left between the metal roof and the wooden lining, which acts as an insulator; so that in winter the cold is excluded and in summer the heat is kept out.

The ends of the hut are closed by a double partition of boards; in one end are two windows and in the other a door. Each hut is furnished with a stove capable of burning either coal or wood. The whole affair can, in a very short time,

be taken down and loaded on a single motor truck; it is easily transported and can quickly be set up again in a new location.

A report from a German Secret Service Agent in the United States recently came into the hands of the British Intelligence Department which stated that "the Americans are difficult people to argue with. For instance, if you call one of them a liar, he knocks you down with his clenched fist, instead of discussing the matter calmly, as any other civilized person would."

Item from the "London Times"

A small parcel recently dispatched to the German General von Bülow, was accompanied by the following letter: "The Colonel and officers of the 9th French Dragoon, whose houses were sacked by your troops, make it a duty to return the jewelry and other trinkets found on the body of your son, Lieutenant von Bülow, killed before Peronne."

I recently heard a most significant pronunciomento on the essential qualities of leadership in army officers, as laid down by a British military authority.

He said, "Early in the war, the Tommies sometimes resented the fact that their officers were almost invariably chosen from the British aristocracy, and that the enlisted men had practically no chance of promotion; at present the Tommies object to having any one but a gentleman in command over them, for they too have learned the lesson that the gift of leadership is born with a man and is usually synonymous with good birth, and that if one lacks the gift of command, it cannot be acquired.

"We who analyze things which the Tommy only crudely senses, have discovered that the ability to lead is not found most clearly demonstrated in the classes who carry titles, nor in those who possess great wealth, not even, as you in America seem to think, among the classes who are best educated, but is preëminently found among men of family,—in other words in men who have behind them many generations who have exercised authority.

"Many of our noble families and our rich families were only a few generations back of humble or ignoble origin, but England possesses thousands of men, some rich, some poor, some titled, some commoners, who can trace a long line of

honorable ascent back through many sturdy generations of domineering Englishmen, and from this class we are obtaining our best officers, —men in whom the habit of self-control and of authority over others have been deepened generation after generation.

"Ethnologists would probably trace in this class the strain of Nordic blood from which nearly all famous soldiers, sailors, explorers and pioneers have developed throughout ages which predates historic records."

As I listened to him I was reminded of the methods used by an English nurse, who on being reproved for not disciplining her young American charge for some naughtiness that deserved punishment, replied, "In England we are permitted to punish the girls but we are not allowed to discipline the boys. It only breaks their spirit and we want them to be masterful."

The Tommies at the front meet every situation with dry humor which is for the most part spontaneous and sincere, but even under exceptionally trying circumstances this sportsman-like pose is still courageously maintained.

The enemy is invariably referred to derisively

as "Heinie" and "Fritz." The anglicised meanings of these two words being synonymous and standing as a generic term for Germans. A battle or bombardment is invariably referred to in terms borrowed from the German, as "hate" or "strafe" and the verb to "strafe" has already become a permanent part of the English language.

One hears, for instance, such tales as the following: "The moon came out from behind the cloud and the sentries saw Heinie coming across no-man's-land shoulder to shoulder. The word was passed to the officer on duty in the trench, and he suppressed all fire at long range, being determined to strafe Fritz at close quarters, and every one accordingly waited until Heinie reached our wire, before turning loose upon him a really concentrated 'hate' from the machine-guns."

The German "Hymn of Hate" also bids fair to become one of England's national songs, just as derisive "Yankee Doodle," first composed and played by the musicians of British troops early in the American Revolution, was later, on the occasion of their final surrender at York Town, played "at them" by the bands of the Continental Army and subsequently became one of Ameri-

ca's national songs, having to-day a popularity rivalled only by that of "Dixie."

It is truly an extraordinary sight to see some English county regiment on the march singing the "Hymn of Hate" at the top of their lungs, and at the chorus to hear some clear tenor voice call out " 'oo do we 'ite?" and then the whole battalion's reply in a voice of thunder—"England!"

Although Jan Smuts was one of the most successful Boer generals in the South African War, and although he is to-day a British Lieutenant-General, he is even more famous as an orator and statesman than as a soldier. Many people place him in the same preëminent class with Haig, Lloyd George and Northcliffe, and there are few who would not at least admit that he shares with Lord Milner the honor of being the Premier's most able political supporter in the government of Great Britain.

Nothing could more strongly typify the spirit of the splendid Empire than the fact that, to-day, these two men are named together as co-workers; for only fifteen years ago they were bitter enemies, both racially and nationally.

The Boer War was then drawing to a close;

Smuts was a conquered general and one of the principal political leaders of his beaten people, while Lord Milner was the member of the victorious nation, who had been especially appointed for the task of reconstructing South Africa.

He not only reconstructed the country politically, but also physically, for he was responsible for the rebuilding of Boer farm houses and for restocking the country with cattle and horses to replace those destroyed during the conflict. So well and fairly did he accomplish this task, that the Boers concluded that they were actually safer and better governed as members of the British Empire, than they could ever be if they governed themselves as a small independent state. In consequence, only thirteen years later, when the great European war broke out, the South African Nation proved itself one of Britain's most loyal and devoted colonies.

Botha, her greatest soldier, occupied himself with the conquest of Germany's African possessions; while Smuts, her most eminent statesman, came to London to sit beside Lord Milner in the Imperial War Cabinet, and to contest with him the honor of being its most influential member. Could there be a more brilliant contrast than this

to Germany's wretched record in Alsace-Lorraine!

In meeting Lieutenant-General Smuts in his British uniform, one is immediately struck by the fact that his breast is totally undecorated by campaign ribbons, several long rows of which adorn the average British general officer. The explanation is, of course, that in all his previous campaigns, Smuts fought as an enemy not as an ally of Great Britain.

In the present war, the tendency has constantly been towards the use of munitions which wound many men rather than kill a few. It is better, from a tactical point of view, to wound than to kill.

The larger the bursting charge in a given shell, the greater will be the number of fragments into which it will fly, and consequently the smaller will be each fragment. If the charge is too big, the shell is torn into dust, which has little damaging effect.

On the other hand, if the bursting charge is small, the shell breaks into a few big splinters, which wreck and tear to pieces anything they hit.

Thus, strange to say, within certain limits, a small bursting charge gives a shell more smashing effect than a large one.

The happy medium has long been the subject of discussion among military men, one part claiming that it is better to use a small bursting charge, because the resulting larger fragments are almost certain to kill every man they strike; the other maintaining that it is more advantageous to use a heavier charge, since it makes more fragments and will hit two or three times as many men, even though these smaller fragments are less often fatal.

At present, a relatively large bursting charge is employed, for while the smaller particles which result are not as likely to kill instantly, each one of them is large enough to wound a man sufficiently to render him incapable of further participation in the battle.

A dead man is no more definitely a tactical loss than a wounded one, while the latter becomes a liability to the army to which he belongs, for men and vehicles, which might otherwise be available for fighting, must be detailed to care for him.

Thus a dead man constitutes a loss of one effective from the firing line, while a wounded one

subtracts more than one. When the wounded accumulate in large numbers, they also clog the channels of communication towards the rear, and interfere with the flow of reenforcements, supplies and ammunition needed on the firing line.

Every wounded man must, if possible, be saved, not merely from motives of mercy, but also from the fact that he is strategically a valuable asset to his nation. Yet to carry away and give medical attention to thousands of men struck down in battle, requires so many attendants, that it decidedly reduces the manpower available for active military duty.

In any great battle, the large number of wounded soldiers seriously retard and clog the movements of the conflicting forces, but this is more especially true of the victorious army, for as it advances and captures the terrain recently in possession of the enemy, it has to care not only for its own wounded but also for the wounded of the retreating army.

The plan to wound a large number of the enemy, rather than to kill a few has been achieved in other ways besides that of employing relatively high charges in shells. Some of the combatants have, for instance, recently reduced the

calibre of the bullets which they use in their machine guns. This accomplishes the double purpose of increasing the number of men wounded, and also of reducing the total weight of the munitions which must be carried to the front—an element on which the result of more than one battle has turned.

In other words, by using a smaller size bullet in machine guns, the same weight of munitions will put out of action many more men than would be hit when a large calibre is used, although the percentage of deaths will be much lower.

. . . . . .

To become flustered by danger is called by the Tommies "being windy" or "getting the wind up."

Having myself been under fire on thirty or forty different occasions, I have found that "getting the wind up" does not necessarily bear any relation to the actual danger. A man may on one occasion be undisturbed by a really serious situation, and yet at another time "be windy" on very small provocation.

It is the unexpected and unknown which is most terrifying. A great danger which can be

foreseen is seldom as impressive as a trivial one which takes a man unawares.

Thus a soldier is more apt to become flustered when walking along a supposedly safe road far in the rear, which suddenly becomes the target for promiscuous and relatively ineffective shelling, than he would when, after due deliberation, he faces heavy machine-gun fire in making an attack across no-man's-land.

XVII

THE NEW BRITISH INFANTRY PLATOON

March 26th. The present successes of the British armies are based on improved discipline and team work.

The individual recruit is at first averse to rigid discipline, but needless and appalling losses drill into him the lesson that he must subordinate his individuality to his team unit.

The men of Great Britain and France cannot be blindly driven to the attack as the Teuton forces are. The German military theory of unreasoning obedience is a fairly effective one, as her victories of the first months of the war so fearfully demonstrated, but the Allied armies have now reached an even more effective stage of *reasoning* obedience.

As iron in the furnace is converted into steel, so, in the hell of battle, the Allied soldier has learned that the individual is there less than an atom in importance, and that rigid discipline and

close co-operation alone can preserve him from sudden death and render him effective.

Each new army, that has been added to the Allied forces, has at first shown the same lack of discipline, and each in turn has learned its terrible lesson on the battle-field.

A nurse in a hospital asked a Tommy how he got wounded, and he replied: "We was marchin' up an' we meets a sergeant. 'Boys!' says 'e, 'if ye stan' at that corner ye 'll be blown to 'ell!' an' we was blown to 'ell, and so was 'e, the bloomin' pessimist!"

In the present war, the fate of armies depends more and more upon the small units and their leaders.

In previous wars, when troops fought in masses, and the battle-field was consequently of small extent, the lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels and generals usually perceived an emergency simultaneously, and the commanding general gave orders which caused the whole army to respond to the exigency in instant unison.

In recent battles in France and Flanders it, on an average, took the captain of an assaulting

company fifty minutes to send a communication back to his battalion commander, and an equally long time for him to receive a reply. Since a battle emergency usually lasts only a few minutes, it is evident that under such conditions, the lieutenants and captains must often act entirely on their own responsibility.

America's national devotion to baseball and football, which has so often invited the ridicule of foreigners, may yet prove for the new armies of the United States a most valuable asset. The realization of the importance of *team* work has been ground into two generations of Americans, who have fought on the athletic fields, or sat on the benches which surround them.

As a football team is composed of eleven men, divided into forwards and backs, and a baseball team of nine men, who belong to the outfield, infield or battery,—so a British infantry team numbering thirty-two men, is made up of riflemen, rifle grenadiers, bombers and Lewis gunners. Each soldier is trained to play a definite and carefully planned part, contributing towards the success of the team as a whole.

This combination is called a platoon.

In the conduct of modern battles the Army

Corps is the principal administrative unit; and the Aëroplane Squadron, the Heavy Artillery Brigade and the Infantry Division are the three most important tactical units; but the Infantry Platoon is *the* unit of attack. It is the team which does the actual fighting under the leadership of its lieutenant, who is the team captain.

Its armament includes all the weapons and tools employed by infantry, so that it is capable without outside help of defeating an equal number of the enemy, under any conditions of terrain or climate.

Every member of the team, including the lieutenant, is an expert bayonet fighter and a qualified rifleman. In addition, each is a specialist in either sniping, rifle-grenade firing, bombing or in handling the Lewis gun.

The platoon, like all military organizations, and, indeed, all teams, cannot attain a maximum success without iron-clad discipline. Its watchword must be "Discipline, Discipline, Discipline."

Only the raw recruit scoffs at discipline, for the veteran clings to it as his one salvation from a useless and wasteful death. Six policemen can usually whip a mob of a thousand

men, but add discipline to that mob and the result is a battalion, within whose ranks its individual members can find safety from all attacks of any but most overwhelming numbers.

The Canadian troops, when they first went to Europe, were ineffective and vulnerable because they did not sufficiently appreciate the value of rigid and punctilious discipline. They did not lack in courage or initiative, but these qualities, to have military value, must be co-ordinated by strict discipline. To-day having learned their lesson from experience, that most terrible of all teachers, the Canadians welcome the sternest discipline; and since they combine with this the will to use the bayonet, they are now among the most effective troops in Europe.

The most desirable size for a fighting platoon has been determined by the test and trial of actual war conditions, and is limited by the maximum number which one lieutenant can personally command in battle, for it has repeatedly been demonstrated that men will not fight to the best of their ability unless an officer is present to lead and inspire them.

In the present conditions of warfare, a lieutenant, even with the assistance of two good ser-

geants, cannot personally handle more than thirty or thirty-five men. It therefore becomes evident that in battle the most effective infantry platoon is one comprising about this number. Therefore, although its paper strength is always more than fifty, a British platoon in actual combat, is usually organized on a basis of thirty-two men and one lieutenant, the latter being assisted by a platoon sergeant and two or more messengers. The excess between thirty-two and fifty odd is needed to replace casualties and to furnish battalion signallers, carriers of tools, bombs, grenades, ammunition, barbed-wire, instruments, flares, stretchers and signalling flags.

All modern infantry companies have a nominal strength of about two hundred and fifty officers and men, but temporary subtractions for sickness, for absence, for wounds, and for detached service as scouts, runners, signallers, pigeon-flyers, ammunition carriers, moppers-up, salvage men, etc., invariably reduces this number, so that a company seldom goes into battle with more than one hundred and sixty combatants. This makes it possible to organize each company into four platoons of thirty-two men each, besides

leaving a company reserve of some twenty men.

Since the beginning of the present war, the British platoon has been reorganized according to a principle which has no precedent in history, but which has proved so effective that it is largely responsible for this year's great victories.

This new platoon organization is based upon a revised estimate of the value of the Lewis gun and similar automatic rifles, it having been found that a single Lewis gun gives a fire effect superior to that of an entire platoon of thirty-two riflemen. There are many reasons for this superiority—a few only need be mentioned here.

In battle the enemy seldom exposes himself for more than a few seconds at a time. If he is to be effectively punished at such moments, a heavy fire must be promptly opened upon him. But thirty-two different men will not, as a rule, all see one target at the same instant, nor amid the din of battle can an officer indicate it to every one of them, before it shall have disappeared. Moreover, even a good rifleman cannot average to fire more than one well aimed shot each five seconds; and under the very best of peace manœuvre conditions, no platoon of riflemen would ever be able to achieve this theoretical perfec-

tion of thirty-two shots in that length of time. This ideal result is, therefore, practically unattainable, even under most favorable circumstances. A Lewis gun, by contrast, is loaded with a drum containing forty-seven shots, and this entire charge can be effectively fired by one man, under almost any condition, in five or six seconds, thus giving a sudden annihilating burst of fire. The Lewis gunner can take advantage of fleeting opportunities, which a platoon rifleman would miss.

Experience has shown that when engaged in active battle, a platoon of riflemen, which has once been deployed into line facing the enemy so that they may all see to fire upon him, cannot subsequently be reassembled and deployed in a new direction without exposing itself to prohibitive casualties. Under no condition, can it change place quickly, since a full platoon deployed on a firing line covers a front about forty yards wide, and a change of position would require the outlying men to move some thirty or forty yards. The operator of a Lewis gun, on the other hand, can turn his sheaf of bullets from side to side as quickly as a fireman can direct the stream from his hose.

The total fire effect of a platoon of riflemen is no better than that of the average excellence of the marksmen which compose it; while a Lewis gun, being operated by picked shots, has an average effect greater than that of a whole platoon of riflemen, although it is in itself less accurate than a rifle.

The fire volume of a platoon of riflemen decreases in proportion to the number of casualties, for if half the marksmen are disabled, the fire volume is then reduced by fifty per cent. But in the new British platoon, where there are eight Lewis gunners to each gun, only two of them are exposed at one time, while the other six take shelter and lie in reserve, so that if one of the original gunners is hit, he can immediately be replaced. Thus, before the volume of fire from a Lewis gun can be definitely shut off, four successive teams of two gunners each would have to be put out of action.

To obtain the full fire effect of a platoon, using rifles, thirty-two individuals who must be considered as national assets, are, all at one time, exposed to the fire of the enemy; who is, moreover, certain to perceive them more quickly because of their greater number. To obtain the

fire effect of a Lewis gun, only two men, the gunner and the loader, are exposed to danger and they are less likely to be noticed by the enemy, because two men can keep cover where thirty-two could not.

Since, for these reasons, a Lewis gun operated by one of the four squads of the platoon gives a result superior to that which would be obtained if all four squads used rifles, and as it has been proved by the experience of actual warfare to give a fire effect amply sufficient for the needs of the platoon, and since it can be operated and kept in action under almost any conditions by the eight men of one squad, the three remaining squads are consequently left free to devote themselves to other duties than that of obtaining fire effect.

The fire of a Lewis gun, like the fire of a platoon of riflemen cannot, of course, injure the enemy once he has taken shelter in the trenches, and, therefore, the three squads, left over after the selection of the Lewis gun operators, are armed and trained to deal with him in this latter contingency.

One of these three squads is armed with rifle-grenades which have a range of several hundred

yards and their plunging fire is especially effective against an enemy sheltered in trenches. These grenades are about as deadly as the field artillery shells used in our Civil War.

A second squad specializes in the use of the rifle, in order to deal effectively with enemy snipers, particularly in saps and other positions outlying his main defenses.

The third squad is armed with bombs, which weigh about a pound and a half each, and which can be thrown to a maximum distance of fifty yards. The bomb most employed by the Allies is known as the Mills Hand Grenade. It is comparatively a new weapon, and there was, for a time, a tendency to overestimate its value and to use it as a substitute for the rifle and bayonet.

Attacks over the open with the rifle and bayonet, when vigorously pushed home, will always succeed in making progress if the co-operation between the infantry and the artillery is good; on the other hand, bombing attacks along trenches, however vigorously supported by artillery, will never succeed in making much real progress. It may be taken for granted that an attack which had degenerated into the bombing stage, has been brought to a standstill.

There are, however, during an assault, three duties for which bombers are required and for which they need to be carefully trained. They are used by "moppers-up" to kill or subdue the garrisons in enemy trenches already captured or passed over by the assaulting wave. They must also assist the riflemen in holding the captured positions by repulsing counter bombing attacks of the enemy. After the objective has been attained, it is their duty to assist advancing forces to get in touch with their allied units on the flanks; this is done by clearing out an enemy who may hold any isolated positions intervening between two allied units.

Since the infantry platoon is the fighting team which carries the soldiers to the point of contact with the enemy, and since the lieutenant is its commander, no discussion of the platoon would be complete, which did not conclude with a description of its leader and the qualifications which are most valuable in such an officer.

It has been said that the present conflict is a lieutenant's war, and therefore in the British forces the platoon leaders are selected from the whole army for their intelligence, courage and ability to lead men, and are not only taught to

fill any one of the various positions in team work, but they must also possess the inborn gift of teaching others. Most of these officers are very young men, who two or three years ago were boys at schools like Eton or Rugby, but who to-day are veterans with war records replete with splendid courage and self-sacrifice.

Each lieutenant is required to train his little band of followers when in camp, to care for their bodily comforts in the field, and to lead them in battle. He is teacher, father and master to his men. He is *deus ex machina.*

Although there has never been a war in which organization and complicated scientific equipment have played such a tremendous part, yet at the same time there has never, since the Middle Ages, been an epoch when inspiring individual leadership of small bands of men has counted for so much.

The lieutenant is expected to be the bravest, most cheerful and self-sacrificing individual in the platoon which he commands.

All along the line of actual conflict between the opposing armies, little bands of warriors are now led much as the knights of old led their followers. When in the battle-front, each band is

so isolated by the conditions of the conflict and by an ever watchful enemy, that it often loses touch with everything in the world except the platoon upon its right and left. Food and water to sustain life and ammunition with which to carry on the fight comes to it at intervals from the dim rear.

Four things are demanded of a lieutenant, each progressively more difficult than the one before:

(1) He must train his own platoon.—Formerly when a company contained only sixty or eighty men, a captain could efficiently drill them all; but as a company now numbers two hundred and fifty men, the task has become a well nigh impossible one for the captain; therefore that duty devolves upon the lieutenants.

(2) By maintaining the strictest discipline, he must bring them well and safe through the route marches and trench holding which leads up to an attack, and then carry them at a steady walk to within fifty yards of the enemy infantry, before giving the final order which culminates in the conclusive charge with the rifle and bayonet.

(3) When the decisive moment arrives and the charge has begun, he must inspire his men by

the example of his own bravery. He carries a rifle and bayonet and is expected to do more fighting and kill more Huns than any other one man in the platoon.

(4) The objective and its enemy defenders having been conquered, he must reconstruct the platoon, which has temporarily disintegrated into a fighting mob, and then proceed to the attack of the next objective.

Most lieutenants accomplish the first three tasks, but scarcely one in three attains the last. A lieutenant who carries his first objective, and subsequently reorganizes his platoon, and with it conquers a second objective, will by nightfall almost certainly be either dead or a captain.

A more specific conception of the high standard to which the platoon commander is expected to attain, may be gathered from the following list of orders embodied in the instructions which were, before the battle of Arras, issued to platoon commanders by the British General Staff.

"The platoon commander can gain the confidence of his men:

"(a) By being the best man at arms in the platoon, or trying to be so.

"(b) By being quick to act, taking real command on all occasions, issuing clear orders, and not forgetting to see them carried out;

"(c) By being himself well turned out, punctual, and cheery, even under adverse circumstances;

"(d) By enforcing strict discipline at all times. This must be a willing discipline, not a sulky one. Be just but do not be soft—men despise softness.

"(e) By recognizing a good effort, even if it is not really successful. A word of praise, when deserved, produces better results than incessant fault-finding;

"(f) By looking after his men's comfort before his own and never sparing himself;

"(g) By demanding a high standard on all occasions and never resting content with what he 'takes over,' be it on the battle-field or in billets. Everything is capable of improvement, from information on the battle-field down to latrines, and washing places in billets.

"(h) By being blood-thirsty, and ever thinking how to kill the enemy, and helping his men to do so.

"The platoon commander should be the proud-

est man in the Army. He is commander of *the* unit in the attack. He is the only commander who can know intimately the character and capabilities of each man under him.

"He can if he is so disposed, establish a *esprit de platoon* which will be hard to equal in any other formation."

XVIII

THE WILL TO USE THE BAYONET

"The will to use the bayonet" is synonymous with the "will to victory" says a British manual; and to come to close quarters where men can use the bayonet constitutes the final, decisive stage in nearly every battle, and is therefore the ultimate aim of all preliminary strategy and tactics. An enemy is never definitely conquered until he is captured or driven from the field of battle, but experience has shown that he cannot be shot out of his trenches and only flees or surrenders when the attacking infantry routs him out with the cold steel.

When that supreme moment of actual personal conflict arrives, the platoon must and should temporarily disintegrate into a collection of individual soldiers, fighting single combats. It is at this conclusive moment that the rifle and bayonet, which have always been and still are the

infantryman's prime weapon, come into their own.

The platoon organization carries the attack to close quarters, where conclusive victory can be won by killing or capturing the enemy troops and by taking possession of their positions.

The new British platoon, cemented together by discipline, brings the soldier up to the parapet of the enemy trench, which he could never have reached by any individual effort. Once he has arrived, however, his personal skill and bravery have full play as he valiantly and confidently attacks Hun after Hun, until the enemy garrison is beaten into surrender and all resistance ceases.

When this has been accomplished, the platoon reconstructs itself and proceeds to further conquests.

Nothing which has been said about the new platoon should be interpreted as depreciating the rifle and bayonet. The sole purpose of the new platoon is to bring its members quickly and economically to close quarters with a demoralized enemy, in order that they may then exterminate him with the rifle and bayonet, in the use of which every man has been thoroughly trained, before he was permitted to commence the study of the spe-

cialties of bombing, rifle-grenade firing or Lewis gunning.

It is carefully impressed on all ranks of the British forces that the rifle and bayonet, which should be considered as one weapon, is and always will be the principal weapon of the infantryman, and that fighting units cannot become too expert in wielding it. Examples of its proper use are constantly brought to the soldiers' attention.

A certain Australian, for instance, was granted the Victoria Cross not only because he performed a very gallant feat, but also because the British General Staff desired to call attention to the fact that in so doing he had made a classic use of his rifle and bayonet.

A small enemy strong-point, which lay in front of the trenches occupied by his platoon, had proved very troublesome. Artillery bombardments and other ordinary methods of attack had failed to silence it. When these had proved ineffective, the Australian suggested that he be allowed to attempt, single-handed, a surprise attack.

The strong-point was held by eight Germans, though their exact number was not known to the

Australian when he volunteered to attack them.

Although he belonged to the bombing squad of his platoon and was therefore a specialist in the use of that weapon, he nevertheless took with him no bombs, but relied solely on his rifle and bayonet, which is the correct procedure in offensive fighting at close quarters.

He climbed out of his trench, and aided and supported by the snipers, rifle grenadiers, bombers and Lewis gunners of his own platoon, was able, unobserved, to creep within fifty or sixty yards of the enemy position. He was then so close to his objective that his platoon mates were forced to cease firing, for fear they might hit him.

Thus left entirely to his own resources, he rose to his feet and charged towards the enemy, one of whom, being no longer kept under cover by the opposing fire, looked out towards the British lines to see what was going on, and was startled by the sight of a single British soldier charging towards him and already within fifty yards. In his surprise, he fired an ineffective shot which, however, served to give the alarm to his comrades in the trenches behind him.

Although the Australian's one desire was to come to close quarters as quickly as possible, he

nevertheless realized that if he allowed the Germans to fire at him without retaliation, they would be able to aim calmly and would certainly bring him down.

As the enemy fired, he therefore stopped abruptly, and before the German could aim again, he made a quick snap shot and hit Boche between the eyes.

The other Germans, at sound of the first shot, had started to join their comrade on the parapet, but on seeing his fate, hesitated just long enough to afford the Australian a precious moment in which to resume his rush. Taking full advantage of this pause, he covered half the remaining distance before another German ventured to raise his head above the parapet.

The instant this new enemy appeared above ground, the Australian turned him over with a bullet through the brain, and again resumed his headlong charge before the remaining Germans could collect their wits; reaching their parapet, he fired a third deadly shot as he leaped into their trench, and then killed the five now demoralized survivors with the cold steel.

The first of these meant to fight, but was killed by the onrushing Australian before he

could "get set," the other four, completely demoralized, were killed one after another as they scrambled over each other in a wild attempt to escape from the narrow trench. Having completed his work, the Australian aided by the protecting fire of his own platoon, which covered his retreat, returned unhurt to his own lines.

The platoon organization, cemented together by discipline, gave him the opportunity for victory, but the victory itself was achieved by his will to use the bayonet.

The support of his platoon organization enabled him to advance, unmolested, to within fifty yards of his objective; but from that moment he was thrown on his own resources, and his agility, courage and skill in the use of the rifle and bayonet enabled him to dispatch eight enemies in twenty seconds, and thereby to win the much coveted Victoria Cross.

The bayonet is still the decisive weapon in battle, just as it has been since man first fashioned an edged weapon. The "Will to Use the Bayonet" shares equally with "Discipline" the distinction of being the deciding factors in war.

Organizations cemented together by Discipline carry the soldier safely through training, travel,

marches, and long months of trench-holding to the moment of attack, and then through the advance to his Objective, where the Will to Use the Bayonet concludes the victory.

When the sweeping charge crashes against the stubborn defense, battalions and platoons momentarily disintegrate into individual warriors, thrown absolutely on their own resources. Each man is alone with his enemy.

Such an elemental moment may occur at any time in the life of an infantryman, and when it comes, he often finds himself separated from eternity by less than the thickness of paper. In a trench fight there is neither the time nor the space for shooting; each man must rely solely upon his bayonet. Upon his will to use it depends his chance to stave off death and defeat. It therefore behooves him, while still in the training camp, to prepare and rehearse himself both in body and mind for this supreme ordeal, and to consider with all seriousness how he will meet such a crisis.

With this purpose in view, the infantryman of the British armies undergoes daily exercises in gymnastics and in bayonet fighting, to which he devotes a dozen hours a week.

Short talks by his veteran sergeant forewarn him of the sight and sensations of battle; calisthenics and games make him quicker than his enemy both in mind and body; and lessons in the use of his weapon render him an unconquerable bayonet fencer.

The actual use of the bayonet, although important, is not so vital a factor in deciding battles, as the definite consciousness of the will and skill to handle it effectively, for therein lies the confidence of the soldier in himself. If he doubts his own ability to give a good account of himself at close quarters, if he dreads the cold steel, the fear of it slows up his pace in the advance, and affects his accuracy of rifle fire long before he comes in physical contact with the enemy; whereas if practice has given him confidence in his skill at fencing and thrusting, and his training has made him alert in mind and agile in body, his greatest desire will be to encounter an enemy face to face, where skill and courage alone decide the issue. He then feels far safer than at a distance, where an accidental bullet or stray fragment of shrapnel may take him unawares.

As has already been intimated, bayonet combats between German infantrymen and British

infantrymen are comparatively of rare occurrence, but the fact that twenty thousand unwounded German infantrymen surrendered at the Battle of Arras was due to the fact that in twenty thousand individual cases, when a British infantryman came face to face with a German, the former was so much more determined and self-confident than the latter, that the German promptly decided the only way to save his skin was by immediate and unconditional surrender.

This is more or less true of all military preparedness. Whatever an army is thoroughly ready to undertake, it is less often obliged to put in practice.

The courses of training for the platoon are conducted by sergeants who have been graduated from a normal school of bayonet fencing. The instructor lays out complete trench systems and mans them with dummy Germans which he teaches his pupils to attack. The soldiers are repeatedly made to rehearse every detail of an assault. They march across an imitation no-man's-land, reach the enemy trenches and bayonet with dispatch and efficiency the dummy Huns, who are supposed to man the machine-gun emplacements and dug-outs, until the mock at-

tack eventually ends in the capture of all the enemy's trenches.

The sergeant in charge precedes each exercise by a lecture. He is usually an imaginative man of fluent but unrefined speech, who is not only a graduate of a bayonet fighting school, but also a veteran of many battles. From his own experience, he tells the recruits exactly what battles are like, so that they may not be taken too much by surprise when they face the reality. He not only explains these experiences verbally, but acts them, illustrating each sentence with his body and bayonet.

Half a hundred recruits gather around him; each holding his rifle with bayonet fixed. The instructor begins his discourse quietly, laying down his premises somewhat as follows:

"The bayonet is not a pocket knife nor a garden tool. It is not made to chop firewood nor to toast bread. It is the most effective weapon of war, and it is meant to kill Germans with.

"The only way to win a battle is by 'ard fightin'. You never get anythin' for nothin', in war or anywhere else, so don't be afraid of losses.

"When you go to the front you want to do it with the idea of seekin' 'ard fights—under favor-

able conditions if possible—but favorable or unfavorable, make 'em rough. Get close to yer enemy. Look for 'im, get 'im into a corner of the ring, so to speak, and then mix it up. Rough him. Give 'im 'ell.

"Yer must 'ave this idea firmly fixed in yer 'ead when ye 're about to take part in your first attack. You will be in the trenches waitin' and not knowing exactly when the zero hour is to be. You may wait like that for several days, with a most particular 'ell of a bombardment going on all about you, some of it comin' at you, but most of it movin' towards the Boches, preparin' the way for you by bustin' up 'is wire and destroyin' 'is trenches.

"And then while the bombardment is still goin' on as 'ard as ever, word comes that ye 're to go over the top at such and such a minute.

"As the hour arrives the officers keep lookin' at their wrist watches, and the time don't seem to go very fast. Be a man. Don't begin thinkin' of 'ome, but remember what the Germans are tryin' to do to the worl'. Think of what they 'll do to you if they get you down. Think of their baby-killin' and their Belgian slaves and their Armenian massacres, and their burnin' and

pillagin' and be damn thankful that you 've a chance to do somethin' towards stoppin' all that kind of thuggery for good an' all.

"Don't stand with yer knees shakin' and yer eyes quiverin', but grind your teeth and think of the way they 're makin' people suffer everywhere with their *kultur,* and their 'me und Gott.'

"And so about a minute before the time to go, yer wants to say to yerself: 'The time 'as come for me to do my bit. It 's goin' to be a rough party but I am goin' to make it a damn sight rougher for the Boche than for me.'

"So with yer teeth grittin', yer eyes poppin' out, yer 'air standin' on end, and yer bayonet fixed, ye 're ready to go over the top when the time comes and the order is given.

"An' when she comes don't wait a secon' for yer chums on the right or left, but clamber over the top and all go at once like a British lion after 'is grub."

By this time the recruits are enthralled by the words of the veteran sergeant who has gradually worked himself up into a state of rage, and feels himself actually starting across no-man's-land. His teeth are gritting, his hair is on end. He pauses and the silence is heavy.

"Drills, theories, text books, manœuvres are all right in their way, but the bayonet is the thing that wins the battles, and the soldier who does the winnin' is generally a sweaty one with 'is sleeves rolled up, mud on 'is face, and blood in 'is eye.

"Th' order comes. Over you go. Ye 're absolutely goin' mad. You have yer objective and make strite for it, searchin' the ground on the way. You may be had by a sniper, and the 'Uns' shrapnel will be singin' all 'round you, but don't wait for anybody else to start puttin' 'Uns out of their misery. You may come across a 'ungry 'un, about seven foot six 'igh waitin' for you in a shell 'ole or round a machine gun. Fly strite for 'im. Don't tickle 'im with yer bayonet but shove it in, point, barrel, left 'and, right 'and, and even the butt, right through 'is guts.

"Now you 've got it in ye 've got to pull it out. So put a little more than 'uman force be'ind it, out it comes, an' when that 's done don't tarry and think of writin' a letter 'ome about it. Yer ain't done yet. That 's only yer first 'Un, and you goes for another, always lookin' round and havin' in mind yer objective, 'cordin' to orders. If you sees a 'Un 'idin', pounce on 'im like a

bally tiger and carry out the same ole program.

"There 's a 'ell of a lot of noise goin' on, but don't stop, for if you stops you 'll get no mercy; and the mercy you wants to give the 'Un is yer little bit of steel as far in 'im as you can stick it. If you can't use a bayonet, you might just as well fall down a drain pipe and get off the earth.

"An' if the 'Un gets you, you won't be buried with music and all that. Oh, no! First he 'll pick yer pockets, tike away any little thing yer 'ave worth tikin', and then yer body goes to the ovens where they 'll cook it, and use yer fat to make nitroglycerine and oleomargarine out of. It 's bally awful, but that 's w'at 'appens.

"So you wants to show the fightin' spirit and there 's no fightin' spirit in a snail. Keep yer 'air on end, and always 'ave yer teeth grindin', and *stay* mad; and when yer sees the 'Uns runnin', as yer often will, chase 'em madder than when yer first started."

The last order is delivered in stentorian tones as the instructor enacted everything he describes, meanwhile making terrible grimaces.

Every recruit has gripped his gun, every man's eyes are "poppin' " and it is evident that the

energetic sergeant has made a great impression on the green men.

He then musters them to the trenched field with its dummy Germans: and there they take their place in "our" front line trench awaiting the word "go." When it is given by the sergeant, away they start charging across the copy of no-man's-land, springing into trenches, plunging their bayonets into bags, dodging around traverses and poking the "most effective weapon of war" through sacks and out the other side. Not one of them pauses, not even when they find themselves at the end suddenly confronted by a six foot jump.

They do the course once, twice, a dozen times, led by the professionally infuriated corporal, who gives speed and energy to the mimic charge, yelling furiously when he thinks a man a bit slow.

"That sack 's a 'Un, kill 'im. Don't slap 'im in the ribs or yer nime 's fat. Be mad!"

XIX

THE GERMAN RETREAT FROM THE SOMME

March 31st. This morning Lieutenant B. and I visited many French farms and villages, within the German salient beyond Arras and Bapaume, which the Germans have been forced to abandon.

We visited the villages of Ficheux, Boisleux au Mont, Boisleux St. Mare, Boiry Besquelle and Boyelles and noted the dreadful state in which the Germans had left them.

In this area there has been no battle, no fighting and no bombardment, so that we were able to test the true value of the oft-repeated German boast that they never wantonly destroyed French property. Throughout the war they have iterated and reiterated that destruction of villages and farms was due solely to bombardments, which were as often from the Allied guns as by German orders.

In all these villages, and in all the surrounding country, the Huns had deliberately destroyed

every building, barn or house. Not one remained standing. All had been wrecked by charges of explosives placed under their corners and foundation walls.

But before this dynamiting was undertaken, however, the buildings had first been thoroughly pillaged; even the window-sashes and door-sills having been carted away to Germany.

After the plundering and destruction were completed, the heaps of ruins had in most cases been set on fire.

Ancient churches, built many centuries ago, were no exception to the general rule; each had been reduced to a shapeless pile of broken stones. The church at Boisleux au Mont, of which a photograph is given, is quite typical of the rest.

Throughout the country-side every tree larger than two inches in diameter had been cut down. Not one of the splendid poplars which lined and beautified the roads, not a single forest tree, not a fruit tree had escaped. From hill-tops one could look for miles, as far as the eye could reach, over a country littered with the fallen shade and fruit trees, without seeing one still standing upright.

As if this destruction had not sufficed to sat-

isfy even the heart of a Hun, all the large trees, after they had been cut down, had been dynamited, the charges being inserted in holes bored with augers all along their trunks at intervals of six or seven feet. When these charges exploded, they had split the trees in shredded sections about two yards in length.

The wells, springs and water courses had all been poisoned. And such is the fiendish cleverness of German efficiency that no two were poisoned alike. Some were defiled, some filled with germs, while others were poisoned with chemicals.

"Booby" traps were sprinkled about the country in the form of bombs, which were attached to wires, ready to blow to bits any poor unsuspecting Tommy who did not carefully watch his step.

One perceived many signs that the Germans had committed this destruction with the greatest enthusiasm. Circumstantial proof of this sort is, however, quite unnecessary, for documentary evidences of the joy which the German nation experiences in destroying the property of other people are numerous. The testimony of their own war correspondents, for instance, shows incontrovertibly the satisfaction which the Germans

feel when considering the damage which they have done since the war began.

Hermann Klatsch, an official war correspondent, writing in the Munich "Neueste Nachrichten," speaks of this retreat and calls it a "glorious military achievement." He writes: "No home is left, no roof, no cellar was left intact; all the lands are destroyed, the fields turned up, the roads and bridges blown to pieces; no tree, no branch, no wood of any kind remains. The capable male population has naturally been brought away to work on fields for us. The remaining women, children and old men will now be a charge on the French nation."

The present condition of the front is one which, although common in previous wars, has in this trench warfare been unusual, for neither army at the present moment knows exactly where its opponent is to be found.

The strategic retreat of the Germans from the Somme, carefully planned and prepared for during many weeks past, has enabled them to withdraw so rapidly from the hundred square miles of territory they are giving up, that it was evidently not deemed advisable for the British to

The Church of Boisleux au Mont. The author standing on the ruins after the Germans had wantonly dynamited it.

pursue them as closely as the Germans doubtless hoped and thought they would.

Therefore a wide stretch of devastated country now lies between the two armies, and in this region the contending forces have lost the close contact, which has so steadily been maintained ever since the Battle of the Marne. They now occupy positions best represented by a bow and its strung cord, touching at the ends, and nearly ten miles apart at the center.

Aëroplanes and advance guards are now searching this segment. To penetrate into this area of desolation has more dangers than one ordinarily experiences in the sharply contrasted trench warfare.

Lieutenant B. and I appreciated the full significance of the old term "the fog of war," for although we could see for long stretches out over the country, we were yet totally ignorant of what might be concealed a hundred yards away; and when we saw troops moving in the distance, we had no certain means of knowing whether they were British or German.

The success of open warfare depends much upon the ability of an army to penetrate this fog of war and to feel out and locate the enemy's

army hidden behind it; to accomplish this is the principal aim of minor tactics, since the enemy naturally makes every effort to give sufficient body and strength to the fog, by means of outposts and cavalry patrols, to prevent allied scouts from penetrating into the mysteries behind it.

Our American, Stonewall Jackson, was past-master in this art of creating and maintaining the fog of war, and the Union generals lived in constant dread that, moving unseen behind its obscurity, he would at any hour suddenly appear from the direction least expected.

As Lieutenant B. and I advanced into this deserted region, we for a time saw no living creature—no member of the Allied Armies nor of the Teuton forces.

We had walked several miles through deserted fields and wrecked villages, which spoke all too tragically of the recent German occupation, and were entering a desolate little village, when we heard in the distance a single rifle-shot. We could not judge from which direction the sound came. Not only the shot but also its context of dead silence was uncanny.

We advanced cautiously from house to house,

until we finally discovered in the distance a solitary man, standing motionless half-hidden in the battered doorway of a ruined house.

We kept ourselves concealed until we had, by studying him through our field glasses, determined that he was not Teuton but British and probably a sentinel. A closer approach proved our surmise to be correct. We questioned the man, although we knew by experience that the private soldier is not often a fruitful source of information, since he generally achieves a state of mind in which he accepts his orders and obeys them without desire for explanation.

The sentry proved to be a Yorkshireman, and as he spoke to us in the dreadful dialect of his county, we had much difficulty in understanding what he said, but finally managed the following unfruitful conversation:

"What village is this?"

"I don't know, sir."

"How far away are the Germans?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Where is your sergeant?"

"In that barn with the platoon, sir."

Since this seemed the only bit of information to be extracted from him, we proceeded to the

barn and routed out the sergeant from the depths of a sonorous sleep. From him we gathered that his platoon had only recently marched to the village and was intended as support to an outpost line somewhere near by, which his superior officer had gone out to inspect.

We left the sergeant and walked off a short distance to the far edge of the village, resigned to finding out the tactical situation for ourselves. Most of the houses were mere piles of rubbish, their relative mass alone indicating the size of the original building.

When we came to the spot where lay the highest pile of debris, we concluded that we had reached the site of the village church. As there was no better point of vantage from which to examine the surrounding country, we crawled cautiously up this slight elevation to make an observation.

A mile or two in front of us, in the direction of the German armies, we could see a railway train puffing along a hillside. We knew this was a German train, for weeks must pass before British railroads can be put in operation in this section.

Between us and the train, we could at first distinguish nothing but the same flat, empty deso-

lation through which we had just been passing, but presently in the middle distance we noticed a man walking across a road.

Lieutenant B. promptly inspected him through his field glasses. No sooner had he focused his lens than he exclaimed—"By Jove, a Boche!" and almost as the words left his mouth, a bullet whistled between us and a rifle cracked.

We stood not upon the order of our going, but slid down, fell down, jumped down from that pile of rubbish and none too soon, for we were no more than clear of this elevation, when a shell from a German 4.2″ field howitzer struck squarely on the top, just where we had been standing, throwing up a great cloud of dust and debris. Keeping the screen of the ruined church pile between us and the enemy, we beat a hasty retreat. Our reconnaissance had at least cleared up for us one element of the tactical situation.

XX

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF ARRAS

Thursday, March 22nd. All day, we have heard intermittently the distant rumble of a cannonade in the east, while at night the flashes of the guns fitfully illumine the sky low down along the horizon in the north-east. The firing seems to be in the direction of Arras.

Friday, March 23rd. All day long again today, we have heard the muttering and rumbling of the great bombardment in the east towards Arras. Of late, we have along the roads often met batteries coming from the Somme and marching towards the north and east. Arras and Vimy Ridge form a hinge upon which turns the German retirement in the south, towards Bapaume and Peronne. Perhaps the cannonade means that a great attack is soon to be launched there against the Germans.

Tuesday, March 27th. The guns in the east have not sounded so loudly yesterday and today. This may be due to a change in the wind; or perhaps the recent rapid German retreat immediately south of Arras in the neighborhood of Boyelle and Bullecourt has caused us to lose touch and temporarily postpone the battle. The Germans, however, are still firmly planted in great force along the Vimy Ridge and in front of Arras, and it is along this front that one of the greatest battles in the history of the world seems likely to take place.

April 4th. By this evening everybody has heard the news of President Wilson's speech to Congress on the 2nd, and of his declaration that a State of War between Germany and America now exists. The optimism and enthusiasm created at the front by this announcement is simply tremendous.

In a "certain mess," as the censor would have us say, I was one of a dozen who celebrated the occasion. Three of us were of American nationality.

The old French château, which sheltered the mess, resounded to the strains of "Yankee-

Doodle," "Marching Through Georgia" and "Dixie," played by Captain R. of the Coldstream Guards, on a cracked piano, which has not been tuned since the war began. A song was improvised with the refrain "I would hate to be the Kaiser to-night." Eventually even the Staff Major became affected by the enthusiasm and reversing his staff officer's "brass hat" so that the visor stuck down the back, he cried, "I am a marine" and proceeded to execute a joyous horn-pipe.

April 5th, 1917. I talked with a German captain of infantry, who had just been taken prisoner. He had no idea that I was an American and when, to satisfy my personal curiosity, I told him about America's entrance into the war on the side of the Allies, and asked what he thought of it, he answered my question under the impression that I was an Englishman.

His attitude was one of ridicule. He said "The intervention of the United States is of no importance whatever. America's Democracy is the most inefficient in the world—even more inefficient than that of Great Britain. She cannot even prepare herself in time for defense against

A Batch of German Prisoners taken at the Battle of Arras

our attack after we have beaten you. Much less can she be ready with an army in time to inconvenience us by sending troops to Europe.

"All this slovenliness and inefficiency which you call Democracy will eventually be replaced by a *kultur* like that of modern Germany. This conflict between your rotten Democracy and our efficient *kultur* lies at the moral basis of the present war."

In contrast to this attitude of mind we have the Schopenhauer estimate of his fellow countrymen, when he writes: "In anticipation of death I make this confession, that I despise the German nation on account of its infinite stupidity, and that I blush to belong to it."

Nothing which I have seen at the front, or in France and England leads me to believe that the war will soon be over. On the contrary, it is my impression that the conflict cannot be terminated until America has exerted to the full her military potentialities, and that the attainment of peace upon a basis of victory for the cause of Democracy and Liberty depends more upon the rapidity and efficiency with which she mobilises her

resources and her man-power than upon any other single factor.

A great battle is to be fought in a very few days along the Arras-Vimy Ridge front.

I am to proceed to Arras to-morrow morning to take part in the battle and to remain until it is over.

April 6th. I left G. H. Q. early this morning.

After several hours run we approached Arras along the road from St. Pol and Aubigny. We passed between scores of batteries of all calibres emplaced in fields in every direction and all firing steadily and methodically. The whole landscape seemed to flicker with the flash of the guns, which were so well hidden as to be invisible. Scores of aëroplanes were in the sky, flying in all directions and at all altitudes and pursued by innumerable groups of little black smoke puffs,—exploding shells from the enemy's "Archies," as anti-aircraft guns are called.

We entered the city gate and noticed that a large corner had been knocked off since our visit of day before yesterday, making yet another scar added to the score which already covered it.

In the town itself we saw on all sides fresh signs of damage. The explosion of German shells was so constant as to be almost continuous. As we picked our way through the streets I, in one minute by my watch, counted seventy separate explosions near enough to be distinguishable against the roaring background of sound.

We stopped at a certain old public building, the walls of which were full of gaping holes and pock-marked by thousands upon thousands of shell and shrapnel bullets. We were in search of an officer whose *bureau de travail* was in one of its numerous cellars. We had some difficulty in finding him in the semi-darkness, for most of the sky-lights were blocked up with sand bags and the only lights within came from guttering candles and dingy lamps.

Among the subterranean arches and passages into which we penetrated, we saw hundreds of Tommies who were sleeping, washing, eating, or busy cleaning accoutrements. Many of them were industriously hunting vermin. In one case, an entire platoon was sitting about stripped to the waist and hunting insectivori ("cooties" as the men call them), down the seams of their

clothing, looking for all the world like monkeys in a monkey house.

My first move on arriving in Arras was to report to the Provost-Marshal and apply for a billet. He placed me at the Hotel de ——, so well and favorably known to thousands of British officers. The keeping open of this hotel is one of the most praiseworthy deeds of the civilian Frenchmen, for during nearly three years the German lines have been only 1,500 yards away, and the hotel is located in one of the most steadily bombarded quarters of the city.

Although somewhat sheltered from hostile fire by high buildings which stand immediately between it and the enemy, it has nevertheless been the victim of more than thirty direct hits from guns of all calibres, and scarcely a day passes that it is not struck by shell-splinters or pieces of stone from buildings across the street in positions more frequently hit.

The roof of the hotel has disappeared and very little is left of the top story. The last surviving pane of glass was broken by concussion more than two years ago. On stormy nights the wind whistles through the halls, the rain beats into the

rooms while water cascades down the stairwells.

Nevertheless, in order that the Allied officers on duty in the neighborhood, or passing through on missions, may always be sure of a bed and a meal, the patriotic proprietor and his manager have kept open house every day since the Germans were expelled from the town in October, 1914. Here men straight from weeks in the muddy trenches are received with the greatest hospitality, and can wash up, sleep in a luxurious bed possessing sheets, blankets and pillows; and partake of a civilized meal.

That the place is run from patriotic rather than commercial motives must be concluded from the scale of prices. The charge for a room is only two francs, and four francs fifty is the price of an excellent meal, which includes soup, unlimited bread and butter, a large omelette, which measures up to the best tradition of French omelettes, a generous supply of meat and potatoes, and finally Camembert cheese and coffee. Red wine is one franc fifty per person additional. One cannot help contrasting it favorably with such places as the Hotel du —— in Amiens, a good thirty miles from the front, where British officers are charged eight francs for an inferior

meal and pay an additional exorbitant price for wine.

The constant concussions and explosions would break glass almost before it could be inserted, and the windows in the dining room of the Hotel de —— are accordingly covered with heavy linen cloth to keep out the weather. The ceiling is studded with more than forty steel splinters from shells, which have burst on the side-walk outside, and sent their fragments flying through the windows into the room. All the mirrors have long since been broken, and one can reach up along the panelling which encases them and touch jagged bits of German steel embedded deeply and solidly into the wall.

As I sat down to dinner this evening, the building shook and trembled with the concussions of German shells bursting in the immediate neighborhood, their sharp menacing *blaams* mingling with the guns of the British batteries which are emplaced on all sides of the town.

The proprietor and his manager walked among the guests, who are now exclusively British officers, and their perfect courtesy, so typical of France's professional hosts, was not abated one whit by the fact that, because of the cannonade,

their pleasantries had sometimes to be repeated three or four times before they could be heard by the guests.

During dinner, a particularly violent bombardment lasting several minutes broke out, and while this was in progress the manager politely moved two officers from a table near an end window, explaining to them that experience had shown that window to be the most dangerous one in the room, since nearly half the fragments embedded in the walls had flown in through it, and that it was, therefore, wiser for them to change to other seats. He said this with the same matter-of-fact courtesy which one would have expected from a peace-time proprietor moving his guests from one table to another because the view was there slightly better.

It was not until after lunch that I left the city on foot. It was raining steadily,—the rain so often produced by a heavy bombardment.

I followed the main Arras-Lens road, which enters the German lines some five thousand yards north of Arras, until I reached a hill between Ecurie and Roclincourt, distant about one thousand yards from the German trenches.

This hill stands in the middle of the great British salient, which here thrusts itself out into the enemy lines. From this elevation the battlefield of Arras may be seen, spread out in panorama. Here one is able to study the German trenches along a front of ten thousand yards from *La Folie* farm at the foot of Vimy Ridge in the north to Blangy in the south. In the cover of a shattered building, I sat down to rest for a few minutes while I watched the battle.

The terrific British preparatory bombardment was now at its height.

The air over-head was alive with a constant stream of British shells of all calibre rushing by to crash upon the German positions; the sky was noisy with their whisperings, whistlings and roarings.

Behind me the little village of Ecurie was, in its turn, the target of a battery of German heavy-artillery. In the space of a few minutes, twenty or twenty-five big shells fell into it; their explosions, which fairly shook the ground, dropped bits of mud and bricks all about me where I sat.

My field glasses enabled me to study the German trenches in their every detail. I could see their long crest, the parados behind, the parapet,

the wire entanglement in front, and I could even watch our own trench-mortar shells sailing hundreds of feet into the air, finally to fall and burst in the enemy positions.

British shells were crashing upon the German wire, along the hostile trenches and in all the country for miles behind. Each puff of whitish-brown smoke, shot for the briefest moment with the blood-red fire, threw bits of debris and chunks of mud hundreds of feet into the air, scattering them over acres of ground.

Almost without intermission burst succeeded burst; they were constant and unceasing, every instant a score were visible within the field of my glass; and in and out among the smoke and flying debris, the salvos of our shrapnel burst in the air and burst again, their scattering bullets searching unerringly every nook and cranny of the German trenches, already laid open by our heavy shells.

Night was falling as I returned to Arras. Hidden among the ruin of a farm on the outskirts of the city, I came upon a battery of four big "9.2" howitzers hammering away at the German lines. They were firing slowly and methodically, one or two rounds a minute. The ground

trembled and heaved at every shot, while the blast of the discharge was so terrific that, from time to time, bits of the tottering walls of the old farmhouses were blown down, and tiles were lifted off the broken roofs; all the windows had long since been shattered.

The muzzles of the guns were elevated at an angle of forty or fifty degrees. The eye could follow the great projectiles, weighing nearly the sixth of a ton, for five or six seconds after the moment of discharge, while the ear could distinguish their diminuendo scream for nearly as long a period.

It was long after dark when I finally reached my billet.

Young Lieutenant B. came back from London day before yesterday, where he had spent a forty-eight hours' leave with his young wife.

He is very much a veteran, having enlisted at the outbreak of the war in a Canadian cavalry regiment, of whose members only a score still survive in active service. He had "been out" since November, 1914, having earned the D. C. M. at Festubert, and having subsequently won his commission.

Yesterday he was in a most gloomy frame of mind, and suffered from a premonition of disaster which he could not seem to throw off. In spite of the reassurances of his fellow officers, he stoutly maintained that some personal disaster was impending.

Such premonitions so frequently prove correct, that one no longer jests at them, and no one was unduly surprised when, after being suddenly sent to the front this morning, he was badly shaken up by a big shell. He was in a bay of a front line trench with several soldiers when the shell fell squarely into it, killing outright every one except himself. His only comment was that he *knew* something was going to happen and now that it is over he expects clear sailing.

After an excellent dinner in the Hotel de ——, I went to sleep to the sound of cannon, bursting shells and machine-guns, which formed a deep background for the notes of a cracked piano near by in some cellar and for the voices of soldiers singing cheery songs in the pitch-dark streets outside.

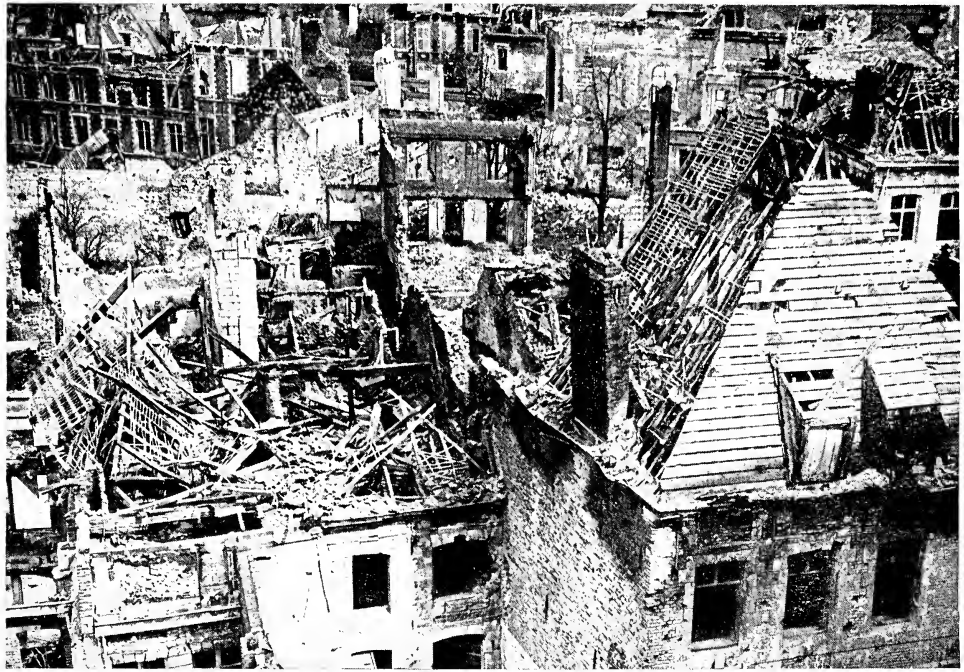
Saturday, April 7th. Between the time I reached my billet last night and breakfast hour

this morning, I doubt if there were two consecutive seconds without an explosion in the immediate vicinity. It is surprising how quickly one becomes accustomed to the racket and learns to distinguish through it other much lower noises, such, for instance, as the sound of voices.

After an early breakfast I tramped through the trenches all the way from Arras to Souchez, nearly eight miles as the crow flies, and then back behind the line through Mont St. Eloi, where still stands the ruins of the cathedral destroyed by the Boches in 1870. I walked about twenty-three miles in all, most of the way through deep mud.

I was for the greater part of the time with the Canadians along the foot of the Vimy Ridge. It is the first that I have come in contact with them, and after months of British broad "a" it was like a breath from home to catch every now and then the nasal twang of some good old Yankee serving in the Canadian ranks.

When I asked one corporal what province he came from, he was for the moment very much taken back and blushing bright red finally stuttered "Pennsylvania, sir." "Well, Corporal," I



The Residential Section of the City of Arras after Two Years of German Bombardment

replied, "you need n't look so guilty, for I hail from that province myself."

At another time, I was plodding through a particularly sloppy trench, only a few hundred yards from the German lines. The water in it was nowhere less than a foot deep, and thick mud lay beneath the water. The duck-boards floating about on the surface collided with one's shins and proved much more of a hindrance than a help.

Above ground, parallel to this trench, ran a hard macadam road of which the trench had formerly been the gutter, now deepened to eight or nine feet.

In spite of the German bullets, the road looked decidedly tempting. After a mile or so of tramping around the traverses, squeezing past carrying parties going in the opposite direction, splashing through water and mud and knocking against duck-boards, the temptation to take the road was well-nigh irresistible. However, the trench was posted at intervals with signs saying "All Troops Will Keep Strictly to the Trench," and orders must be implicitly obeyed by officers.

I overtook a carrying party of eight or nine Canadian soldiers, each loaded down with a great

roll of barbed-wire. They were making exceedingly slow and difficult progress; and their profanity was nothing short of superb. Finally one enterprising spirit could n't endure it any longer and whereupon, remarking that he did n't give a good, g . . . , d . . . for all the b . . . b . . . signs on earth, climbed up the trench and out upon the road. The rest of the party were just starting to follow him when suddenly a hawk-eyed individual, wearing the three stars of a captain, stuck his head out of a dug-out in a jack-in-the-box manner, and shouted out in a most pronounced Maine accent:—"You fellas 'll ha' ta git off that there road." Then in a voice that might have been employed by a Yankee farmer telling a ten year old boy to come in out of the rain, he added, "Why! the Germans are just over there in that row o' trees! You want ta git wise ter the principal feachures of the landscape!"

The head then jerked back after the manner of a startled turtle retiring into his shell. The carrying party first stopped open mouthed, and then clambered sulkily back into the trench.

At another point the trench passed through a culvert about five and a half feet high, and on

a board over this culvert were chalked up the words "Low bridge—duck your nutt."

I returned to my billet long after dark and did not finish dinner until half-past nine.

Before going to bed I went out for a short walk.

After thirty-six hours of almost constant downpour the sky seems to have rained itself out, and the weather has at last cleared; it is the fairest of moonlight nights, so bright that one could easily see to read.

There are striking contrasts of white light and inky black shadows. Certain streets are brimfull of opaque darkness, while others are lit from end to end with the cold silvery rays of the moon.

In the weird streets are many soldiers clad in khaki, which is never more completely invisible than at night. An ambulance glides along on rubber tires, silently emerging from thick shadow into silvery light and disappearing again into darkness.

The sky in all directions flickers continually with the lightnings of the guns, which fitfully throw into clear relief the silhouette of battered

towers or the jagged outlines of dead and lonely walls.

It is a night such as Dante might have conceived, with its ghostly men, its stark and ruined walls against the flashing sky, its trembling earth, its rumbles and crashes, inextricably intermingled with the distant rattle of machine-guns and the closer scream of shells ploughing overhead through the sea of noise.

Although the guns crash out incessantly, the night yet gives one an utterly weird impression of a death-like stillness. One becomes so accustomed to the tremendous cannonading that it seems but the background of other trifling noises. One grows so used to the staggering roar that one would miss it if it should suddenly cease, just as a woodsman in the city misses the wilderness' great background of silence.

At this hour Arras is indeed "a city of dreadful night." How much more dreadful may it become when the battle's great attack is launched; when the wounded pass through it in thousands, and the Hun begins to shell it in his maximum deadly earnest.

Many there are who expect that when the hour of attack arrives, it will bring to Arras hundreds

of thousands of incendiary and gas shells, which will devastate the town as Ypres and Rheims have already been devastated.

April 8, 1917. I spent the morning in my billet finishing my notes and reports. During the last two days, I have traversed the whole eighteen thousand yard front of the coming battle, from Souchez beyond Vimy in the north, to the trenches opposite Tilloy and "La Harpe" in the south.

Yesterday and the day before I had an early breakfast and a late evening meal and have been absent from my billet in the intervening time, taking a slab of chocolate in one coat pocket and sandwiches in the other to serve as lunch and tea.

To-day, however, I took my noon bite in a small café, preparatory to an afternoon of hard tramping. During the meal the Germans strafed the particular neighborhood in which the café was located and dropped nine big shells within a few yards of it. One hit the building in the upper story, another the house next door, and still another, of which the splinters came through the dining-room, hit the house diagonally across the way, knocking its second and third

stories into the street, which was blocked with ten or fifteen tons of fallen stone. A thick opaque cloud of dust filled the room and the street, and for a time made it impossible to see more than fifteen or twenty yards.

Every meal that I have had since I arrived in this section has been an eventful one, something exciting seems each time bound to happen. To-night I dined at a little café, the half score tables of which were nearly all occupied by officers. The bombardment was so heavy that conversation was impossible. I took a seat with my back to the window; while waiting for soup and wine to arrive, I examined the various officers in the room. A few were subalterns straight from the trenches; at a corner table three staff officers were comparing notes and maps with their heads close together, conveying their comments by signs or written notes. Two chaplains, "padres" as they are affectionately called by the troops, were sitting side by side opposite me, their backs against the side-board, upon which the plates and glasses were stacked. Half a dozen officers intervened between me and them.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion which fairly made the building rock; the second story

of a house diagonally across the street had been hit by a heavy shell. A jagged fragment six inches long crashed in through the window about two feet above my head; skimming over the officers intervening between me and the padres, it passed between their two heads and struck the pile of plates stacked just behind them on the side-board.

Bits of china flew in all directions with an effect similar to that in a comedy plate-breaking turn in vaudeville. The proprietor was a bit irritated, and declared it very bad luck that the shell fragment could not have gone a thought higher and missed his china. Every one was amused and several people rallied the proprietor, one man saying, "There go the evening profits." A table of rather riotous young subalterns clapped their hands, applauding the padres because neither of them had moved an inch when the plates "went up" so close behind them.

During the last two or three days I have on several occasions been with Scottish troops on the Arras front and have encountered several amusing incidents illustrative of the well-known Scottish passion for education.

A "Jock" was carrying a huge coil of wire towards the front. The trench was crowded and he therefore climbed out and proceeded above ground, regardless of bullets. "Come out of that, you fool!" said an officer, whereupon the Jock replied, "If Ah was to come aside o' you I would never get through with ma day's worrk."

He was "had up" next morning in "orderly room" charged with insubordination and with rudeness to an officer. Asked what he had to say for himself he answered:—

"Ah was not rude. Ah merely observed that if Ah was to come doon, I would never get thro ma day's worrk;—which was true. An' besides, bein' up there was fine education for a young mon like me!"

Recently Scotch troops were holding a trench which was undergoing bombardment. A sergeant and a private were sitting quietly together in one tranverse when by a most unlucky chance a "whizz-bang" fell squarely into the trench and killed the private. The sergeant looked sadly at the dead and mangled body of his companion and said: "And to think that that 's a' that 's left o' an M.A. o' the Aberdeen University!"

This evening knowing I was to go "over the top" to-morrow, I spent my time between dinner and midnight in finishing my notes and in writing letters. I went to bed at twelve-thirty, leaving word that I was to be called at four o'clock.

XXI

MATÉRIEL FOR THE BATTLE OF ARRAS

The description of the matériel of battle may seem to some a dull subject, but when we have on the fighting front a million of our own American boys, the question of guns and munitions will acquire for us a fascinating interest.

In England, munitions have supplanted the weather as the standard subject of polite conversation, and because all England now understands the importance of munitions and their relation to ultimate victory, her troops are winning ground without the fearful sacrifice of lives which marked their earlier efforts.

Aeroplanes are of three types: observing machines, which watch and direct the work of the artillery and infantry; fighting planes, which drive off German observers and thus deny information to the enemy, and bombarding machines, which attack and disorganize the German lines of communication.

Modern artillery is of two types; guns and howitzers. The former sweeps the open; the latter bobs its shells high into the air so that they fall steeply and thus find their way into even the deepest enemy trenches.

The bore of both the gun and the howitzer are "rifled," because the spiral grooves and ridges of the rifling impart to the shell, as it passes through the bore, a rotary motion around its longitudinal axis. Such a motion tends to keep the shell point-first as it flies through the air and prevents it from "tumbling" end over end. "Tumbling" increases air resistance, and consequently decreases range accuracy.

Guns have long barrels and fire relatively light shells. The comparative lightness of the shells cause them to be projected at high velocity to a great distance, and one of the most valuable characteristics of a gun, therefore, is that it is capable of reaching the enemy even at long range. Its high velocity also gives it a flat trajectory, or line of flight approximately parallel to the ground, so that its shells have a sweeping effect disastrous to troops in the open.

In strong contrast to the sweeping effect of the gun, the howitzer is constructed to attain a very

high angle of fire so that its heavier shells first mount into the air and then fall almost perpendicularly, and are thus able to search deep valleys and the bottoms of trenches which afford complete protection against gun fire.

Thus the *guns* clear the open and drive the enemy into trenches and dug-outs, where the *howitzers* seek him out for destruction with their steeply falling shells.

Present day artillery is divided into four classes:—

(1) Light field artillery, capable of travelling with the infantry across country irrespective of permanent roads, and able in a few seconds to go into action from columns of route. This includes the 3-inch 18 pounder, and the 4½-inch howitzer. Each gun or caisson is drawn by six horses or mules.

(2) Medium field artillery, capable of travelling over good country roads and able to go into action almost as quickly as the light artillery. This is also horse drawn, and includes the 5-inch 60 pounder gun and the 6-inch 120 pounder howitzer.

(3) Heavy field artillery, capable of moving

A battery of light field guns which followed the victorious infantry across the conquered field of Arras.

over permanent metalled roads, and able to get into action between sunset and sunrise. This is drawn by motor tractors, and includes the 6-inch 100 pounder gun and the 9-inch 290 pounder howitzer.

(4) Super-heavy artillery which is generally transported by rail and is usually fired from a railway mounting; this includes the 12-inch gun and the 15-inch howitzer.

A piece of artillery is made strong and heavy in proportion to the charge of powder it fires, rather than with reference to the weight of the shell. A piece throwing a heavy shell need weigh no more than one firing a light shell, provided the charge is the same, although it is evident that with the same charge the lighter shell will be projected farther than the heavy one. Thus a light field gun, firing an eighteen pound shell a long distance at a high velocity, need be no heavier than a howitzer throwing a thirty-five pound shell as short distance at a high angle.

Howitzers fire a heavy shell but use a relatively light firing charge. This decreases their range, but also reduces the strain on the gun and diminishes the length of the recoil. This limited recoil combined with its short barrel, enables the

howitzer to attain a very high angle of fire, without causing its breach or loading mechanism, during the recoil, to conflict with the ground underneath. As a result of this high angle of fire, the heavy shell first mounts up into the air and then falls steeply. The effect of the howitzer contrasts strongly with the sweeping fire of the gun, for its shells fall almost perpendicularly.

The most striking characteristics of the light field artillery are its mobility, and the rapidity with which it can fire in an emergency. It can be taken almost anywhere that infantry can go, and often is able to travel even faster than the infantry. Its normal rate of march is four miles an hour as against an average of two and one-half for the infantry, while for short distances, over good roads, it can achieve as much as sixteen miles an hour.

The light field artillery is nearly always directly associated with infantry, and forms an integral part of the infantry division, which possesses an equal number of artillery batteries and infantry battalions. The feeling of brotherhood-in-arms between the light field artillery and the infantry is very strong. Each respects and

appreciates the other and both do their utmost to promote effective teamwork. The light field artillery supports the infantry when it charges, follows it when victory has been gained, and defends it from counter attacks. Its principal objective is the hostile infantry.

The medium and heavy field howitzers are employed to destroy enemy trenches, to cut down wire entanglements, and in counter-battery work are used against hostile artillery. Incidentally they kill great numbers of the enemy, particularly while being used to obliterate trenches.

The medium and heavy field guns are of great importance, being extremely effective against either the enemy personnel or enemy batteries. They fire either shrapnel or high explosives. Their flat trajectory adds to the effectiveness of their action against both infantry and batteries, because bullets from their high explosive shells give an exceptionally large percentage of lateral "bouncing bursts."

Their long range and extreme accuracy enables them to be effectively placed at great distances behind the zone of operation, so that their ammunition supply trains do not add to the con-

gestion of the transport lines in the immediate vicinity of the front.

Moreover, if the enemy is forced to retreat, these guns, by firing upon his line of withdrawal, are capable of punishing him constantly and accurately ever after he commences his retrograde movement. They keep him on the move, harass him, prevent him from reinforcing, and in many ways multiply the fruits of victory.

Their aim is corrected by observations from aëroplanes which go forward thousands of yards, in order to control accurately the fall of the shells.

As an example of the effectiveness of the sixty and the one hundred pounder guns, working in conjunction with aëroplanes, to harass the enemy's retreat, it is interesting to note that guns of this type were placed along a certain track during the month of March, at the epoch when the enemy was beginning his rapid retreat from the Somme front, and evacuating his positions in front of LeTransloy, Ligny, and Tilloy, falling back through Bapaume, which the Australians entered on March 17th. These big British guns fired straight down one of the enemy's principal lines of retreat. They were placed so far back, that they in no way interfered with the ad-

vance of the infantry and light artillery, which were having difficulty enough in moving up over bad and unimpaired roads, and needed all the room they could get. The heavy guns used both shrapnel and "bouncing" high explosive with great effect, as was most evident when the enemy's line of retreat came into our possession shortly afterwards.

The super-heavy artillery, 12 inch guns and 15 inch howitzers, combine extreme range with terrific destructive effect. They can be placed many miles behind the actual battle-front in the midst of a peaceful countryside, yet the shells, falling upon the enemy's fortifications, billets or artillery, are cataclysmic in their effect.

Trench mortars are now beginning to be regarded as artillery, and must be discussed under the same heading.

The Heavy Trench Mortar projectile is cylindrical in shape and is kept true to its course by a stem, to which are affixed three vanes like the feathers of an arrow. It is familiarly known as "the flying pig."

It explodes on impact, but with a delayed ac-

tion of several seconds' duration, which gives it time to penetrate deep into the ground, whereupon the loose earth falls in on top of it and forms a tamping, which increases the lateral push of the explosion, causing it to stave in the walls of neighboring dug-outs and trenches.

The Medium Trench Mortar throws a spherical projectile, shaped like an old-fashioned cannon-ball. On many sectors of the front, during the Battle of Arras, the German front-line and support-line trenches were destroyed exclusively by the use of trench mortars, which also in the same battle destroyed much of the wire in front of the nearer German positions.

The Light Trench Mortar is a most important weapon. Its effect is tremendous, particularly on wire and personnel. It is the only weapon, other than those carried by the platoon, which in an attack advances with the infantry. Its only disadvantage is the difficulty of bringing up the large quantities of ammunition it consumes, but, all things considered, it is probably a more deadly weapon than any cannon. In many trench raids it furnishes a large part of the barrage.

On one occasion, two Canadian battalions simultaneously raided two neighboring points in

A 6-inch heavy field gun which can throw a hundred pound shell more than ten miles.

A 9.2-inch heavy field howitzer which can throw nearly a half a ton of shells a minute.

BRITISH HEAVY FIELD ARTILLERY.

the German line. Each area was shut off on both sides and to the rear by a box barrage furnished by trench mortars. The Germans within the raided points could not escape, nor could reinforcements reach them.

The part which was played by these guns in this operation may be divided into three phases.

Phase I. For three days previous to the attack for one hour a day they cut wire. The effect was so perfect, that no wire remained to impede the infantry.

Phase II. Certain strong-points and machine-gun nests having been located, all the guns opened fire several minutes before the attack. This was so effective that when the British raiders went over the top, not a single German machine-gun or sniper was able to open fire upon them.

Phase III. Beginning at the moment of attack and continuing until the raid was over, these guns established such effective "blocks" and "barrages" around the two areas raided, that not a single German was able to break through them to escape from the area attacked.

During the raid, the light field artillery, working in thorough collaboration with the trench

mortars, "barraged" the German support trenches. The attack was a complete success. A large number of Germans were killed or captured, the raiders reached the second German line, and retired with only one man killed and one officer wounded, both of whom they brought back with them to their own lines.

A British Artillery Brigade is usually composed of four batteries and is commanded by a lieutenant-colonel. Each battery is commanded by a major, assisted by one captain and several lieutenants.

Heavy artillery is organized into batteries of four guns, and light or medium artillery into batteries of six guns.

Batteries of four guns are, on the whole, more effective than those of six, and for this reason British batteries were at one epoch of the war temporarily reduced from six to four guns. This revision, however, had to be abandoned, and all light and medium batteries were reinstated upon a six-gun basis because the greatly enlarged British army found itself at one period too short of highly trained battery commanders to assign less than six guns to each.

Efficient battery commanders cannot be improvised and a nation which neglects to train a sufficient number in piping times of peace, finds itself seriously handicapped when war is suddenly declared.

All the artillery weapons used by the British armies are of the most up-to-date model. All have pneumatic or other brakes to absorb the recoil.

In older guns, such as were used in the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the Russo-Japanese War, and even in the early stages of the present war, the barrel was fixed to the carriage. The force of the recoil engendered by the discharge drove the whole piece backward a number of yards, so that all the gunners had to get well out of the way before the shot was fired. As soon as the discharge occurred, the command "By hand to the front!" was given and the artillerymen laboriously rolled the piece back to its original position and reset it, all of which wasted much valuable time and effort, and greatly increased the difficulty of concealing the weapon.

In the improved artillery, the barrel is no longer fixed to the carriage, but rests upon a

cradle fastened thereto. When the piece is discharged, the barrel jumps back along the cradle, but the carriage remains stationary. Various brakes are used to slow up this motion and gradually to absorb the force of the recoil; a heavy spring automatically returns the barrel to its original position. The whole operation of recoil and return takes about one second of time.

The result of this improved mechanism is such that when a gun is fired, one observes that the carriage and wheels remain stationary, while at the moment of discharge the barrel jumps straight to the rear about three feet and then slides back into place, ready for the next shot.

In placing artillery, two things must be considered; concealment and ammunition supply.

Not only is it necessary that the guns and howitzers should be so located that their ammunition can reach them steadily and in large quantities, but also in such a way that their supply trains may not congest important routes. Every effort has to be made by all arms of the service to keep open the main supply lines and metalled roads. This is exceedingly important because the ability of the troops to use munition and supplies

MUD.

The main road from Albert to Arras. Typical of what the soldier has to contend with.

effectively, and the capacity of the factories to produce them are greater than the existing roads can carry. Roads are at present the weakest link in the military chain.

A single day of heavy modern battle traffic is sufficient to destroy the surface of even the best metalled road, if it is not constantly watched and mended every hour of the day and night.

Along the main military roads, dozens of fatigue parties are to be seen eternally at work repairing the surface almost from minute to minute, and then they are hardly able to keep them in passable condition. Even with the most painstaking and constant efforts, the roads in the war zone are far from adequate to the demands made upon them. One must often be satisfied if they have a solid bottom, mud varying from two to eight inches in depth is endurable, provided it rests on solidity. Therefore, in placing batteries, this problem of road maintenance is always kept in mind. Light railways are, whenever possible, built to facilitate ammunition supply and decrease congestion.

Concealment of batteries from aërial observation is obviously of the greatest importance.

The enemy's aeroplanes photograph our zones of operation, and his Intelligence Officers, comparing these photographs week by week, detect any considerable variation in the appearance of the landscape.

Concealment often involves very difficult disciplinary problems, because the enlisted personnel of a battery is always inclined to become careless and show itself too much in the open, where some enemy aeroplane, for the moment hidden overhead in the clouds, is almost sure sooner or later to see them.

Throughout the preparatory bombardment of the Battle of Arras the results were, by the most daring aeroplane reconnaissance, each day carefully observed and reported to British headquarters. Our aeroplanes flew far within the enemy's lines, often at an altitude of only two or three hundred yards, in order to take photographs of the enemy trenches and wire entanglements, which would show in their fullest detail their condition and the results of the artillery execution already accomplished, thus enabling the next day's bombardment to be organized in such a way that targets thoroughly "prepared"

need not be further subjected to additional and wasteful shelling.

Observation is at the present time beyond comparison the most important function of the aeroplane. In clear weather very little can be hidden from it. Its reports are comprehensive because they are principally made in the form of photographs, which, when enlarged, show the details of the German positions. From the photographs, maps are worked out which indicate every trench in the enemy's line. These maps become the unfailing guide of the artillery and the infantry, who thus actually learn much more about the details of the enemy's position than they ever know about the geography of their own front lines.

Without observation by the planes, the modern long range gun would lack much of its present usefulness, for no gun is effective unless an observer, located either in an observation post, a balloon, or an aeroplane can see the target and direct the fall of the shells.

Nearly all really important points within the enemy's lines are carefully hidden from direct observation by hills, or are effectively concealed by artificial screens, constructed on the side fac-

ing towards the British lines, so that it is often impossible to see the target from either an observation post or a captive balloon. But the aeroplane which flies over and behind the enemy's front, is able to examine and photograph its details from all angles. The landscape lies spread out beneath it like a gigantic map, upon which both the target and the shell-bursts are plainly visible; with the aid of its wireless, the aeroplane can instantly communicate to the battery any error of aim.

Before the Battle of Arras, certain officers and men were subtracted from each infantry battalion to serve as a nucleus of a new battalion in case the original one was wiped out.

By means of this system, battalions, brigades and divisions are very quickly reconstructed in case of heavy loss, for the drafts of new men received from home are all efficient individual soldiers, many of whom have seen previous service or are returning after recovering from wounds.

The necessity for some such system will easily be understood when one realizes that the loss in killed, wounded, sick and missing which is sustained by the battalion of a division which

happens to bear the brunt of a big modern attack, almost invariably amounts to from seventy-five to ninety per cent. of its effectives as they were numbered on the day the battle began.

Thus one company, known to the author, went into last summer's offensive on the Somme a hundred and sixty strong, and came out with only sixteen men and one officer; while the battalion to which this company belonged went into action with seven hundred officers and men, and came out with less than one hundred and fifty.

A majority of the losses sustained in battle are, however, temporary ones. Most of the wounded recover, but not soon enough to obviate the necessity for rebuilding the battalion. Only a very small percentage of the casualties are in killed. A very considerable number of the men lost during a battle are sick. Of the actual battle casualties about seventy per cent. receive wounds from which they completely recover, about fifteen per cent. are killed or die of wounds, and the remaining fifteen per cent. are permanently disabled or taken prisoners.

Thousands of people who are now anxiously following the progress of the Allied armies are

watching the map of France and Belgium, and accumulating much discouragement from the slow rate at which German armies are being pushed back towards the Rhine. They measure the territory over which the enemy swept forward in the first few short weeks after he assaulted a surprised world, and then grow pessimistic over the small territorial gains the Allies have won in the past year.

When we want to find reliable military principles, we usually fall back upon Napoleon's military axioms; he it was who said that the only way to conquer an enemy was to destroy or capture his army; that to acquire territory or bag cities counted for little in the final result. To-day the German army is being slowly hammered to pieces in battles like the Somme and Arras. To Napoleon, one of his marshals reported that he had achieved a great victory. Napoleon replied sternly, "Where are your prisoners? Without prisoners there is no real victory!" This question strikes at the crux of the whole matter, for the number of prisoners taken bears an almost certain ratio to the losses in killed and wounded; no man wins a decisive victory without prisoners to show for it.

"Where are the prisoners?"

In the first two years of the war, Germany took 30,000 British prisoners, while the British captured only about 10,000 Germans; but in the first six months of this third year, the Germans took only 10,000 British prisoners, while in the same time the British captured 80,000 Germans.

Not only has the balance of losses been reversed, but multiplied 24 times in favor of the British, for odds which were at first 10 to 30 in favor of the Germans are now 80 to 10 in favor of the British, and victory is now just as truly as in Napoleon's time proved by the number of prisoners taken. Therefore do not let us be discouraged mulling over the map of France, but count the prisoners, the increased ratio of whose number is an unfailing proof of the disintegration of the German army; a disintegration which must always precede the victorious ending of any war.

XXII

THE BATTLE OF ARRAS

At the Battle of Arras about half a million British troops executed a successful attack against an approximately equal number of Germans.

The battle was fought on a front of ten miles, beginning at the northern end of Vimy Ridge, and extending southward along the foot of the ridge and across the river Scarpe at Arras to a village called Tilloy, which was not far from Bullecourt.

Like all modern battles, it was divided into two equally important parts; the preparatory bombardment by the artillery, and the final assault of the infantry.

The artillery preparation lasted three weeks and culminated in three days of the most intense bombardment the world has ever seen. Hundreds upon hundreds of batteries were constantly

in action, many of them firing eight to nine thousand shells, or the equivalent of the entire load which can be carried by a French railway freight train.

Day by day the German fortifications, trenches, observation posts and wire entanglements were wrecked and obliterated, and thousands of enemy troops were killed in their dugouts and shelters, while the survivors were thoroughly demoralized. Even during the nighttime, the British guns systematically bombarded with shrapnel the enemy's communication trenches, roads, billets, and railroad stations, in order to harass his supply columns and to prevent his troops from repairing during the hours of darkness the damage done to his fortifications during the daylight.

The infantry assault began at dawn on the morning of Easter Monday, the ninth of April, and its initial phase was executed by about a dozen infantry divisions of more than twenty thousand men each. The assault was intended to complete the work of the artillery and reap the full fruits of victory.

Its aim was to capture the enemy's positions, take possession of the territory he defended, de-

stroy his organizations and munitions, and kill or take prisoners large numbers of his soldiers.

The British combatant troops, which actively participate in such an assault, as distinct from supply, ordinance and line of communication troops, are organized into Infantry Divisions, Heavy Artillery Brigades, and Aeroplane Squadrons.

An Aeroplane Squadron consists of thirty to forty machines, a heavy artillery brigade of a score of big guns or howitzers, and the infantry division of about twenty thousand men.

These three organizations are the principal tactical or combat units employed in modern warfare. Aeroplanes observe the enemy, artillery wears him down, and infantry administers the final knockout blow. Each is essential to the other two and the three combine to make the strategical unity of a present day campaign.

An *Infantry Division* is not, as its name might seem to indicate, composed exclusively of infantry, but of infantry supported by all other arms in their proper proportion. Of its twenty thousand men, only about twelve thousand are infantry, the remaining eight thousand being di-

vided among transport troops, light field artillery, engineers, medical corps, machine gunners, signal troops, cavalry and trench mortar troops. The Division contains all the various arms of the military service, excepting only aeroplanes and heavy artillery.

The normal amount of light field artillery attached to a division is three brigades, each comprising four six-gun batteries, making twelve batteries in all. The three brigades are under the command of an artillery general, subordinate to the major-general commanding the division. Thus, in addition to its other troops, each division contains three infantry brigades and three light field artillery brigades.

Of the three principal tactical units, the infantry division is the most important. Armies fight largely in terms of infantry divisions, which relay each other in holding a sector of the front as well as in attacking, in standing in reserve, in resting, or in reorganizing.

British infantry divisions are organized after a standard pattern. Each one possesses three infantry brigades of four battalions apiece,—each battalion having a normal strength of over a thousand men.

A battalion consists of four companies of over two hundred men each, with a battalion staff of about one hundred and fifty men. A company is subdivided into four platoons of four sections each. The section has a normal strength of twelve men, and is the equivalent of the American squad.

Each division is commanded by a major-general, each brigade by a brigadier-general, each battalion by a lieutenant-colonel assisted by a major, each company by a captain assisted by a junior captain, each platoon by a lieutenant, assisted by a platoon sergeant and each section by a sergeant or corporal.

At the Battle of Arras, each assaulting British infantry division was assigned three successive objective lines, to be captured and consolidated in turn by the three infantry brigades composing the division.

The third objective line was situated in the open country, behind the enemy's last defenses, at a depth in some cases as great as four miles.

At "zero hour," as the moment when the assault begins is called, the first and second bri-

gades of each division went "over the top" together.

The first brigade in one rush went straight through the enemy front line trenches to an objective line behind them. It was followed by "moppers-up," detached from the second brigade to guard dug-out entrances and prevent Huns, caught in the rush and left behind in dug-outs and machine-gun emplacements in the German trenches, from attacking our men in the rear after they had passed through.

The second brigade followed close behind the first one, until it reached the enemy trenches where it rejoined its "moppers-up," cleared the dug-outs they were guarding, consolidated the captured positions and acted as a reserve, until it became evident that the first brigade was actually in possession of its objective.

When this had occurred, the second brigade abandoned the captured trenches and advanced *through* the first brigade to the second objective line.

The third brigade remained behind their original front for some hours after zero, and did not advance on its most distant objective until the first and second brigade had entirely captured

and consolidated the first and second lines, and the divisional light field artillery had been moved up across the conquered ground.

When the zero hour of the Battle of Arras approached, the British guns, which for days had been slowly and methodically hammering the German trenches, prepared to assume a much more rapid rate of fire, for when the moment of assault finally arrives, the preparatory bombardment ceases, and the guns take up the new duty of establishing barrages.

Barrages are of two kinds, Standing and Creeping. The Standing Barrage, called "drum fire" by the Germans, consists of a hail of shells falling constantly upon some one important point of the enemy fortifications.

A Creeping Barrage, called a "curtain of fire" by the French, is a wall of bursting shrapnel which, in accordance with a prearranged schedule, moves steadily forward by short "lifts" of fifty or a hundred yards. Behind its shelter, the lines of infantry are able to advance in comparative safety.

All barrages have the same principal purpose, —to render it extremely dangerous for the

An advanced Dressing Station. Wounded awaiting their turn.

enemy to come out of his dug-outs and impede the assaulting British infantry.

In barrage fire, each battery is assigned to a definite objective in the enemy's defenses; front line, support line, strong-points, communication trenches or observation posts. Nothing is neglected, nothing escapes the rain of shells.

So perfect was the work of the British gunners at Arras, and so few shells burst "short," that the infantry was able to follow within fifty yards of the barrage as it moved over each successive German trench.

Infantry soldiers follow the barrage closely, even if a few men are hit by its shells, for the British infantry learned at the Battle of the Somme that the moment a barrage is lifted from the enemy's front trenches, a race for the parapet begins between the British infantry crossing no-man's-land and the enemy's machine-gunners and bombers waiting at the bottom of the bomb-proof dug-outs for the first moment of safety. If an enemy machine-gunner or bomber can reach his post even six or eight seconds before the first line of storming troops arrive, he almost invariably inflicts scores of casualties on the British infantry in comparison with which a ten per cent.

loss from their own barrage is of minor importance.

In front of the division with which I advanced and which operated south of the River Scarpe, there were four successive enemy trench lines, the distance between the first and last of these lines being about four hundred yards.

Behind these four trenches was a stretch of comparatively unfortified country, about two thousand yards deep, held only by small forces of the enemy, and by their snipers and machine-gunners. It had been impossible, previous to the assault, to locate definitely these forces, because their positions were cleverly concealed, were too far within the enemy's original front to permit of acurate observation and had never revealed themselves by premature firing.

Before commencing a description of my own experience in the Battle of Arras, it may be well to explain briefly certain elements in the psychology of the modern infantry soldier.

His life is a busy one. Training periods and route marches alternate with long spells of holding sloppy trenches in spite of snipers' bullets, bombardments, trench-mortar shells, rifle gren-

ades, bombs, gas attacks, liquid fire and various other manifestations of the enemy's vigilance and pugnacity.

During his turn in the trenches, the soldier remains constantly under cover. His trenches are always under surveyance by keen-eyed enemy snipers and machine-gunners, who, themselves hidden from view, watch intently the silhouette of his parapet to detect and punish his slightest indiscretion. If he carelessly exposes a hand in throwing a shovel of dirt over the parados, or shows his head when walking through a shallow section of trench, he instantly calls forth accurate enemy bullets.

Therefore he is taught to keep his head down, to hide his person, to remain invisible,—instructions which quite naturally coincide with his own personal wishes.

Sign-boards meet him at every turn stating:—"All ranks will keep to the trenches," or "This road not to be used during the hours of daylight."

He becomes a mole, perpetually digging his way underground, instead of walking boldly in the open.

His sergeant, who on the march continually

cries "Close up, close up, keep closed up," in the trenches, ceaselessly admonishes him, "Keep your head down, you fool!"

Thus ageraphobia,—fear of the open,—becomes second nature to him. It is instilled into him by his officers and sergeants and is strengthened by the promptings of his own instinct for self-preservation.

Sooner or later, however, there comes a dramatic moment in the life of every infantryman when he is expected suddenly to overcome his ageraphobia, to climb over the sheltering parapet, and walk boldly across the open towards the enemy.

As that moment approaches, he finds himself standing with his pals in the bottom of a trench which, although much like a hundred other trenches that he has known, yet bears for him a new and never to be forgotten significance, as his point of departure when he goes "over the top" of a parapet and charges out across open wind-swept no-man's-land, to hunt out and engage his hitherto unseen antagonist in that close hand-to-hand conflict, where eye meets eye and bayonet crashes against bayonet and men meet ugly deaths.

As the "zero minute" approaches, he realizes that he is about to live through the most vital and thrilling moment of his whole life. And such were the thoughts and realizations which filled my own mind at 4.30 A. M. on the morning of Easter Monday as I made my way through the dismal, unlighted streets of battered Arras, on my way to the particular front line trench from which I was to go over the top at dawn.

By five o'clock I had reached my post. The air and earth trembled with the steady unrelenting preparatory cannonade which continued up to the very minute of the zero hour. The horizon behind us flickered unremittingly with the flashes of our guns. In front, the enemy positions were outlined against the darkness by the blood-red flashes of bursting shells.

The weather was cold and cloudy. Sleet and snow fell intermittently. A twenty mile wind was blowing from us towards the Germans.

The noise of the guns, a sea of sound, drowned all conversation. It was impossible to conquer the feeling that the whole proceeding was unreal. One's psychology failed to grasp the actuality of the danger whose presence was academically recognized. Everything seemed a dream in

which bullets and shells could not possibly be fatal.

Each second seemed interminable as we stood in the bottom of the black trench, looking up at the dark mass of its parapet bulked against a sky, just beginning to turn from black to gray. We had due time for reflection upon many things, a question crept into my mind: Now in the final analysis, when face to face with the utmost reality of battle, was it worth while to have voluntarily left my own country and have gone so far afield to "do my bit" against Prussianism? The question called up no feeling of regret, but only a satisfaction that I was at last face to face with our enemies in the open of a European battlefield, instead of being in the midst of skulking pacifists and propagandists with whom one has to deal in America—sexless creatures who bay the moon and slink away from danger—men who make cowardice their religion, and demagogism their profession; men who believe only in such soft conceptions of right as need no defending; men who would have us submit tamely to tyranny; who would have us forget and forego the militant church of our forefathers.

The second phase of the artillery preparation is drawing to its close. For three long days and nights the German trenches and fortifications have been subjected to a terrific and continuous bombardment. Half a million dollars' worth of ammunition has been fired into single acres of the enemy's territory.

For the moment, the mind's chief worry is a fear lest the body may not be able to scramble quickly enough up the wall of the trench, and may in consequence be a moment later over the top than the bodies of one's comrades.

The hands of my wrist-watch show a half minute before zero. For one moment the roar of the guns dies away. Their flashes no longer illumines the sky behind us. We stand alertly motionless through an instant of uncanny stillness, broken by the bursting of a single German shell. Then, suddenly, our guns burst out again in one dense, jarring, appalling roar which takes exclusive possession of the realm of sound, blotting out all else.

Our time has come! We clamber up the parapet, and find ourselves in the open,—members of one of many advancing lines of men. Sleet beats against our bare necks and we feel it rat-

tle on our steel helmets. Thousands of British guns continue to crash out in a continuous unbroken crash, and barrages beat down upon all the German trenches.

Some conception of the total effect and rapidity of the fire may be gained from the fact, that the guns eventually became so hot that buckets of water thrown into the bore through the breech came out of the muzzle as steam. If the guns, caissons, trench mortars and heavy machine-guns, which supported the infantry, had been placed hub to hub, they would have formed a continuous and unbroken line behind the entire ten miles of the front of attack.

As the storm of shells bursts upon the enemy trenches, the German infantry send up into the air great numbers of golden rockets. These are their "S. O. S." signals which inform their artillery that they are helpless under barrages and must have artillery retaliation. The cold gray dawning sky is lit up for miles, in each direction along the front, by hundreds of these rockets, fired wildly into the air by the German infantry, clamouring for support.

They throw into weird relief the long lines of

British infantry already picking their way at a walk across no-man's-land,—the British soldier of to-day charges at a walk because the disorganization which immediately supervenes upon a charge at a run, is far more disastrous than the increased casualties which are caused when the men advance more slowly.

In two or three minutes every German battery is, in response to the S. O. S., firing furiously upon our front line trenches. Shells of all calibre and description—shrapnel, "pip squeaks," "whizz-bangs," "Jack-Johnsons," and "coal scuttles" are bursting behind us in a perfect hurricane and making life exceedingly unpleasant for the surgeons, stretcher-bearers, runners, messengers, the wounded and prisoners who are obliged to pass through it.

All the infantry of the first two brigades in each British division is already safely over the top and well out into no-man's-land before this bombardment starts, while the third brigade in each division is still waiting its turn at a safe distance several thousand yards behind the lines.

The wall of our creeping barrage marches before us; it is made up of hundreds of flame-

shot puffs of shrapnel bursting over the enemy trenches, and of hundreds of black geysers of flying dirt and debris along the trenches themselves. The sound is dense, terrific. The air is alive with shells, which seem to cover us like a roof, so that we feel a sense of exhilaration as though leagued with supernatural forces.

Throughout the attack, the co-ordination of artillery and infantry is marvellous. The infantry in its advance does not encounter a single unwrecked German parapet, nor a patch of uncut German wire larger than the top of a writing desk. All has been destroyed by the preparatory bombardment.

While we are in the open, barrage fire makes it impossible for the few survivors of the enemy forces to appear on their parapets. The enemy's front line trenches are the subject of a storm of shrapnel, and shrapnel bullets were falling upon them at the rate of four bullets per square yard per minute. After the battle bullets littered the surface of the ground like hailstones.

Protected by this curtain of fire, our infantry advances at a walk unscathed across the two or three hundred yards of no-man's-land which in-

tervened between them and the enemy's first line.

After the suspense of the tense waiting in the trenches, the actual battle at first proves something of an anti-climax. As we advance there seem to be no casualties. If there are any bullets, their strike is unseen in the dim light of early dawn, and their whisper is unheard amid the roar of the artillery.

We pass through what had once been the enemy's barbed wire entanglement, now reduced to flattened tangles of broken strands, upon which we step and through which we easily advance. We reach the enemy's first trench. It is empty except for the mangled body of a single German.

We look for tragedy, but find instead only grim comedy. We rush the battered parapet of the enemy's second lines, expecting to discover a group of savage Boches lying in wait behind it. On the crest we pause an instant in the middle of our stride before leaping down, and see below us not deadly enemies, but only a single, gray figure crouching pathetically against a battered traverse. Both its hands are high over head, while a shrill voice cries over and over

and over again—"Kamerad, I haff dree children —Kamerad, I haff dree children."

The little German is sent to the rear, hands still in air and shrill voice still crazily reiterating its plaint.

In the narrow bottom of the third trench, a small Scotchman engages a huge Boche in mortal combat. Their bayonets crash together. In the same instant, the German receives a cut upon the arm and the little Jock a stab in the thigh. A second Scot, bigger than the first, runs down the side of the trench and takes the German in flank, giving him a terrific *coup de grâce* with his bayonet, as he literally falls upon him from the parapet. Far from welcoming this sudden assistance, the little Scot looks in anger at his big comrade and says, as they start off side by side in search of further prey, "Why could you no keep oot o' there, Sandie? Why could you no gang awa and find a Boche o' yer ain? That was ma Boche."

I remain for some time in the enemy's old second line with the companies which are "consolidating" it. The other companies press on victoriously. Their prisoners roll back to us in

droves, escorted by a scattering of slightly wounded soldiers.

A huge Jock approaches, kilt swinging from side to side as he strides. He has a "Blighty" wound and his head is picturesque swathed with bloody bandages. He drives before him three prisoners. In one hand he carries his rifle, and in the other a bomb from which the safety pin has been extracted—and lost—so that if he relinquishes his grasp upon it for even an instant, it will explode in four seconds.

He meets a comrade who looks at the prisoners and asks: "Did you take them a' yersel', Jock?"

"Yes," replies Jock, "the twa big yins came along willingly, but the sma' one"—pointing to a very plump little German who was simply peppered with wounds—"wished to fecht. So Ah gave him a lemon (bomb) an' that didna satisfy him, so Ah gave him anither"; and then holding up the live bomb in his hand, "Do ye happen to hae a spare pin aboot ye? No! 'T is too bad, for Ah do na ken whatever Ah shall do with this lemon."

Whereupon he resumed his way, but not before he had asked a chaplain, a lieutenant, and

an indignant stretcher-bearer if they happened "to hae a spare pin aboot" them.

. . . . . .

The companies who "went through" several hours ago and left us behind to dig, have now vanquished and consolidated a whole new zone of territory, and we in turn are advancing to "go through" them to a third zone of country.

. . . . . .

Finally, having passed through the fourth German trench line, we mount a gentle slope upon which German howitzer shells are bursting, and topping its crest, come out upon a level, barren, wind-swept plateau in full view of the enemy. There is no longer for us any element of comedy in the situation.

. . . . . .

In a line we advance at a walk. Three or four yards from elbow to elbow intervenes between each man and his neighbor. Twenty yards behind us follows another line, and behind it another and yet another. The successive lines are like waves following each other up a wide breach to break over and destroy forts of sand built by children.

On my left walks a corporal. I notice that his tightly set lips are very white, but his head is carried high and his eyes are firmly fixed upon the distant German positions.

On my right marches a slender boyish lieutenant, who for the first time commands his platoon in battle. He looks towards me for a moment, his face illuminated by an incredulous smile of self-revelation as he says,—"Why, I 'm not a bit afraid. I only feel as though I were trotting out upon a foot-ball field for my first big Rugby match."

With a soft, insinuating, melancholy whisper, bullets commence to cut through the air around us. "Pyeeoou—Pyeeoou—Pyeeoou," they say. Faster and faster they come; and nearer and nearer. Those which pass very close exchange their gentle whisper for an angry venomous crack, like the snap of a black-snake whip. . . . A crack, a second, two together, a score. One feels as if one were wading through a sea of bullets and is each moment astounded to find oneself still unhurt. . . .

There is a sound like the blow of a rattan cane beating upon a rug. It is a bullet striking the young lieutenant on my right . . . he wilts,

changing in an instant from an animate being to an inert, inarticulate, crumpled object.

. . . . . .

We ever advance at a steady walk, each step a matter of moment and the subject of separate consideration and realization. From somewhere in front of us there breaks out the staccato metallic *rat-tat-tat-tat-tat* of a German machine-gun. This new sound, which is like a steam riveter driving red-hot rivets into a distant bridge, is added to the noise of bullets and bursting shells. Its automatic reiteration fills us with cold dread. It occurs to me that "machine" gun is a very expressive name, for its sound is inhumanly impersonal.

I glance to my left. The long waving line of men, still charging at the same fast walk, holds its continuity like a chain of links. Each man keeps his appointed station. Occasionally an individual is delayed by a shell hole or a bit of rough ground, and has to run two or three steps to regain his place. The determination to win, enforced by the habit of discipline, is stronger than either the eagerness to rush madly on, or the desire to stop and take cover. It is at such supreme moments that raw troops waver, while

disciplined armies pass on to victory. None but seasoned soldiers can pass safely between the twin temptations of either breaking into a furious cheering rush upon the enemy, or of disappearing safely into the shelter of the deep shell-craters, which by thousands dot the field of battle.

The number of these craters is being constantly increased by German high explosive shells, which arrive with a crescendo screech, and burst about us with loud "blaams." They throw showers of mud far and wide, and among the whizzing chunks of mud fly jagged fragments of hot steel.

There is a particularly loud and sudden screech followed by a deafening concussion. Something smacks my cheek a stinging blow and leaves behind it a feeling of wetness. I brush my cheek with my hand and glance at my fingers. They are covered with—mud.

The corporal on my left has also been struck, but only by flying mud. The man beyond him has been literally cut in two at the waist by a huge shell splinter.

. . . . . .

Several minutes later, a blow on my left arm turns me completely about. It has all the force

of a full swing of a baseball bat. I whirl, stumble and then sit down rather weakly. A rifle bullet has gone clean through the arm, shattering the bone near the elbow, and the blood runs off my finger tips. . . .

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Wave after wave of grim-faced fighting men march past me to victory. Before sunset they are to break through all the German trenches, penetrate two thousand yards into the open country behind the last enemy line, and hold every foot of ground they gain.

The results obtained on the 9th of April by our division are typical of those achieved by all the assaulting divisions. While losing less than a thousand men itself, it inflicted more than nine thousand casualties upon the famous German division which was opposed to it, captured more than a score of guns, took fifteen hundred unwounded prisoners and the general commanding the hostile division.